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MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
Tragedies.

VIZ.

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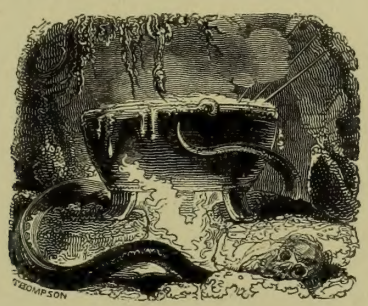

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Vol. IV.

WITH CORRECTIONS, ANNOTATIONS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY

JOHN BRITTON, F.S.A.

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The Prologue.

IN Troy there lyes the Scene: From Iles of Greece
The Princes Orgillous, their high blood chaf'd
Haue to the Port of Athens ſent their ſhippes
Fraught with the miniſters and inſtruments
Of cruell Warre: Sixty and nine that wore
Their Crownets Regall, from th'Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ranſacke Troy, within whoſe ſtrong Emures 32
The rauiſh'd Helen, Menelaus *Queene,*
With wanton Paris *ſleepes, and that's the Quarrell.*
To Tenedos *they come,*
And the deepe-drawing Barke do there diſgorge
Their warlike frautage: now on Dardan Plaines
The freſh and yet vnbruiſed Greekes do pitch
Their braue Pauillions. Priams *ſix-gated City,*
Dardan *and* Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenonidus *with maſsie Staples*
And correſponſiue and fulfilling Bolts
Stirre vp the Sonnes of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittiſh ſpirits,
On one and other ſide, Troian and Greeke,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Authors pen, or Actors voyce; but ſuited
In like conditions, as our Argument;
To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play
Leapes ore the vaunt and firſtlings of thoſe broyles,
Beginning in the middle: ſtarting thence away,
To what may be digeſted in a Play:
Like, or finde fault, do as your pleaſures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.

Stirre] This is certainly an error of the press in both copies for Spurre up i.e. hasten Otherwise up as with Spurres" Mr Steevens

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Troylus and Creſsida.

In the marginal m.s. remarks m.e. refers to the modern copy of Rowe's Ed.n 1709 xv. 1803. Where no reference is made the first folio of 1681. is to be understood. Sr. Sherwin

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Troy before Priams Palace m.c

Enter Pandarus and Troylus. armed m.e.

Troylus.

CAll here my Varlet, Ile vnarme againe.
Why ſhould I warre without the wals of Troy
That finde ſuch cruell battell here within?
Each Troian that is maſter of his heart,
Let him to field, *Troylus* alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geere nere be mended?

Troy. The Greeks are ſtrong, & skilful to their ſtrength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceneſſe Valiant:
But I am weaker then a womans teare;
Tamer then ſleepe, fonder then ignorance;
Leſſe valiant then the Virgin in the night,
And skilleſſe as vnpractis'd Infancie.

Pan. Well, I haue told you enough of this: For my part, Ile not meddle nor make no farther. Hee that will haue a Cake out of the Wheate, muſt needes tarry the grinding.

Troy. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the grinding; but you muſt tarry the bolting.

Troy. Haue I not tarried? Leavening m.e.

Pan. I the boulting; but you muſt tarry the leau'ing.

Troy. Still haue I tarried.

Pan. I, to the leauening: but heeres yet in the word hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the heating of the Ouen, and the Baking; nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips.

Troy. Patience her ſelfe, what Goddeſſe ere ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance, then I doe:
At *Priams* Royall Table doe I ſit; not in 32
And when faire *Creſſid* comes into my thoughts,
So (Traitor) then ſhe comes, when ſhe is thence.

Pan. Well: When she comes! When is she thence? Rowe & Pope
She look'd yeſternight fairer, then euer I ſaw her looke,
Or any woman elſe.

Troy. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a ſigh, would riue in twaine,
Leaſt *Hector*, or my Father ſhould perceiue me:
I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a-ſcorne)
Buried this ſigh, in wrinkle of a ſmile: Storm m.e. Rowe
But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſſe,
Is like that mirth, Fate turnes to ſudden ſadneſſe.

Pan. And her haire were not ſomewhat darker then *Helens*, well go too, there were no more compariſon betweene the Women. But for my part ſhe is my Kinſwoman, I would not (as they tearme it) praiſe it, but I wold ſome-body had heard her talke yeſterday as I did: I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter *Caſſandra*'s wit, but——

Troy. Oh *Pandarus*! I tell thee *Pandarus*;
When I doe tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd:
Reply not in how many Fadomes deepe
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Creſſids* loue. Thou anſwer'ſt ſhe is Faire,
Powr'ſt in the open Vlcer of my heart,
Her Eyes, her Haire, her Cheeke, her Gate, her Voice,
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe. O that her Hand
(In whoſe compariſon, all whites are Inke)
Writing their owne reproach; to whoſe ſoft ſeizure,
The Cignets Downe is harſh, and ſpirit of Senſe
Hard as the palme of Plough-man. This thou tel'ſt me;
As true thou tel'ſt me, when I ſay I loue her:
But ſaying thus, inſtead of Oyle and Balme,
Thou lai'ſt in euery gaſh that loue hath giuen me,
The Knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeake no more then truth.

Troy. Thou do'ſt not ſpeake ſo much.

Pan. Faith, Ile not meddle in't: Let her be as ſhee is, if ſhe be faire, 'tis the better for her: and ſhe be not, ſhe ha's the mends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good *Pandarus*: How now *Pandarus?*

Pan. I haue had my Labour for my trauell, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: Gone betweene and betweene, but ſmall thankes for my labour.

Troy. What art thou angry *Pandarus*? what with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe's Kinne to me, therefore ſhee's not ſo faire as *Helen*, and ſhe were not kin to me, ſhe would be as faire on Friday, as *Helen* is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not and ſhe were a Black-a-Moore, 'tis all one to me.

Troy. Say I ſhe is not faire?

Troy. I doe not care whether you doe or no. Shee's a Foole to ſtay behinde her Father: Let her to the Greeks, and ſo Ile tell her the next time I ſee her: for my part, Ile meddle nor make no more i'th'matter.

Troy. Pandarus? *Pan.* Not I.

Troy. Sweete *Pandarus.*

Pan. Pray you ſpeake no more to me, I will leaue all as I found it, and there an end. *Exit Pand.*

Sound Alarum.

Tro. Peace you vngracious Clamors, peace rude ſounds,
Fooles on both ſides, *Helen* muſt needs be faire,
When with your bloud you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight vpon this Argument:

Itis too ſtaru'd a ſubiect for my Sword,
But *Pandarus*: O Gods! How do you plague me?
I cannot come to *Creſſid* but by *Pandar*,
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,
As ſhe is ſtubborne, chaſt, againſt all ſuite.
Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* Loue
What *Creſſid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her bed is *India*, there ſhe lies, a Pearle,
Between our Ilium, and where ſhee recides
Let it be cald the wild and wandring flood, wild /92
Our ſelfe the Merchant, and this ſayling *Pandar*,
Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy and our Barke.

Alarum. Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now Prince *Troylus*?
Wherefore not a field?

Troy. Becauſe not there; this womans anſwer ſorts.
For womaniſh it is to be from thence:
What newes *Æneas* from the field to day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troy. By whom *Æneas*?

Æne. *Troylus* by *Menelaus*.

Troy. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorne,
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus* horne. *Alarum.*

Æne. Harke what good ſport is out of Towne to day.

Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may:
But to the ſport abroad, are you bound thither?

Æne. In all ſwift haſt.

Troy. Come goe wee then togither. *Exeunt.*

Enter Creſſid and her man.

Cre. Who were thoſe went by?

Man. Queene *Hecuba*, and *Hellen*.

Cre. And whether go they?

Man. Vp to the Eaſterne Tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubiect all the vaile,
To ſee the battell: *Hector* whoſe pacience,
Is as a Vertue fixt, to day was mou'd:
He chides *Andromache* and ſtrooke his Armorer,
And like as there were husbandry in Warre
Before the Sunne roſe, hee was harneſt lyte,
And to the field goe's he; where euery flower
Did as a Prophet weepe what it forſaw,
In *Hectors* wrath.

Cre. What was his cauſe of anger?

Man. The noiſe goe's this;
There is among the Greekes,
A Lord of Troian blood, Nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Aiax*.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Man. They ſay he is a very man *per ſe* and ſtands alone.

Cre. So do all men, vnleſſe they are drunke, ſicke, or haue no legges.

Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beaſts of their particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churliſh as the Beare, ſlow as the Elephant: a man into whom nature hath ſo crowded humors, that his valour is cruſht into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion: there is no man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpſe of, nor any man an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtaine of it. He is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the haire, hee hath the ioynts of euery thing, but euery thing ſo out of ioynt, that hee is a gowtie *Briareus*, many hands and no vſe; or purblinded *Argus*, all eyes and no ſight.

Cre. But how ſhould this man that makes me ſmile, make *Hector* angry?

Man. They ſay he yeſterday cop'd *Hector* in the battell and ſtroke him downe, the diſdaind & ſhame whereof, hath euer ſince kept *Hector* faſting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Man. Madam your Vncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hectors* a gallant man.

Man. As may be in the world Lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow Vncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow Cozen *Creſſid*: what do you talke of? good morrow *Alexander*: how do you Cozen? when were you at Illium?

Cre. This morning Vncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was *Hector* arm'd and gon ere yea came to Illium? *Hellen* was not vp? was ſhe?

Cre. *Hector* was gone but *Hellen* was not vp?

Pan. E'ene ſo; *Hector* was ſtirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he ſaies here.

Pan. True he was ſo; I know the cauſe too, heele lay about him to day I can tell them that, and there's *Troylus* will not come farre behind him, let them take heede of *Troylus*; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who *Troylus*?
Troylus is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh *Iupiter*; there's no compariſon.

Pan. What not betweene *Troylus* and *Hector*? do you know a man if you ſee him?

Cre. I, if I euer ſaw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well I ſay *Troylus* is *Troylus*.

Cre. Then you ſay as I ſay,
For I am ſure he is not *Hector*.

Pan. No not *Hector* is not *Troylus* in ſome degrees.

Cre. 'Tis iuſt, to each of them he is himſelfe.

Pan. Himſelfe? alas poore *Troylus* I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foote to India.

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himſelfe? no? hee's not himſelfe, would a were himſelfe: well, the Gods are aboue, time muſt friend or end: well *Troylus* well, I would my heart were in her body; no, *Hector* is not a better man then *Troylus*.

Cre. Excuſe me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th'others not come too't, you ſhall tell me another tale when th'others come too't: *Hector* ſhall not haue his will this yeare.

Cre. He ſhall not neede it if he haue his owne.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beautie.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You haue no iudgement Neece; *Hellen* her ſelfe ſwore th'other day that *Troylus* for a browne fauour (for ſo 'tis I muſt confeſſe) not browne neither.

Cre. No, but browne.

Pan. Faith to ſay truth, browne and not browne.

Cre. To ſay the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion aboue *Paris*.

Cre. Why *Paris* hath colour inough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troylus* ſhould haue too much, if ſhe prais'd him aboue, his complexion is higher then his, he hauing colour

colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praiſe for a good complexion, I had as lieue *Hellens* golden tongue had commended *Troylus* for a copper noſe.

Pan. I ſweare to you,
I thinke *Hellen* loues him better then *Paris.*

Cre. Then ſhee's a merry Greeke indeed.

Pan. Nay I am ſure ſhe does, ſhe came to him th'other day into the compaſt window, and you know he has not paſt three or foure haires on his chinne.

Creſ. Indeed a Tapſters Arithmetique may ſoone bring his particulars therein, to a totall.

Pand. Why he is very yong, and yet will be within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector.*

Creſ. Is he is ſo young a man, and ſo old a lifter?

Pan. But to prooue to you that *Hellen* loues him, ſhe came and puts me her white hand to his clouen chin.

Creſ. *Iuno* haue mercy, how came it clouen?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled,
I thinke his ſmyling becomes him better then any man in all Phrigia.

Cre. Oh he ſmiles valiantly.

Pan. Dooes hee not?

Cre. Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in *Autumne.*

Pan. Why go to then, but to proue to you that *Hellen* loues *Troylus.*

Cre. *Troylus* wil ſtand to thee
Proofe, if youle prooue it ſo.

Pan. *Troylus?* why he eſteemes her no more then I eſteeme an addle egge.

Cre. If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an idle head, you would eate chickens i'th'ſhell.

Pan. I cannot chuſe but laugh to thinke how ſhe tickled his chin, indeed ſhee has a maruel's white hand I muſt needs confeſſe.

Cre. Without the racke.

Pan. And ſhee takes vpon her to ſpie a white haire on his chinne.

Cre. Alas poore chin? many a wart is richer.

Pand. But there was ſuch laughing, Queene *Hecuba* laught that her eyes ran ore.

Cre. With Milſtones.

Pan. And *Caſſandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire vnder the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pand. Marry at the white haire that *Hellen* ſpied on *Troylus* chin.

Creſ. And t'had beene a greene haire, I ſhould haue laught too.

Pand. They laught not ſo much at the haire, as at his pretty anſwere.

Cre. What was his anſwere?

Pan. Quoth ſhee, heere's but two and fifty haires on your chinne; and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her queſtion.

Pand. That's true, make no queſtion of that, two and fifty haires quoth hee, and one white, that white haire is my Father, and all the reſt are his Sonnes. *Iupiter* quoth ſhe, which of theſe haires is *Paris* my husband? The forked one quoth he, pluckt out and giue it him: but there was ſuch laughing, and *Hellen* ſo bluſht, and *Paris* ſo chaft, and all the reſt ſo laught, that it paſt.

Cre. So let it now,
For is has beene a great while going by.

Pan. Well Cozen,
I told you a thing yeſterday, think on't.

Cre. So I does.

Pand. Ile be ſworne 'tis true, he will weepe you an'twere a man borne in Aprill. *Sound a retreate.*

Creſ. And Ile ſpring vp in his teares, an'twere a nettle againſt May.

Pan. Harke they are comming from the field, ſhal we ſtand vp here and ſee them, as they paſſe toward Illium, good Neece do, ſweet Neece *Creſſida.*

Cre. At your pleaſure.

Pan. Heere, heere, here's an excellent place, heere we may ſee moſt brauely, Ile tel you them all by their names, as they paſſe by, but marke *Troylus* aboue the reſt.

Enter Æneas.

Cre. Speake not ſo low'd.

Pan. That's *Æneas*, is not that a braue man, hee's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, but marke *Troylus*, you ſhal ſee anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Enter Antenor.

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a ſhrow'd wit I can tell you, and hee's a man good inough, hee's one o'th foundeſt iudgement in Troy whoſoeuer, and a proper man of perſon: when comes *Troylus?* Ile ſhew you *Troylus* anon, if hee ſee me, you ſhall ſee him him nod at me.

Cre. Will he giue you the nod?

Pan. You ſhall ſee.

Cre. If he do, the rich ſhall haue, more.

Enter Hector.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, looke you, that there's a fellow. Goe thy way *Hector*, there's a braue man Neece, O braue *Hector*! Looke how hee lookes? there's a countenance; iſt not a braue man?

Cre. O braue man!

Pan. Is a not? It dooes a mans heart good, looke you what hacks are on his Helmet, looke you yonder, do you ſee? Looke you there? There's no ieſting, laying on, tak't off, who ill as they ſay, there be hacks.

Cre. Be thoſe with Swords?

Enter Paris.

Pan. Swords, any thing he cares not, and the diuell come to him, it's all one, by Gods lid it dooes ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: looke yee yonder Neece, iſt not a gallant man to, iſt not? Why this is braue now: who ſaid he came hurt home to day? Hee's not hurt, why this will do *Hellens* heart good now, ha? Would I could ſee *Troylus* now, you ſhall *Troylus* anon.

Cre. Whoſe that?

Enter Hellenus.

Pan. That's *Hellenus*, I maruell where *Troylus* is, that's *Helenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day: that's *Hellenus.*

Cre. Can *Hellenus* fight Vnkle?

Pan. *Hellenus* no: yes heele fight indifferent, well, I maruell where *Troylus* is; harke, do you not haere the people crie *Troylus? Hellenus* is a Prieſt.

Cre. What ſneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Trylus.

Pan. Where? Yonder? That's *Deiphobus.* 'Tis *Troylus*! Ther's a man Neece, hem! Braue *Troylus*, the Prince of Chiualrie.

Cre. Peace, for ſhame peace.

Pand. Marke him, not him: O braue *Troylus*: looke well vpon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is bloudied, and his Helme more hackt then *Hectors*, and how he lookes,

lookes, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he ne're ſaw three and twenty. Go thy way *Troylus*, go thy way, had I a ſiſter were a *Grace*, or a daughter a Goddeſſe, hee ſhould take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris? Paris* is durt to him, and I warrant, *Helen* to change, would giue money to boot.

Enter common Souldiers.

Creſ. Heere come more.

Pan. Aſſes, fooles, dolts, chaffe and bran, chaffe and bran; porredge after meat. I could liue and dye i'th'eyes of *Troylus*. Ne're looke, ne're looke; the Eagles are gon, Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes: I had rather be ſuch a man as *Troylus*, then *Agamemnon*, and all Greece.

Creſ. There is among the Greekes *Achilles*, a better man then *Troylus*.

Pan. Achilles? a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camell.

Creſ. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well? Why haue you any diſcretion? haue you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, gentleneſſe, vertue, youth, liberality, and ſo forth: the Spice, and ſalt that ſeaſons a man?

Creſ. I, a minc'd man, and then to be bak'd with no Date in the pye, for then the mans dates out.

Pan. You are ſuch another woman, one knowes not at what ward you lye.

Creſ. Vpon my backe, to defend my belly; vpon my wit, to defend my wiles; vppon my ſecrecy, to defend mine honeſty; my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all theſe: and at all theſe wardes I lye at, at a thouſand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Creſ. Nay Ile watch you for that, and that's one of the cheefeſt of them too: If I cannot ward what I would not haue hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, vnleſſe it ſwell paſt hiding, and then it's paſt watching.

Enter Boy.

Pan. You are ſuch another.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would inſtantly ſpeake with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your owne houſe.

Pan. Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he bee hurt. Fare ye well good Neece.

Creſ. Adieu Vnkle.

Pan. Ile be with you Neece by and by.

Creſ. To bring Vnkle.

Pan. I, a token from *Troylus*.

Creſ. By the ſame token, you are a Bawd. *Exit Pand.* Words, vowes, gifts, teares, & loues full ſacrifice, He offers in anothers enterpriſe: But more in *Troylus* thouſand fold I ſee, Then in the glaſſe of *Pandar*'s praiſe may be; Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing, Things won are done, ioyes ſoule lyes in the dooing: That ſhe belou'd, knowes nought, that knowes not this; Men prize the thing vngain'd, more then it is. That ſhe was neuer yet, that euer knew Loue got ſo ſweet, as when deſire did ſue: Therefore this maxime out of loue I teach; "*Atchieuement, is command*; *vngain'd, beſeech.* That though my hearts Contents firme loue doth beare, Nothing of that ſhall from mine eyes appeare. *Exit.*

Scene. *Enter Agamemnon, Neſtor, Vlyſſes, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.*

Agam. Princes:
What greefe hath ſet the Iaundies on your cheekes?
The ample propoſition that hope makes
In all deſignes, begun on earth below
Fayles in the promiſt largeneſſe: checkes and diſaſters
Grow in the veines of actions higheſt rear'd.
As knots by the conflux of meeting ſap,
Infect the ſound Pine, and diuerts his Graine
Tortiue and erant from his courſe of growth.
Nor Princes, is it matter new to vs,
That we come ſhort of our ſuppoſe ſo farre,
That after ſeuen yeares ſiege, yet Troy walles ſtand,
Sith euery action that hath gone before,
Whereof we haue Record, Triall did draw
Bias and thwart, not anſwering the ayme:
And that vnbodied figure of the thought
That gaue't ſurmiſed ſhape. Why then (you Princes)
Do you with cheekes abaſh'd, behold our workes,
And thinke them ſhame, which are (indeed) nought elſe
But the protractiue trials of great Ioue,
To finde perſiſtiue conſtancie in men?
The fineneſſe of which Mettall is not found
In Fortunes loue: for then, the Bold and Coward,
The Wiſe and Foole, the Artiſt and vn-read,
The hard and ſoft, ſeeme all affin'd, and kin.
But in the Winde and Tempeſt of her frowne,
Diſtinction with a lowd and powrefull fan,
Puffing at all, winnowes the light away;
And what hath maſſe, or matter by it ſelfe,
Lies rich in Vertue, and vnmingled.

Neſtor. With due Obſeruance of thy godly ſeat,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Neſtor* ſhall apply
Thy lateſt words.
In the reproofe of Chance,
Lies the true proofe of men: The Sea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble Boates dare ſaile
Vpon her patient breſt, making their way
With thoſe of Nobler bulke?
But let the Ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon behold
The ſtrong ribb'd Barke through liquid Mountaines cut,
Bounding betweene the two moyſt Elements
Like *Perſeus* Horſe. Where's then the ſawcy Boate,
Whoſe weake vntimber'd ſides but euen now
Co-riual'd Greatneſſe? Either to harbour fled
Or made a Toſte for Neptune. Euen ſo,
Doth valours ſhew, and valours worth diuide
In ſtormes of Fortune.
For, in her ray and brightneſſe,
The Heard hath more annoyance by the Brieze
Then by the Tyger: But, when the ſplitting winde
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes,
And Flies fled vnder ſhade, why then
The thing of Courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in ſelfe-ſame key,
Retyres to chiding Fortune.

Vlyſſ. Agamemnon:
Thou great Commander, Nerue, and Bone of Greece,
Heart of our Numbers, ſoule, and onely ſpirit,
In whom the tempers, and the mindes of all
Should be ſhut vp: Heare what *Vlyſſes* ſpeakes,
Beſides the applauſe and approbation
The which moſt mighty for thy place and ſway,

¶ And

And thou moſt reuerend for thy ſtretcht-out life,
I giue to both your ſpeeches: which were ſuch,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of Greece
Should hold vp high in Braſſe: and ſuch againe
As venerable *Neſtor* (hatch'd in Siluer)
Should with a bond of ayre, ſtrong as the Axletree
In which the Heauens ride, knit all Greekes eares
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it pleaſe both
(Thou Great, and Wiſe) to heare *Vlyſſes* ſpeake.
Aga. Speak Prince of *Ithaca*, and be't of leſſe expect:
That matter needleſſe of importleſſe burthen
Diuide thy lips; then we are confident
When ranke *Therſites* opes his Maſticke iawes,
We ſhall heare Muſicke, Wit, and Oracle.
Vlyſ. Troy yet vpon his baſis had bene downe,
And the great *Hectors* ſword had lack'd a Maſter
But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpecialty of Rule hath beene neglected;
And looke how many Grecian Tents do ſtand
Hollow vpon this Plaine, ſo many hollow Factions.
When that the Generall is not like the Hiue,
To whom the Forragers ſhall all repaire,
What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th'vnworthieſt ſhewes as fairely in the Maske.
The Heauens themſelues, the Planets, and this Center,
Obſerue degree, priority, and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, forme,
Office, and cuſtome, in all line of Order:
And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol
In noble eminence, enthron'd and ſphear'd
Amid'ſt the other, whoſe med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill Aſpects of Planets euill,
And poſtes like the Command'ment of a King,
Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In euill mixture to diſorder wander,
What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the Sea? ſhaking of Earth?
Commotion in the Windes? Frights, changes, horrors,
Diuert, and cracke, rend and deracinate
The vnity, and married calme of States
Quite from their fixure? O, when Degree is ſhak'd,
(Which is the Ladder to all high deſignes)
The enterprize is ſicke. How could Communities,
Degrees in Schooles, and Brother-hoods in Cities,
Peacefull Commerce from diuidable ſhores,
The primogenitiue, and due of Byrth,
Prerogatiue of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrels,
(But by Degree) ſtand in Authentique place?
Take but Degree away, vn-tune that ſtring,
And hearke what Diſcord followes: each thing meetes
In meere oppugnancie. The bounded Waters,
Should lift their boſomes higher then the Shores,
And make a ſoppe of all this ſolid Globe:
Strength ſhould be Lord of imbecility,
And the rude Sonne ſhould ſtrike his Father dead:
Force ſhould be right, or rather, right and wrong,
(Betweene whoſe endleſſe iarre, Iuſtice recides)
Should looſe her names, and ſo ſhould Iuſtice too.
Then euery thing includes it ſelfe in Power,
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
And Appetite (an vniuerſall Wolfe,
So doubly ſeconded with Will, and Power)
Muſt make perforce an vniuerſall prey,
And laſt, eate vp himſelfe.
Great *Agamemnon*:
This Chaos, when Degree is ſuffocate,
Followes the choaking:
And this neglection of Degree, is it
That by a pace goes backward in a purpoſe
It hath to climbe. The Generall's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he, by the next,
That next, by him beneath: ſo euery ſtep
Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſicke
Of his Superiour, growes to an enuious Feauer
Of pale, and bloodleſſe Emulation.
And 'tis this Feauer that keepes Troy on foote,
Not her owne ſinewes. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſſe liues, not in her ſtrength.
Neſt. Moſt wiſely hath *Vlyſſes* heere diſcouer'd
The Feauer, whereof all our power is ſicke.
Aga. The Nature of the ſickneſſe found (*Vlyſſes*)
What is the remedie?
Vlyſ. The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crownes,
The ſinew, and the fore-hand of our Hoſte,
Hauing his eare full of his ayery Fame,
Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lyes mocking our deſignes. With him, *Patroclus*,
Vpon a lazie Bed, the liue-long day
Breakes ſcurrill Ieſts,
And with ridiculous and aukward action,
(Which Slanderer, he imitation call's)
He Pageants vs. Sometime great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topleſſe deputation he puts on;
And like a ſtrutting Player, whoſe conceit
Lies in his Ham-ſtring, and doth thinke it rich
To heare the woodden Dialogue and ſound
'Twixt his ſtretcht footing, and the Scaffolage,
Such to be pittied, and ore-reſted ſeeming
He acts thy Greatneſſe in: and when he ſpeakes,
'Tis like a Chime a mending. With tearmes vnſquar'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would ſeemes Hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuffe,
The large *Achilles* (on his preſt-bed lolling)
From his deepe Cheſt, laughes out a lowd applauſe,
Cries excellent, 'tis *Agamemnon* iuſt.
Now play me *Neſtor*; hum, and ſtroke thy Beard
As he, being dreſt to ſome Oration:
That's done, as neere as the extreameſt ends
Of paralels; as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife,
Yet god *Achilles* ſtill cries excellent,
'Tis *Neſtor* right. Now play him (me) *Patroclus*,
Arming to anſwer in a night-Alarme,
And then (forſooth) the faint defects of Age
Muſt be the Scene of myrth, to cough, and ſpit,
And with a palſie fumbling on his Gorget,
Shake in and out the Riuet: and at this ſport
Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough *Patroclus*,
Or, giue me ribs of Steele, I ſhall ſplit all
In pleaſure of my Spleene. And in this faſhion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Seuerals and generals of grace exact,
Atchieuments, plots, orders, preuentions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,
Succeſſe or loſſe, what is, or is not, ſerues
As ſtuffe for theſe two, to make paradoxes.
Neſt. And in the imitation of theſe twaine,
Who (as *Vlyſſes* ſayes) Opinion crownes
With an Imperiall voyce, many are infect:
Aiax is growne ſelfe-will'd, and beares his head
In ſuch a reyne, in full as proud a place
As broad *Achilles*, and keepes his Tent like him;
Makes factious Feaſts, railes on our ſtate of Warre

Bold

Bold as an Oracle, and ſets *Therſites*
A ſlaue, whoſe Gall coines ſlanders like a Mint,
To match vs in compariſons with dirt,
To weaken and diſcredit our expoſure,
How ranke ſoeuer rounded in with danger.
Vlyſ. They taxe our policy, and call it Cowardice,
Count Wiſedome as no member of the Warre,
Fore-ſtall preſcience, and eſteeme no acte
But that of hand: The ſtill and mentall parts,
That do contriue how many hands ſhall ſtrike
When fitneſſe call them on, and know by meaſure
Of their obſeruant toyle, the Enemies waight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignity:
They call this Bed-worke, Mapp'ry, Cloſſet-Warre:
So that the Ramme that batters downe the wall,
For the great ſwing and rudeneſſe of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the Engine,
Or thoſe that with the fineneſſe of their ſoules,
By Reaſon guide his execution.
Neſt. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horſe
Makes many *Thetis* ſonnes. *Tucket*
Aga. What Trumpet? Looke *Menelaus.*
Men. From Troy. *Enter Æneas.*
Aga. What would you 'fore our Tent?
Æne. Is this great *Agamemnons* Tent, I pray you?
Aga. Euen this.
Æne. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,
Do a faire meſſage to his Kingly eares?
Aga. With ſurety ſtronger then *Achilles* arme,
'Fore all the Greekiſh heads, which with one voyce
Call *Agamemnon* Head and Generall.
Æne. Faire leaue, and large ſecurity. How may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt Imperial lookes,
Know them from eyes of other Mortals?
Aga. How?
Æne. I: I aske, that I might waken reuerence,
And on the cheeke be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as morning, when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthfull Phœbus:
Which is that God in office guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*?
Aga. This Troyan ſcornes vs, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious Courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonnaire; vnarm'd,
As bending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace:
But when they would ſeeme Souldiers, they haue galles,
Good armes, ſtrong ioynts, true ſwords, & *Ioues* accord,
Nothing ſo full of heart. But peace *Æneas*,
Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthineſſe of praiſe diſtaines his worth:
If that he prais'd himſelfe, bring the praiſe forth,
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blowes, that praiſe ſole pure tranſcends.
Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you your ſelfe *Æneas*?
Æne. I Greeke, that is my name.
Aga. What's your affayre I pray you?
Æne. Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnons* eares.
Aga. He heares nought priuatly
That comes from Troy.
Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whiſper him,
I bring a Trumpet to awake his eare,
To ſet his ſence on the attentiue bent,
And then to ſpeake.
Aga. Speake frankely as the winde,
It is not *Agamemnons* ſleeping houre;
That thou ſhalt know Troyan he is awake,
He tels thee ſo himſelfe.
Æne. Trumpet blow loud,
Send thy Braſſe voyce through all theſe lazie Tents,
And euery Greeke of mettle, let him know,
What Troy meanes fairely, ſhall be ſpoke alowd.
The Trumpets ſound.
We haue great *Agamemnon* heere in Troy,
A Prince call'd *Hector*, *Priam* is his Father:
Who in this dull and long-continew'd Truce
Is ruſty growne. He bad me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpoſe ſpeake: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one among'ſt the fayr'ſt of Greece,
That holds his Honor higher then his eaſe,
That ſeekes his praiſe, more then he feares his perill,
That knowes his Valour, and knowes not his feare,
That loues his Miſtris more then in confeſſion,
(With truant vowes to her owne lips he loues)
And dare avow her Beauty, and her Worth,
In other armes then hers: to him this Challenge.
Hector, in view of Troyans, and of Greekes,
Shall make it good, or do his beſt to do it.
He hath a Lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Then euer Greeke did compaſſe in his armes,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Midway betweene your Tents, and walles of Troy,
To rowze a Grecian that is true in loue.
If any come, *Hector* ſhal honour him:
If none, hee'l ſay in Troy when he retyres,
The Grecian Dames are ſun-burnt, and not worth
The ſplinter of a Lance: Euen ſo much.
Aga. This ſhall be told our Louers Lord *Æneas*,
If none of them haue ſoule in ſuch a kinde,
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a meere recreant proue,
That meanes not, hath not, or is not in loue:
If then one is, or hath, or meanes to be,
That one meets *Hector*; if none elſe, Ile be he.
Neſt. Tell him of *Neſtor*, one that was a man
When *Hectors* Grandſire ſuckt: he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian mould,
One Noble man, that hath one ſpark of fire
To anſwer for his Loue; tell him from me,
Ile hide my Siluer beard in a Gold Beauer,
And in my Vantbrace put this wither'd brawne,
And meeting him, wil tell him, that my Lady
Was fayrer then his Grandame, and as chaſte
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
Ile pawne this truth with my three drops of blood.
Æne. Now heauens forbid ſuch ſcarſitie of youth.
Vlyſ. Amen.
Aga. Faire Lord *Æneas*,
Let me touch your hand:
To our Pauillion ſhal I leade you firſt:
Achilles ſhall haue word of this intent,
So ſhall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent:
Your ſelfe ſhall Feaſt with vs before you goe,
And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe. *Exeunt.*
Manet Vlyſſes, and Neſtor.
Vlyſ. Neſtor.
Neſt. What ſayes *Vlyſſes?*
Vlyſ. I haue a young conception in my braine,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.
Neſt. What is't?
Vlyſſes. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges riue hard knots: the ſeeded Pride
That hath to this maturity blowne vp

In ranke *Achilles*, muſt or now be cropt,
Or ſhedding breed a Nurſery of like euil
To ouer-bulke vs all.
Neſt. Wel, and how?
Vlyſ. This challenge that the gallant *Hector* ſends,
How euer it is ſpred in general name,
Relates in purpoſe onely to *Achilles*.
Neſt. The purpoſe is perſpicuous euen as ſubſtance,
Whoſe groſſeneſſe little charracters ſumme vp,
And in the publication make no ſtraine,
But that *Achilles*, were his braine as barren
As bankes of Lybia, though (*Apollo* knowes)
'Tis dry enough, wil with great ſpeede of iudgement,
I, with celerity, finde *Hectors* purpoſe
Pointing on him.
Vlyſ. And wake him to the anſwer, thinke you?
Neſt. Yes, 'tis moſt meet; who may you elſe oppoſe
That can from *Hector* bring his Honor off, *Hector's honour* m.c.
If not *Achilles*; though't be a ſportfull Combate,
Yet in this triall, much opinion dwels.
For heere the Troyans taſte our deer'ſt repute
With their fin'ſt Pallate: and truſt to me *Vlyſſes*,
Our imputation ſhall be oddely poiz'd
In this wilde action. For the ſucceſſe
(Although particular) ſhall giue a ſcantling
Of good or bad, vnto the Generall:
And in ſuch Indexes, although ſmall prickes
To their ſubſequent Volumes, there is ſeene
The baby figure of the Gyant-maſſe
Of things to come at large. It is ſuppos'd,
He that meets *Hector*, iſſues from our choyſe;
And choiſe being mutuall acte of all our ſoules,
Makes Merit her election, and doth boyle
As 'twere, from forth vs all: a man diſtill'd
Out of our Vertues; who miſcarrying,
What heart from hence receyues the conqu'ring part
To ſteele a ſtrong opinion to themſelues,
Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his inſtruments, *omitted* m.c.
In no leſſe working, then are Swords and Bowes
Directiue by the Limbes.
Vlyſ. Giue pardon to my ſpeech:
Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector*:
Let vs (like Merchants) ſhew our fowleſt Wares,
And thinke perchance they'l ſell: If not,
The luſter of the better yet to ſhew,
Shall ſhew the better. Do not conſent,
That euer *Hector* and *Achilles* meete:
For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,
Are dogg'd with two ſtrange Followers.
Neſt. I ſee them not with my old eies: what are they?
Vlyſ. What glory our *Achilles* ſhares from *Hector*,
(Were he not proud) we all ſhould ~~weare~~ *Share* with him. *Share* m.c.
But he already is too inſolent,
And we were better parch in Affricke Sunne,
Then in the pride and ſalt ſcorne of his eyes
Should he ſcape *Hector* faire. If he were foyld,
Why then we did our maine opinion cruſh
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a Lott'ry,
And by deuice let blockiſh *Aiax* draw
The fort to fight with *Hector*: Among our ſelues,
Giue him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will phyſicke the great Myrmidon
Who broyles in lowd applauſe, and make him fall
His Creſt, that prouder then blew Iris bends.
If the dull brainleſſe *Aiax* come ſafe off,
Wee'l dreſſe him vp in voyces: if he faile,
Yet go we vnder our opinion ſtill,
That we haue better men. But hit or miſſe,
Our proiects life this ſhape of ſence aſſumes,
Aiax imploy'd, pluckes downe *Achilles* Plumes.
Neſt. Now *Vlyſſes*, I begin to relliſh thy aduice,
And I wil giue a taſte of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*, go we to him ſtraight:
Two Curres ſhal tame each other, Pride alone
Muſt tarre the Maſtiffes on, as 'twere their bone. *Exeunt*
Actus. 3. m.c. *Enter Aiax, and Therſites.* *Scena 2.*
Aia. Therſites? *another part of the Grecian Campe m.c.*
Ther. Agamemnon, how if he had Biles (ful) all ouer generally.
Aia. Therſites?
Ther. And thoſe Byles did runne, ſay ſo; did not the General run, were not that a botchy core?
Aia. Dogge.
Ther. Then there would come ſome matter from him: I ſee none now.
Aia. Thou Bitch-Wolfes-Sonne, canſt not heare? Feele then. *Strikes him.*
Ther. The plague of Greece vpon thee thou Mungrel beefe-witted Lord. *vnsalted m.c.*
Aia. Speake then you whinid'ſt leauen ſpeake, I will beate thee into handſomneſſe.
Ther. I ſhal ſooner rayle thee into wit and holineſſe: but I thinke thy Horſe wil ſooner con an Oration, then ye learn a prayer without booke: Thou canſt ſtrike, canſt thou? A red Murren o'th thy Iades trickes.
Aia. Toads ſtoole, learne me the Proclamation.
Ther. Doeſt thou thinke I haue no ſence thou ſtrik'ſt me thus?
Aia. The Proclamation.
Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a foole, I thinke.
Aia. Do not Porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.
Ther. I would thou didſt itch from head to foot, and I had the ſcratching of thee, I would make thee the loth-ſom'ſt ſcab in Greece. *When thou art forth in the incursions thou ſtrikest as ſlow as another 4to. 2 m.c.*
Aia. I ſay the Proclamation.
Ther. Thou grumbleſt & raileſt euery houre on *Achilles*, and thou art as ful of enuy at his greatnes, as *Cerberus* is at *Proſerpina's* beauty. I, that thou barkſt at him. *ay m.c*
Aia. Miſtreſſe *Therſites.*
Ther. Thou ſhould'ſt ſtrike him.
Aia. Coblofe.
Ther. He would pun thee into ſhiuers with his fiſt, as a Sailor breakes a bisket.
Aia. You horſon Curre. *Ther.* Do, do.
Aia. Thou ſtoole for a Witch.
Ther. I, do, do, thou ſodden-witted Lord: thou haſt no more braine then I haue in mine elbows: An Aſinico may tutor thee. Thou ſcuruy valiant Aſſe, thou art heere but to threſh Troyans, and thou art bought and ſolde among thoſe of any wit, like a Barbarian ſlaue. If thou vſe to beat me, I wil begin at thy heele, and tel what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou.
Aia. You dogge.
Ther. You ſcuruy Lord.
Aia. You Curre.
Ther. Mars his Ideot: do rudenes, do Camell, do, do.
Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.
Achil. Why how now *Aiax*? wherefore do you this? How now *Therſites*? what's the matter man?
Ther. You ſee him there, do you?
Achil. I, what's the matter.
Ther. Nay looke vpon him.
Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

Ther.

* Rec'd edit.n "The Exercise of the better shall exceed
By showing the worse first" S—

Ther. Nay but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do ſo.

Ther. But yet you looke not well vpon him: for who ſome euer you take him to be, he is *Aiax*.

Achil. I know that foole.

Ther. I, but that foole knowes not himſelfe.

Aiax. Therefore I beate thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what *modicums* of wit he vtters: his euaſions haue eares thus long. I haue bobb'd his Braine more then he has beate my bones: I will buy nine Sparrowes for a peny, and his *Piamater* is not worth the ninth part of a Sparrow. This Lord (*Achilles*) *Aiax* who wears his wit in his belly, and his guttes in his head, Ile tell you what I ſay of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I ſay this *Aiax*——

Achil. Nay good *Aiax*.

Ther. Has not ſo much wit.

Achil. Nay, I muſt hold you.

Ther. As will ſtop the eye of *Helens* Needle, for whom hecomes to fight.

Achil. Peace foole.

Ther. I would haue peace and quietnes, but the foole will not: he there, that he, looke you there.

Aiax. O thou damn'd Curre, I ſhall———

Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a Fooles.

Ther. No I warrant you, for a fooles will ſhame it.

Pat. Good words *Therſites*.

Achil. What's the quarrell?

Aiax. I bad thee vile Owle, goe learne me the tenure of the Proclamation, and he rayles vpon me.

Ther. I ſerue thee not.

Aiax. Well, go too, go too.

Ther. I ſerue heere voluntary.

Achil. Your laſt ſeruice was ſufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary: *Aiax* was heere the voluntary, and you as vnder an Impreſſe.

Ther. E'neſo, a great deale of your wit too lies in your ſinnewes, or elſe there be Liars. *Hector* ſhall haue a great catch, if he knocke out either of your braines, he were as good cracke a fuſtie nut with no kernell.

Achil. What with me to *Therſites*?

Ther. There's *Vlyſſes*, and old *Neſtor*, whoſe Wit was mouldy ere their Grandſires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draft-Oxen, and make you plough vp the warre.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes good ſooth, to *Achilles*, to *Aiax*, to———

Aiax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I ſhall ſpeake as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words *Therſites*.

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles* Brooch bids me, ſhall I?

Achil. There's for you *Patroclus*.

Ther. I will ſee you hang'd like Clotpoles ere I come any more to yo ur Tents; I will keepe where there is wit ſtirring, and leaue the faction of fooles. *Exit.*

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this Sir is proclaim'd through al our hoſt, That *Hector* by the fift houre of the Sunne, Will with a Trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and Troy To morrow morning call ſome Knight to Armes, That hath a ſtomacke, and ſuch a one that dare Maintaine I know not what: 'tis traſh. Farewell.

Aiax. Farewell? who ſhall anſwer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to Lottry: otherwiſe Heknew his man.

Aiax. O meaning you, I wil go learne more of it. *Exit.*

Enter Priam, Hector, Troylus, Paris and Helenus.

Pri. After ſo many houres, liues, ſpeeches ſpent, Thus once againe ſayes *Neſtor* from the Greekes, Deliuer *Helen*, and all damage elſe (As honour, loſſe of time, trauaile, expence, Wounds, friends, and what els deere that is conſum'd In hot digeſtion of this comorant Warre) Shall be ſtroke off. *Hector*, what ſay you too't.

Hect. Though no man leſſer feares the Greeks then I, As farre as touches my particular: yet dread *Priam*, There is no Lady of more ſofter bowels, More ſpungie, to ſucke in the ſenſe of Feare, More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes Then *Hector* is: the wound of peace is ſurety, Surety ſecure: but modeſt Doubt is cal'd The Beacon of the wiſe: the tent that ſearches To'th'bottome of the worſt. Let *Helen* go, Since the firſt ſword was drawne about this queſtion, Euery tythe ſoule 'mongſt many thouſand diſmes, Hath bin as deere as *Helen*: I meane of ours: If we haue loſt ſo many tenths of ours To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs (Had it our name) the valew of one ten; What merit's in that reaſon which denies The yeelding of her vp.

Troy. Fie, fie, my Brother; Weigh you the worth and honour of a King (So great as our dread Father) in a Scale Of common Ounces? Wil you with Counters ſumme The paſt proportion of his infinite, Andbuckle in a waſte moſt fathomleſſe, With ſpannes and inches ſo diminutiue, As feares and reaſons? Fie for godly ſhame?

Hel. No maruel though you bite ſo ſharp at reaſons, You are ſo empty of them, ſhould not our Father Beare the great ſway of his affayres with reaſons, Becauſe your ſpeech hath none that tels him ſo.

Troy. You are for dreames & ſlumbers brother Prieſt You furre your gloues with reaſon: here are your reaſons You know an enemy intends you harme, You know, a ſword imploy'd is perillous, And reaſon flyes the obiect of all harme. Who maruels then when *Helenus* beholds A Grecian and his ſword, if he do ſet The very wings of reaſon to his heeles: Or like a Starre diſorb'd. Nay, if we talke of Reaſon, And flye like chidden Mercurie from Ioue, Let's ſhut our gates and ſleepe: Manhood and Honor Should haue hard hearts, wold they but fat their thoghts With this cramm'd reaſon: reaſon and reſpect, Makes Liuers pale, and luſtyhood deiect.

Hect. Brother, ſhe is not worth What ſhe doth coſt the holding.

Troy. What's aught, but as 'tis valew'd?

Hect. But value dwels not in particular will, It holds his eſtimate and dignitie As well, wherein 'tis precious of it ſelfe, As in the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatrie, To make the ſeruice greater then the God, And the will dotes that is inclineable To what infectiouſly it ſelfe affects, Without ſome image of th'affected merit.

Troy. I take to day a Wife, and my election Is led on in the conduct of my Will;

My Will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,
Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous ſhores
Of Will, and Iudgement. How may I auoyde
(Although my will diſtaſte what it elected)
The Wife I choſe, there can be no euaſion
To blench from this, and to ſtand firme by honour.
We turne not backe the Silkes vpon the Merchant
When we haue ſpoyl'd them; nor the remainder Viands
We do not throw in vnreſpectiue ſame,
Becauſe we now are full. It was thought meete
Paris ſhould do ſome vengeance on the Greekes;
Your breath of full conſent bellied his Sailes,
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) tooke a Truce,
And did him ſeruice; he touch'd the Ports deſir'd,
And for an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whoſe youth & freſhneſſe
Wrinkles *Apollos*, and makes ſtale the morning.
Why keepe we her? the Grecians keepe our Aunt:
Is ſhe worth keeping? Why ſhe is a Pearle,
Whoſe price hath launch'd aboue a thouſand Ships,
And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants.
If you'l auouch, 'twas wiſedome *Paris* went,
(As you muſt needs, for you all cride, Go, go:)
If you'l confeſſe, he brought home Noble prize,
(As you muſt needs) for you all clapt your hands,
And cride ineſtimable; why do you now
The iſſue of your proper Wiſedomes rate,
And do a deed that Fortune neuer did?
Begger the eſtimation which you priz'd,
Richer then Sea and Land? O Theft moſt baſe!
That we haue ſtolne what we do feare to keepe.
But Theeues vnworthy of a thing ſo ſtolne,
That in their Country did them that diſgrace,
We feare to warrant in our Natiue place.

Enter Caſſandra with her haire about her eares.

Caſ. Cry *Troyans*, cry.

Priam. What noyſe? what ſhreeke is this?

Troy. 'Tis our mad ſiſter, I do know her voyce.

Caſ. Cry Troyans.

Hect. It is *Caſſandra.*

Caſ. Cry Troyans cry; lend me ten thouſand eyes,
And I will fill them with Propheticke teares.

Hect. Peace ſiſter, peace.

Caſ. Virgins, and Boyes; mid-age & wrinkled old,
Soft infancie, that nothing can but cry,
Adde to my clamour: let vs pay betimes
A moity of that maſſe of moane to come.
Cry Troyans cry, practiſe your eyes with teares,
Troy muſt not be, nor goodly Illion ſtand,
Our fire-brand Brother *Paris* burnes vs all.
Cry Troyans cry, a *Helen* and a woe;
Cry, cry, Troy burnes, or elſe let *Helen* goe. *Exit.*

Hect. Now youthfull *Troylus*, do not theſe hie ſtrains
Of diuination in our Siſter, worke
Some touches of remorſe? Or is your bloud
So madly hot, that no diſcourſe of reaſon,
Nor feare of bad ſucceſſe in a bad cauſe,
Can qualifie the ſame?

Troy. Why Brother *Hector*,
We may not thinke the iuſtneſſe of each acte
Such, and no other then euent doth forme it,
Nor once deiect the courage of our mindes;
Becauſe *Caſſandra's* mad, her brainſicke raptures
Cannot diſtaſte the goodneſſe of a quarrell,
Which hath our ſeuerall Honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my priuate part,
I am no more touch'd, then all *Priams* ſonnes,
And Ioue forbid there ſhould be done among'ſt vs
Such things as might offend the weakeſt ſpleene,
To fight for, and maintaine.

Par. Elſe might the world conuince of leuitie,
As well my vnder-takings as your counſels:
But I atteſt the gods, your full conſent
Gaue wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All feares attending on ſo dire a proiect.
For what (alas) can theſe my ſingle armes?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To ſtand the puſh and enmity of thoſe
This quarrell would excite? Yet I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſſe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I haue will,
Paris ſhould ne're retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuite.

Pri. Paris, you ſpeake
Like one be-ſotted on your ſweet delights;
You haue the Hony ſtill, but theſe the Gall,
So to be valiant, is no praiſe at all.

Par. Sir, I propoſe not meerely to my ſelfe,
The pleaſures ſuch a beauty brings with it:
But I would haue the ſoyle of her faire Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What Treaſon were it to the ranſack'd Queene,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliuer her poſſeſsion vp
On termes of baſe compulſion? Can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtraine as this,
Should once ſet footing in your generous boſomes?
There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our partie,
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: nor none ſo Noble,
Whoſe life were ill beſtow'd, or death vnfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the ſubiect. Then (I ſay)
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large ſpaces cannot paralell.

Hect. Paris and *Troylus*, you haue both ſaid well:
And on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand,
Haue gloz'd, but ſuperficially; not much
Vnlike young men, whom *Ariſtotle* thought
Vnfit to heare Morall Philoſophie.
The Reaſons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtemp'red blood,
Then to make vp a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: For pleaſure, and reuenge,
Haue eares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce
Of any true deciſion. Nature craues
All dues be rendred to their Owners: now
What neerer debt in all humanity,
Then Wife is to the Husband? If this law
Of Nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,
To their benummed wills reſiſt the ſame,
There is a Law in each well-ordred Nation,
To curbe thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refractorie.
If *Helen* then be wife to Sparta's King
(As it is knowne ſhe is) theſe Morall Lawes
Of Nature, and of Nation, ſpeake alowd
To haue her backe return'd. Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heauie. *Hectors* opinion

this in way of truth: yet nere the leſſe,
My ſpritely brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keepe *Helen* ſtill;
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no meane dependance,
Vpon our ioynt and ſeuerall dignities.

Tro. Why? there you toucht the life of our deſigne:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our heauing ſpleenes,
I would not wiſh a drop of *Troian* blood,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Hector*,
She is a theame of honour and renowne,
A ſpurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whoſe preſent courage may beate downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize vs.
For I preſume braue *Hector* would not looſe
So rich aduantage of a promiſ'd glory,
As ſmiles vpon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide worlds reuenew.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant off-ſpring of great *Priamus*,
I haue a roiſting challenge ſent among'ſt
The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes,
Will ſtrike amazement to their drowſie ſpirits,
I was aduertiz'd, their Great generall ſlept,
Whil'ſt emulation in the armie crept:
This I preſume will wake him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Therſites *ſolus.*

How now *Therſites*? what loſt in the Labyrinth of thy furie? ſhall the Elephant *Aiax* carry it thus? he beates me, and I raile at him: O worthy ſatisfaction, would it were otherwiſe: that I could beate him, whil'ſt he rail'd at me: Sfoote, Ile learne to coniure and raiſe Diuels, but Ile ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpitefull execrations. Then ther's *Achilles*, a rare Enginer. If *Troy* be not taken till theſe two vndermine it, the wals will ſtand till they fall of themſelues. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art *Ioue* the King of gods: and *Mercury*, looſe all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not that little little leſſe then little wit from them that they haue, which ſhort-arm'd ignorance it ſelfe knowes, is ſo abundant ſcarſe, it will not in circumuention deliuer a Flye from a Spider, without drawing the maſſie Irons and cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that me thinkes is the curſe dependant on thoſe that warre for a placket. I haue ſaid my prayers and diuell, enuie, ſay Amen: What ho? my Lord *Achilles*?

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Therſites.* Good *Therſites* come in and raile.

Ther. If I could haue remembred a guilt counterfeit, thou would'ſt not haue ſlipt out of my contemplation, but it is no matter, thy ſelfe vpon thy ſelfe. The common curſe of mankinde, follie and ignorance be thine in great reuenew; heauen bleſſe thee from a Tutor, and Diſcipline come not neere thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till thy death, then if ſhe that layes thee out ſayes thou art a faire coarſe, Ile be ſworne and ſworne vpon't ſhe neuer ſhrowded any but Lazars, Amen. Wher's *Achilles*?

Patr. What art thou deuout? waſt thou in a prayer?

Ther. I, the heauens heare me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. *Therſites*, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where, art thou come? why my cheeſe, my digeſtion, why haſt thou not ſerv'd thy ſelfe into my Table, ſo many meales? Come, what's *Agamemnon*?

Ther. Thy Commander *Achilles*, then tell me *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles*?

Patr. Thy Lord *Therſites*: then tell me I pray thee, what's thy ſelfe?

Ther. Thy knower *Patroclus*: then tell me *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patr. Thou maiſt tell that know'ſt.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. Ile decline the whole queſtion: *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* knower, and *Patroclus* is a foole.

Patro. You raſcall.

Ter. Peace foole, I haue not done.

Achil. He is a priuiledg'd man, proceede *Therſites.*

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole, *Achilles* is a foole, *Therſites* is a foole, and as aforeſaid, *Patroclus* is a foole.

Achil. Deriue this? come?

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a foole to be commanded of *Agamemon*, *Therſites* is a foole to ſerue ſuch a foole: and *Patroclus* is a foole poſitiue.

Patr. Why am I a foole?

Enter Agamemnon, Vliſſes, Neſtor, Diomedes, Aiax, and Chalcas.

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator, it ſuffiſes me thou art. Looke you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, Ile ſpeake with no body: come in with me *Therſites.* *Exit.*

Ther. Here is ſuch patcherie, ſuch iugling, and ſuch knauerie: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a good quarrel to draw emulations, factions, and bleede to death vpon: Now the dry Suppeago on the Subiect, and Warre and Lecherie confound all.

Agam. Where is *Achilles*?

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill diſpoſ'd my Lord.

Agam. Let it be knowne to him that we are here:
He ſent our Meſſengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, viſiting of him:
Let him be told of, ſo perchance he thinke
We dare not moue the queſtion of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Pat. I ſhall ſo ſay to him.

Vlif. We ſaw him at the opening of his Tent,
He is not ſicke.

Aia. Yes, Lyon ſicke, ſicke of proud heart; you may call it Melancholly if will fauour the man, but by my head, it is pride; but why, why, let him ſhow vs the cauſe? A word my Lord.

Nef. What moues *Aiax* thus to bay at him?

Vlif. *Achillis* hath inueigled his Foole from him.

Nef. Who, *Therſites*?

Vlif. He.

Nef. Then will *Aiax* lacke matter, if he haue loſt his Argument.

Vlif. No, you ſee he is his argument that has his argument *Achilles.*

Nef. All the better, their fraction is more our wiſh then their faction; but it was a ſtrong counſell that a Foole could diſunite.

Vlif. The amitie that wiſedome knits, not folly may eaſily vntie. *Enter Patroclus.*

Here

Here comes *Patroclus.*

Neſt. No *Achilles* with him?

Vlif. The Elephant hath ioynts, but none for curteſie: His legge are legs for neceſſitie, not for flight.

Patro. Achilles bids me ſay he is much ſorry: If any thing more then your ſport and pleaſure, Did moue your greatneſſe, and this noble State, To call vpon him; he hopes it is no other, But for your health, and your digeſtion ſake; An after Dinners breath.

Aga. Heare you *Patroclus*: We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers: But his euaſion winged thus ſwift with ſcorne, Cannot outflye our apprehenſions. Much attribute he hath, and much the reaſon, Why we aſcribe it to him, yet all his vertues, Not vertuouſly of his owne part beheld, Doe in our eyes, begin to looſe their gloſſe; Yeâ, and like faire Fruit in an vnholdſome diſh, Are like to rot vntaſted: goe and tell him, We came to ſpeake with him; and you ſhall not ſinne, If you doe ſay, we thinke him ouer proud, And vnder honeſt; in ſelfe-aſſumption greater Then in the note of iudgement: & worthier then himſelfe Here tends the ſauage ſtrangeneſſe he puts on, Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command: And vnder write in an obſeruing kinde His humorous predominance, yea watch His pettiſh lines, his ebs, his flowes, as if *Lines* m.e. The paſſage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde, That if he ouerhold his price ſo much, Weele none of him; but let him, like an Engin Not portable, lye vnder this report. Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre: A ſtirring Dwarfe, we doe allowance giue, Before a ſleeping Gyant: tell him ſo.

Pat. I ſhall, and bring his anſwere preſently.

Aga. In ſecond voyce weele not be ſatisfied, We come to ſpeake with him, *Vliſſes* enter you. omitted m.e.

Exit Vliſſes.

Aiax. What is he more then another?

Aga. No more then what he thinkes he is.

Aia. Is he ſo much, doe you not thinke, he thinkes himſelfe a better man then I am?

Ag. No queſtion.

Aiax. Will you ſubſcribe his thought, and ſay he is?

Ag. No, Noble *Aiax*, you are as ſtrong, as valiant, as wiſe, no leſſe noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Aiax. Why ſhould a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your minde is the cleerer *Aiax*, and your vertues the fairer; he that is proud, eates vp himſelfe; Pride is his owne Glaſſe, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicle, and what euer praiſes it ſelfe but in the deede, deuoures the deede in the praiſe.

Enter Vlyſſes.

Aiax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the ingendring of Toades.

Neſt. Yet he loues himſelfe: is't not ſtrange?

Vlif. Achilles will not to the field to morrow.

Ag. What's his excuſe?

Vlif. He doth relye on none, But carries on the ſtreame of his diſpoſe, Without obſeruance or reſpect of any, In will peculiar, and in ſelfe admiſſion.

Aga. Why, will he not vpon our faire requeſt, Vntent his perſon, and ſhare the ayre with vs?

Vlif. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſts ſake onely He makes important; poſſeſt he is with greatneſſe, And ſpeakes not to himſelfe, but with a pride That quarrels at ſelfe-breath. Imagin'd wroth Holds in his bloud ſuch ſwolne and hot diſcourſe, That twixt his mentall and his actiue parts, Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages, And batters gainſt it ſelfe; what ſhould I ſay? He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it, Cry no recouery.

Ag. Let *Aiax* goe to him. Deare Lord, goe you and greete him in his Tent; 'Tis ſaid he holds you well, and will be led At your requeſt a little from himſelfe.

Vlif. O *Agamemnon*, let it not be ſo. Weele conſecrate the ſteps that *Aiax* makes, When they goe from *Achilles*; ſhall the proud Lord, That baſtes his arrogance with his owne ſeame, And neuer ſuffers matter of the world, Enter his thoughts: ſaue ſuch as doe reuolue And ruminate himſelfe. Shall he be worſhipt, Of that we hold an Idoll, more then hee? No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord, Muſt not ſo ſtaule his Palme, nobly acquir'd, Nor by my will aſſubiugate his merit, As amply titled as *Achilles* is: by going to *Achilles*, That were to enlard his fat already, pride, And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he burnes With entertaining great *Hiperion.* This L. goe to him? *Iupiter* forbid, And ſay in thunder, *Achilles* goe to him.

Neſt. O this is well, he rubs the veine of him.

Dio. And how his ſilence drinkes vp this applauſe.

Aia. If I goe to him, with my armed fiſt, Ile paſh him ore the face.

Ag. O no, you ſhall not goe.

Aia. And a be proud with me, ile pheſe his pride: let me goe to him.

Vlif. Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrel.

Aia. A paultry inſolent fellow.

Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelfe. [aside m.e

Aia. Can he not be ſociable?

Vlif. The Rauen chides blackneſſe. [aside m.e

Aia. Ile let his humours bloud.

Ag. He will be the Phyſitian that ſhould be the patient. He'd be Physician m.e [aside m.e

Aia. And all men were a my minde.

Vlif. Wit would be out of faſhion. [aside m.e

Aia. A ſhould not beare it ſo, a ſhould eate Swords firſt: ſhall pride carry it?

Neſt. And 'twould, you'ld carry halfe. [aside m.e

Vlif. A would haue ten ſhares.

Aia. I will knede him, Ile make him ſupple, hee's not yet through warme.

Neſt. Force him with praiſes, poure in, poure in: his ambition is dry. [aside m.e.

Vlif. My L. you feede too much on this diſlike. [to Agam. m.e

Neſt. Our noble Generall, doe not doe ſo.

Diom. You muſt prepare to fight without *Achilles.*

Vlif. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harme, Here is a man, but 'tis before his face, I will be ſilent.

Neſt. Wherefore ſhould you ſo?

He

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Vliſ. 'Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Aia. A horſon dog, that ſhal palter thus with vs, would he were a *Troian.*

Neſt. What a vice were it in *Aiax* now———

Vliſ. If he were proud.

Dio. Or couetous of praiſe.

Vliſ. I, or ſurley borne.

Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelfe affected.

Vl. Thank the heauens L. thou art of ſweet compoſure;
Praiſe him that got thee, ſhe that gaue thee ſucke:
Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that diſciplin'd thy armes to fight,
Let *Mars* deuide Eternity in twaine,
And giue him halfe, and for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing *Milo*: his addition yeelde
To ſinnowie *Aiax*: I will not praiſe thy wiſdome,
Which like a bourne, a pale, a ſhore confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts; here's *Neſtor*
Inſtructed by the Antiquary times:
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe.
But pardon Father *Neſtor*, were your dayes
As greene as *Aiax*, and your braine ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not haue the eminence of him,
But be as *Aiax*.

Aia. Shall I call you Father?

Vliſ. I my good Sonne.

Dio. Be rul'd by him Lord *Aiax*.

Vliſ. There is no tarrying here, the Hart *Achilles*
Keepes thicket: pleaſe it our Generall,
To call together all his ſtate of warre,
Freſh Kings are come to *Troy*; to morrow
We muſt with all our maine of power ſtand faſt:
And here's a Lord, come Knights from Eaſt to Weſt,
And cull their flowre, *Aiax* ſhall cope the beſt.

Ag. Goe we to Counſaile, let *Achilles* ſleepe;
Light Botes may faile ſwift, though greater bulkes draw deepe. *Exeunt.* *Muſicke ſounds within.*

Actus III. Scæne I. Troy. A Room in Priams Palace. m.c

Enter Pandarus and a Seruant.

Pan. Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you follow the yong Lord *Paris*?

Ser. I ſir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend vpon him I meane?

Ser. Sir, I doe depend vpon the Lord.

Pan. You depend vpon a noble Gentleman: I muſt needes praiſe him.

Ser. The Lord be praiſed.

Pa. You know me, doe you not?

Ser. Faith ſir, ſuperficially.

Pa. Friend know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus.*

Ser. I hope I ſhall know your honour better.

Pa. I doe deſire it.

Ser. You are in the ſtate of Grace? *muſic within m.c*

Pa. Grace, not ſo friend, honor and Lordſhip are my title: What Muſique is this?

Ser. I doe but partly know ſir: it is Muſicke in parts.

Pa. Know you the Muſitians.

Ser. Wholly ſir.

Pa. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers ſir.

Pa. At whoſe pleaſure friend?

Ser. At mine ſir, and theirs that loue Muſicke.

Pa. Command, I meane friend.

Ser. Who ſhall I command ſir?

Pa. Friend, we vnderſtand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whoſe requeſt doe theſe men play?

Ser. That's too't indeede ſir: marry ſir, at the requeſt of *Paris* my L. who's there in perſon; with him the mortall *Venus*, the heart bloud of beauty, loues inuiſible ſoule.

Pa. Who? my Coſin *Creſſida.*

Ser. No ſir, *Helen*, could you not finde out that by her attributes?

Pa. It ſhould ſeeme fellow, that thou haſt not ſeen the Lady *Creſſida.* I come to ſpeake with *Paris* from the Prince *Troylus*: I will make a complementall aſſault vpon him, for my buſineſſe ſeethes.

Ser. Sodden buſineſſe, there's a ſtewed phraſe indeede.

Enter Paris and Helena. attended m.c.

Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company: faire deſires in all faire meaſure fairely guide them, eſpecially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your faire pillow.

Hel. Deere L. you are full of faire words.

Pan. You ſpeake your faire pleaſure ſweete Queene: faire Prince, here is good broken Muſicke.

Par. You haue broke it cozen: and by my life you ſhall make it whole againe, you ſhall peece it out with a peece of your performance. *Nel*, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truely Lady no.

Hel. O ſir.

Pan. Rude in ſooth, in good ſooth very rude.

Paris. Well ſaid my Lord: well, you ſay ſo in fits.

Pan. I haue buſineſſe to my Lord, deere Queene: my Lord will you vouchſafe me a word.

Hel. Nay, this ſhall not hedge vs out, weele heare you ſing certainely.

Pan. Well ſweete Queene you are pleaſant with me, but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and moſt eſteemed friend your brother *Troylus.*

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*, hony ſweete Lord.

Pan. Go too ſweete Queene, goe to.
Commends himſelfe moſt affectionately to you.

Hel. You ſhall not bob vs out of our melody:
If you doe, our melancholly vpon your head.

Pan. Sweete Queene, ſweete Queene, that's a ſweete Queene, Ifaith———

Hel. And to make a ſweet Lady ſad, is a ſower offence.

Pan. Nay, that ſhall not ſerue your turne, that ſhall it not in truth la. Nay, I care not for ſuch words, no, no. And my Lord he deſires you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make his excuſe.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*?

Pan. What ſaies my ſweete Queene, my very, very ſweete Queene?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where ſups he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Pan. What ſaies my ſweere Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.

Hel. You muſt not know where he ſups.

Par. With my diſpoſer *Creſsida.* I'll lay my life with m.c

Pan. No, no; no ſuch matter, you are wide, come your diſpoſer is ſicke.

Par. Well, Ile make excuſe.

Pan. I good my Lord: why ſhould you ſay *Creſsida*? no, your poore diſpoſer's ſicke.

Par. I ſpie.

Pan. You

Pan. You ſpie, what doe you ſpie: come, giue me an Inſtrument now ſweete Queene.

Hel. Why this is kindely done?

Pan. My Neece is horrible in loue with a thing you haue ſweete Queene.

Hel. She ſhall haue it my Lord, if it be not my Lord *Paris.*

Pand. Hee? no, ſheele none of him, they two are twaine.

Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile ſing you a ſong now.

Hel. I, I, prethee now: by my troth ſweet Lord thou haſt a fine fore-head.

Pan. I you may, you may.

Hel. Let thy ſong be loue: this loue will vndoe vs al. Oh *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.*

Pan. Loue? I that it ſhall yfaith.

Par. I, good now loue, loue, no thing but loue.

Pan. In good troth it begins ſo.

Loue, loue, nothing but loue, ſtill more:
For O loues Bow,
Shootes Bucke and Doe:
The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,
But tickles ſtill the ſore:
Theſe Louers cry, oh ho they dye;
Yet that which ſeemes the wound to kill,
Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he:
So dying loue liues ſtill,
O ho a while, but ha ha ha,
O ho grones out for ha ha ha----hey ho.

Hel. In loue yfaith to the very tip of the noſe.

Par. He eates nothing but doues loue, and that breeds hot bloud, and hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is loue.

Pan. Is this the generation of loue? Hot bloud, hot thoughts, and hot deedes, why they are Vipers, is Loue a generation of Vipers?
Sweete Lord whoſe a field to day?

Par. Hector, Deiphœbus, Helenus, Anthenor, and all the gallantry of *Troy.* I would faine haue arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not haue it ſo.
How chance my brother *Troylus* went not?

Hel. He hangs the lippe at ſomething; you know all Lord *Pandarus?*

Pan. Not I hony ſweete Queene: I long to heare how they ſped to day:
Youle remember your brothers excuſe?

Par. To a hayre.

Pan. Farewell ſweete Queene.

Hel. Commend me to your Neece.

Pan. I will ſweete Queene. *Exit. Sound a retreat.*

Par. They're come from fielde: let vs to *Priams* Hall
To greete the Warriers. Sweet *Hellen,* I muſt woe you,
To helpe vnarme our *Hector*: his ſtubborne Buckles,
With theſe your white enchanting fingers toucht,
Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,
Or force of Greekiſh ſinewes: you ſhall doe more
Then all the Iland Kings, diſarme great *Hector.*

Hel. 'Twill make vs proud to be his ſeruant *Paris*:
Yea what he ſhall receiue of vs in duetie,
Giues vs more palme in beautie then we haue:
Yea ouerſhines our ſelfe.
Sweete aboue thought I loue thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Troylus Man.

Pan. How now, where's thy Maiſter, at my Couzen *Creſsidas?*

Man. No ſir, he ſtayes for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troylus.

Pan. O here he comes: How now, how now?

Troy. Sirra walke off.

Pan. Haue you ſeene my Couſin?

Troy. No *Pandarus*: I ſtalke about her doore
Like a ſtrange ſoule vpon the Stigian bankes
Staying for waſtage. O be thou my *Charon,*
And giue me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds
Propos'd for the deſeruer. O gentle *Pandarus,*
From *Cupids* ſhoulder plucke his painted wings,
And flye with me to *Creſsid.*

Pan. Walke here ith'Orchard, Ile bring her ſtraight.

Exit Pandarus.

Troy. I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,
Th'imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweete,
That it inchants my ſence: what will it be
When that the watry pallats taſte indeede
Loues thrice reputed Nectar? Death I feare me
Sounding diſtruction, or ſome ioy too fine,
Too ſubtile, potent, and too ſharpe in ſweetneſſe,
For the capacitie of my ruder powers;
I feare it much, and I doe feare beſides,
That I ſhall looſe diſtinction in my ioyes,
As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes
The enemy flying. *Enter Pandarus.*

Pan. Shee's making her ready, ſheele come ſtraight; you muſt be witty now, ſhe does ſo bluſh, & fetches her winde ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were fraid with a ſprite: Ile fetch her; it is the prettieſt villaine, ſhe fetches her breath ſo ſhort as a new tane Sparrow. *Exit Pand.*

Troy. Euen ſuch a paſſion doth imbrace my boſome:
My heart beates thicker then a feauorous pulſe,
And all my powers doe their beſtowing looſe,
Like vaſſalage at vnawares encountring
The eye of Maieſtie.

Enter Pandarus and Creſsida.

Pan. Come, come, what needs you bluſh?
Shames a babie; here ſhe is now, ſweare the oathes now to her, that you haue ſworne to me. What are you gone againe, you muſt be watcht ere you be made tame, muſt you? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw backward weele put you i'th fils: why doe you not ſpeak to her? Come draw this curtaine, & let's ſee your picture. Alaſſe the day, how loath you are to offend day light? and 'twere darke you'ld cloſe ſooner: So, ſo, rub on, and kiſſe the miſtreſſe; how now, a kiſſe in fee-farme? build there Carpenter, the ayre is ſweete. Nay, you ſhall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon, as the Tercell, for all the Ducks ith Riuer: go too, go too.

Troy. You haue bereft me of all words Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts; giue her deedes: but ſheele bereaue you 'oth' deeds too, if ſhee call your actiuity in queſtion: what billing againe? here's in witneſſe where-of the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go get a fire? *[Exit Pan.]*

Creſ. Will you walke in my Lord?

Troy. O *Creſsida,* how often haue I wiſht me thus?

Creſ. Wiſht my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord.

Troy. What ſhould they grant? what makes this pretty abruption: what too curious dreg eſpies my ſweete Lady in the fountaine of our loue?

Creſ. More

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SHAKSPEARE
TROILUS & CRESSIDA.
Act III. Sc. 2.

Creſ. More dregs then water, if my teares haue eyes.

Troy. Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer ſee truely.

Creſ. Blinde feare, that ſeeing reaſon leads, findes ſafe footing, then blinde reaſon, ſtumbling without feare: to feare the worſt, oft cures the worſe.

Troy. Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare,
In all *Cupids* Pageant there is preſented no monſter.

Creſ. Not nothing monſtrous neither?

Troy. Nothing but our vndertakings, when we vowe to weepe ſeas, liue in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers; thinking it harder for our Miſtreſſe to deuiſe impoſition inough, then for vs to vndergoe any difficultie impoſed. This is the monſtruoſitie in loue Lady, that the will is infinite, andthe execution confin'd; that the deſire is boundleſſe, and the act a ſlaue to limit.

Creſ. They ſay all Louers ſweare more performance then they are able, and yet reſerue an ability that they neuer performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten; and diſcharging leſſe then the tenth part of one. They that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares: are they not Monſters?

Troy. Are there ſuch? ſuch are not we: Praiſe vs as we are taſted, allow vs as we proue: our head ſhall goe bare till merit crowne it: no perfection in reuerſion ſhall haue a praiſe in preſent: wee will not name deſert before his birth, and being borne his addition ſhall be humble: few words to faire faith. *Troylus* ſhall be ſuch to *Creſſid*, as what enuie can ſay worſt, ſhall be a mocke for his truth; and what truth can ſpeake trueſt, not truer then *Troylus*.

Creſ. Will you walke in my Lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What bluſhing ſtill? haue you not done talking yet?

Creſ. Well Vnckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thanke you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of you, youle giue him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hoſtages: your Vnckles word and my firme faith.

Pan. Nay, Ile giue my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they are wooed, they are conſtant being wonne: they are Burres I can tell you, they'le ſticke where they are throwne.

Creſ. Boldneſſe comes to mee now, and brings mee heart: Prince *Troylus*, I haue lou'd you night and day, for many weary moneths.

Troy. Why was my *Creſsid* then ſo hard to win?

Creſ. Hard to ſeeme won: but I was won my Lord
With the firſt glance; that euer pardon me,
If I confeſſe much you will play the tyrant:
I loue you now, but not till now ſo much
But I might maiſter it; infaith I lye:
My thoughts were like vnbrideled children grow
Too head-ſtrong for their mother: ſee we fooles,
Why haue I blab'd: who ſhall be true to vs
When we are ſo vnſecret to our ſelues?
But though I lou'd you well, I woed you not,
And yet good faith I wiſht my ſelfe a man;
Or that we women had mens priuiledge
Of ſpeaking firſt. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I ſhall ſurely ſpeake
The thing I ſhall repent: ſee, ſee, your ſilence
Comming in dumbneſſe, from my weakeneſſe drawes
My ſoule of counſell from me. Stop my mouth.

Troy. And ſhall, albeit ſweete Muſicke iſſues thence.

Pan. Pretty yfaith.

Creſ. My Lord, I doe beſeech you pardon me,
'Twas not my purpoſe thus to beg a kiſſe:
I am aſham'd; O Heauens, what haue I done!
For this time will I take my leaue my Lord.

Troy. Your leaue ſweete *Creſſid*?

Pan. Leaue: and you take leaue till to morrow morning.

Creſ. Pray you content you.

Troy. What offends you Lady?

Creſ. Sir, mine owne company.

Troy. You cannot ſhun your ſelfe.

Creſ. Let me goe and try:
I haue a kinde of ſelfe recides with you:
But an vnkinde ſelfe, that it ſelfe will leaue,
To be anothers foole. Where is my wit?
I would be gone: I ſpeake I know not what.

Troy. Well know they what they ſpeake, that ſpeakes ſo wiſely.

Cre. Perchance my Lord, I ſhew more craft then loue,
And fell ſo roundly to a large confeſſion,
To Angle for your thoughts: but you are wiſe,
Or elſe you loue not: for to be wiſe and loue,
Exceedes mans might, that dwels with gods aboue.

Troy. O that I thought it could be in a woman:
As if it can, I will preſume in you,
To feede for aye her lampe and flames of loue.
To keepe her conſtancie in plight and youth,
Out-liuing beauties outward, with a minde
That doth renew ſwifter then blood decaies:
Or that perſwaſion could but thus conuince me,
That my integritie and truth to you,
Might be affronted with the match and waight
Of ſuch a winnowed puriritie in loue:
How were I then vp-lifted! but alas,
I am as true, as truths ſimplicitie,
And ſimpler then the infancie of truth.

Creſ. In that Ile warre with you.

Troy. O vertuous fight,
When right with right wars who ſhall be moſt right:
True ſwaines in loue, ſhall in the world to come
Approue their truths by *Troylus*, when their rimes,
Full of proteſt, of oath and big compare;
Wants ſimiles, truth tir'd with iteration,
As true as ſteele, as plantage to the Moone:
As Sunne to day: as Turtle to her mate:
As Iron to Adamant: as Earth to th'Center:
Yet after all compariſons of truth,
(As truths authenticke author to be cited)
As true as *Troylus*, ſhall crowne vp the Verſe,
And ſanctifie the numbers.

Creſ. Prophet may you be:
If I be falſe, or ſwerue a haire from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot it ſelfe:
When water drops haue worne the Stones of *Troy*;
And blinde obliuion ſwallow'd Cities vp;
And mightie States characterleſſe are grated
To duſtie nothing; yet let memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe Maids in loue,
Vpbraid my falſehood, when they'aue ſaid as falſe,
As Aire, as Water, as Winde, as ſandie earth;
As Foxe to Lambe; as Wolfe to Heifers Calfe;
Pard to the Hinde, or Stepdame to her Sonne;
Yea, let them ſay, to ſticke the heart of falſehood,

As

As falſe as *Creſſid.*

Pand. Go too, a bargaine made: ſeale it, ſeale it, Ile be the witneſſe here I hold your hand: here my Couſins, if euer you proue falſe one to another, ſince I haue taken ſuch paines to bring you together, let all pittifull goers betweene be cal'd to the worlds end after my name: call them all Panders; let all conſtant men be *Troyluſſes*, all falſe women *Creſſids*, and all brokers betweene, Panders: ſay, Amen.

Troy. Amen.

Creſ. Amen.

Pan. Amen. and a bed me.

Whereupon I will ſhew you a Chamber, which bed, becauſe it ſhall not ſpeake of your prettie encounters, preſſe it to death: away.

And *Cupid* grant all tong-tide Maidens heere,
Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to prouide this geere. *Exeunt.*

Act III. Scene iii. The Grecian camp m.c.

Enter Vlyſſes, Diomedes, Neſtor, Agamemnon, Menelaus and Chalcas. Floriſh.
mittes 32

Cal. Now Princes for the ſeruice I haue done you,
Th'aduantage of the time promps me aloud, t/32
To call for recompence: appeare it to your minde,
That through the ſight I beare in things to loue, Ioue m.c.
I haue abandon'd Troy, left my poſſeſſion,
Incur'd a Traitors name, expoſ'd my ſelfe,
From certaine and poſſeſt conueniences,
To doubtfull fortunes, ſequeſtring from me all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtome and condition,
Made tame, and moſt familiar to my nature:
And here to doe you ſeruice am become,
As new into the world, ſtrange, vnacquainted.
I doe beſeech you, as in way of taſte,
To giue me now a little benefit:
Out of thoſe many regiſtred in promiſe,
Which you ſay, liue to come in my behalfe.

Agam. What would'ſt thou of vs Troian? make demand?

Cal. You haue a Troian priſoner, cal'd *Anthenor*,
Yeſterday tooke: Troy holds him very deere.
Oft haue you (often haue you, thankes therefore)
Deſir'd my *Creſſid* in right great exchange.
Whom Troy hath ſtill deni'd: but this *Anthenor*,
I know is ſuch a wreſt in their affaires;
That their negotiations all muſt ſlacke,
Wanting his mannage: and they will almoſt,
Giue vs a Prince of blood, a Sonne of *Priam*,
In change of him. Let him be ſent great Princes,
And he ſhall buy my Daughter: and her preſence,
Shall quite ſtrike off all ſeruice I haue done,
In moſt accepted paine.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* beare him,
And bring vs *Creſſid* hither: *Calcas* ſhall haue
What he requeſts of vs: good *Diomed*
Furniſh you fairely for this enterchange;
Withall bring word, if *Hector* will to morrow
Be anſwer'd in his challenge. *Aiax* is ready.

Dio. This ſhall I vndertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to beare. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus *in their Tent.*

Vliſ. *Achilles* ſtands i'th entrance of his Tent;
Pleaſe it our Generall to paſſe ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot: and Princes all,
Lay negligent and looſe regard vpon him;
I will come laſt, 'tis like heele queſtion me,
Why ſuch vnplauſiue eyes are bent? why turn'd on him?
If ſo, I haue deriſion medicinable,
To vſe betweene your ſtrangeneſſe and his pride,
Which his owne will ſhall haue deſire to drinke;
It may doe good, pride hath no other glaſſe
To ſhow it ſelfe, but pride: for ſupple knees,
Feede arrogance, and are the proud mans fees.

Agam. Weele execute your purpoſe, and put on
A forme of ſtrangeneſſe as we paſſe along,
So doe each Lord, and either greete him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which ſhall ſhake him more
Then if not lookt on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What comes the Generall to ſpeake with me?
You know my minde, Ile fight no more 'gainſt Troy.

Aga. What ſaies *Achilles*, would he ought with vs?

Neſ. Would you my Lord ought with the Generall?

Achil. No.

Neſ. Nothing my Lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How doe you? how doe you?

Achi. What, do's the Cuckold ſcorne me?

Aiax. How now *Patroclus*?

Achil. Good morrow *Aiax*?

Aiax. Ha.

Achil. Good morrow.

Aiax. I, and good next day too. *Exeunt.*

Achil. What meane theſe fellowes? know they not *Achilles*?

Patr. They paſſe by ſtrangely: they were vſ'd to bend
To ſend their ſmiles before them to *Achilles*:
To come as humbly as they vs'd to creepe to holy Altars.

Achil. What am I poore of late?
'Tis certaine, greatneſſe once falne out with fortune,
Muſt fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoone reade in the eyes of others,
As feele in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies,
Shew not their mealie wings, but to the Summer:
And not a man for being ſimply man,
Hath any honour; but honour'd for thoſe honours
That are without him; as place, riches, and fauour,
Prizes of accident, as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being ſlippery ſtanders;
The loue that leand on them as ſlippery too,
Doth one plucke downe another, and together
Dye in the fall. But 'tis not ſo with me;
Fortune and I are friends, I doe enioy
At ample point, all that I did poſſeſſe,
Saue theſe mens lookes: who do me thinkes finde out
Something not worth in me ſuch rich beholding,
As they haue often giuen. Here is *Vliſſes*,
Ile interrupt his reading: how now *Vliſſes*?

Vliſ. Now great *Thetis* Sonne.

Achil. What are you reading?

Vliſ. A ſtrange fellow here
Writes me, that man, how dearely euer parted,
How much in hauing, or without, or in,
Cannot make boaſt to haue that which he hath;
Nor feeles not what he owes, but by reflection:
As when his vertues ſhining vpon others,
Heate them, and they retort that heate againe
To the firſt giuer.

Achil. This is not ſtrange *Vliſſes*:
The beautie that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knowes not, but commends it ſelfe,
Not going from it ſelfe: but eye to eye oppos'd,
Salutes

Brothers eyes: nor do th they eye itſelfe, th' most pure ſpirit of ſenſe behold itſelf as m.c. and 1st to

Salutes each other with each others forme.
For ſpeculation turnes not to it ſelfe,
Till it hath trauail'd, and is married there
Where it may ſee it ſelfe: this is not ſtrange at all.
Vliſ. I doe not ſtraine it at the poſition,
It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,
Who in his circumſtance, expreſly proues
That no may is the Lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there is much conſiſting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himſelfe know them for ought,
Till he behold them formed in th'applauſe,
Where they are extended: who like an arch reuerb'rate
The voyce againe; or like a gate of ſteele,
Fronting the Sunne, receiues and renders backe
His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately:
The vnknowne *Aiax*;
Heauens what a man is there? a very Horſe,
That has he knowes not what. Nature, what things there
Moſt abiect in regard, and deare in vſe,
What things againe moſt deere in the eſteeme,
And poore in worth: now ſhall we ſee to morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw vpon him?
Aiax renown'd? O heauens, what ſome men doe,
While ſome men eaue to doe!
How ſome men creepe in skittiſh fortunes hall,
Whiles others play the Ideots in her eyes:
How one man eates into anothers pride,
While pride is feaſting in his wantonneſſe
To ſee theſe Grecian Lords; why, euen already,
They clap the lubber *Aiax* on the ſhoulder,
As if his foote were on braue *Hectors* breſt,
And great *Troy* ſhrinking.
Achil. I doe beleeue it:
For they paſt by me, as myſers doe by beggars,
Neither gaue to me good word, nor looke:
What are my deedes forgot?
Vliſ. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe,
Wherein he puts almes for obliuion:
A great ſiz'd monſter of ingratitudes:
Thoſe ſcraps are good deedes paſt,
Which are deuour'd as faſt as they are made,
Forgot as ſoone as done: perſeuerance, deere my Lord,
Keepes honor bright, to haue done, is to hang
Quite out of faſhion, like a ruſtie male,
In monumentall mockrie: take the inſtant way,
For honour trauels in a ſtraight ſo narrow,
Where one but goes a breaſt, keepe then the path:
For emulation hath a thouſand Sonnes,
That one by one purſue; if you giue way,
Or hedge aſide from the direct forth right;
Like to an entred Tyde, they all ruſh by,
And leaue you hindmoſt:
Or like a gallant Horſe falne in firſt ranke,
Lye there for pauement to the abiect, neere
Ore-run and trampled on: then what they doe in preſent,
Though leſſe then yours in paſt, muſt ore-top yours:
For time is like a faſhionable Hoſte,
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting Gueſt by th'hand;
And with his armes out-ſtretcht, as he would flye,
Graſpes in the commer: the welcome euer ſmiles,
And farewels goes out ſighing: O let not vertue ſeeke
Remuneration for the thing it was: for beautie, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, deſert in ſeruice,
Loue, friendſhip, charity, are ſubiects all
To enuious and calumniating time:
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin:
That all with one conſent praiſe new borne gaudes,
Though they are made and moulded of things paſt,
And goe to duſt, that is a little guilt,
More laud then guilt oreduſted.
The preſent eye praiſes the preſent obiect:
Then maruell not thou great and compleat man,
That all the Greekes begin to worſhip *Aiax*;
Since things in motion begin to catch the eye,
Then what not ſtirs: the cry went out on thee,
And ſtill it might, and yet it may againe,
If thou would'ſt not entombe thy ſelfe aliue,
And caſe thy reputation in thy Tent;
Whoſe glorious deedes, but in theſe fields of late,
Made emulous miſſions 'mongſt the gods themſelues,
And draue great *Mars* to faction.
Achil. Of this my priuacie,
I haue ſtrong reaſons.
Vliſ. But 'gainſt your priuacie
The reaſons are more potent and heroycall:
'Tis knowne *Achilles*, that you are in loue
With one of *Priams* daughters.
Achil. Ha? knowne?
Vliſ. Is that a wonder?
The prouidence that's in a watchfull State,
Knowes almoſt euery graine of Plutoes gold;
Findes bottome in th'vncomprehenſiue deepes;
Keepes place with thought; and almoſt like the gods,
Doe thoughts vnuaile in their dumbe cradles:
There is a myſterie (with whom relation
Durſt neuer meddle) in the ſoule of State;
Which hath an operation more diuine,
Then breath or pen can giue expreſſure to:
All the commerſe that you haue had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.
And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw downe *Hector* then *Polixena*.
But it muſt grieue yong *Pirhus* now at home,
When fame ſhall in her Iland ſound her trumpe;
And all the Greekiſh Girles ſhall tripping ſing,
Great *Hectors* ſiſter did *Achilles* winne;
But our great *Aiax* brauely beate downe him.
Farewell my Lord: I as your louer ſpeake;
The foole ſlides ore the Ice that you ſhould breake.
Patr. To this effect *Achilles* haue I mou'd you;
A woman impudent and manniſh growne,
Is not more loth'd, then an effeminate man,
In time of action: I ſtand condemn'd for this;
They thinke my little ſtomacke to the warre,
And your great loue to me, reſtraines you thus:
Sweete, rouſe your ſelfe; and the weake wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your necke vnlooſe his amorous fould,
And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,
Be ſhooke to ayrie ayre.
Achil. Shall *Aiax* fight with *Hector*?
Patr. I, and perhaps receiue much honor by him.
Achil. I ſee my reputation is at ſtake,
My fame is ſhrowdly gored.
Patr. O then beware:
Thoſe wounds heale ill, that men doe giue themſelues:
Omiſſion to doe what is neceſſary,
Seales a commiſſion to a blanke of danger,
And danger like an ague ſubtly taints
Euen then when we ſit idely in the ſunne.
Achil. Goe call *Therſites* hither ſweet *Patroclus*,

¶ ¶ I'le

Ile ſend the foole to *Aiax*, and deſire him
T'inuite the Troian Lords after the Combat
To ſee vs here vnarm'd: I haue a womans longing,
An appetite that I am ſicke withall,
To ſee great *Hector* in his weedes of peace; *Enter Therſi.*
To talke with him, and to behold his viſage,
Euen to my full of view. A labour ſau'd.

Ther. A wonder.

Achil. What?

Ther. *Aiax* goes vp and downe the field, asking for himſelfe.

Achil. How ſo?

Ther. Hee muſt fight ſingly to morrow with *Hector*, and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroicall cudgelling, that he raues in ſaying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why he ſtalkes vp and downe like a Peacock, a ſtride and a ſtand: ruminates like an hoſteſſe, that hath no Arithmatique but her braine to ſet downe her reckoning: bites his lip with a politique regard, as who ſhould ſay, there were wit in his head and twoo'd out; and ſo there is: but it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not ſhew without knocking. The mans vndone for euer; for if *Hector* breake not his necke i'th'combat, heele break't himſelfe in vaine-glory. He knowes not mee: I ſaid, good morrow *Aiax*; And he replyes, thankes *Agamemnon*. What thinke you of this man, that takes me for the Generall? Hee's growne a very land-fiſh, languageleſſe, a monſter: a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both ſides like a leather Ierkin.

Achil. Thou muſt be my Ambaſſador to him *Therſites.*

Ther. Who, I: why, heele anſwer no body: he profeſſes notanſwering; ſpeaking is for beggers: he weares his tongue in's armes: I will put on his preſence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you ſhall ſee the Pageant of *Aiax*.

Achil. To him *Patroclus*; tell him, I humbly deſire the valiant *Aiax*, to inuite the moſt valorous *Hector*, to come vnarm'd to my Tent, and to procure ſafe conduct for his perſon, of the magnanimious and moſt illuſtrious, ſixe or ſeauen times honour'd Captaine, Generall of the Grecian Armie *Agamemnon*, &c. doe this.

Patro. *Ioue* bleſſe great *Aiax*.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. Who moſt humbly deſires you to inuite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. And to procure ſafe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. *Agamemnon*?

Patr. I my Lord.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. What ſay you too't.

Ther. God buy you with all my heart.

Patr. Your anſwer ſir.

Ther. If to morrow be a faire day, by eleuen a clocke it will goe one way or other; howſoeuer, he ſhall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your anſwer ſir.

Ther. Fare you well withall my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out a tune thus: what muſicke will be in him when *Hector* has knockt out his braines, I know not: but I am ſure none, vnleſſe the Fidler *Apollo* get his ſinewes to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou ſhalt beare a Letter to him ſtraight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his Horſe; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My minde is troubled like a Fountaine ſtir'd,
And I my ſelfe ſee not the bottome of it.

Ther. Would the Fountaine of your minde were cleere againe, that I might water an Aſſe at it: I had rather be a Tickle in a Sheepe, then ſuch a valiant ignorance.

Act IV. Scene I. Troy - a Street on. c.

Enter at one doore Æneas with a Torch, at another Paris, Diephœbus, Anthenor, Diomed the Grecian, with Torches.

Par. See hoa, who is that there?

Dieph. It is the Lord *Æneas*.

ne. Is the Prince there in perſon?
Had I ſo good occaſion to lye long
As you Prince *Paris*, nothing but heauenly buſineſſe,
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Diom. That's my minde too: good morrow Lord *Æneas*.

Par. A valiant Greeke *Æneas*, take his hand,
Witneſſe the proceſſe of your ſpeech within;
You told how *Diomed* in a whole weeke by dayes
Did haunt you in the Field.

Æne. Health to you valiant ſir,
During all queſtion of the gentle truce:
But when I meete you arm'd, as blacke defiance,
As heart can thinke, or courage execute.

Diom. The one and other *Diomed* embraces,
Our blouds are now in calme; and ſo long health:
But when contention, and occaſion meetes,
By *Ioue*, Ile play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſuite and pollicy.

Æne. And thou ſhalt hunt a Lyon that will flye
With his face backward, in humaine gentleneſſe:
Welcome to Troy; now by *Anchiſes* life,
Welcome indeede: by *Venus* hand I ſweare,
No man aliue can loue in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.

Diom. We ſimpathize. *Ioue* let *Æneas* liue
(If to my ſword his fate be not the glory)
A thouſand compleate courſes of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him dye:
With euery ioynt a wound, and that to morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We doe, and long to know each other worſe.

Par. This is the moſt, deſpightful'ſt gentle greeting;
The nobleſt hatefull loue, that ere I heard of.
What buſineſſe Lord ſo early?

Æne. I was ſent for to the King; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpoſe meets you; it was to bring this Greek
To *Calcha's* houſe; and there to render him,
For the enfreed *Anthenor*, the faire *Creſſid*:
Lets haue your company; or if you pleaſe,
Haſte there before vs. I conſtantly doe thinke
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
My brother *Troylus* lodges there to night.
Rouſe him, and giue him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof, I feare
We ſhall be much vnwelcome.

Æne. That I aſſure you:
Troylus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Then *Creſſid* borne from Troy.

Par. There

Par. There is no helpe :
The bitter diſpoſition of the time will haue it ſo.
On Lord, weele follow you.
Æne. Good morrow all. *Exit Æneas*
Par. And tell me noble *Diomed*; faith tell me true,
Euen in the ſoule of found good fellowſhip,
Who in your thoughts merits faire *Helen* moſt ?
My ſelfe, or *Menelaus* ?
Diom. Both alike.
He merits well to haue her, that doth ſeeke her,
Not making any ſcruple of her ſoylure,
With ſuch a hell of paine, and world of charge.
And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,
Not pallating the taſte of her diſhonour,
With ſuch a coſtly loſſe of wealth and friends :
He like a puling Cuckold, would drinke vp
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece :
You like a letcher, out of whoriſh loynes,
Are pleaſ'd to breede out your inheritors :
Both merits poyz'd, each weighs no leſſe nor more,
But he as he, which heauier for a whore.
Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.
Dio. Shee's bitter to her countrey : heare me *Paris*,
For euery falſe drop in her baudy veines,
A Grecians life hath ſunke : for euery ſcruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Troian hath beene ſlaine. Since ſhe could ſpeake,
She hath not giuen ſo many good words breath,
As for her, Greekes and Troians ſuffred death.
Par. Faire *Diomed*, you doe as chapmen doe,
Diſ praiſe the thing that you deſire to buy :
But we in ſilence hold this vertue well ;
Weele not commend, what we intend to ſell.
Here lyes our way. *Exeunt.*

Act 4. Scene 2. The ſame — Court before the houſe of Pandarus m.e.

Enter Troylus and Creſſida.

Troy. Deere trouble not your ſelfe : the morne is cold.
Creſ. Then ſweet my Lord, Ile call mine Vnckle down ;
He ſhall vnbolt the Gates. my /32
Troy. Trouble him not :
To bed, to bed : ſleepe kill thoſe pritty eyes,
And giue as ſoft attachment to thy ſences,
As Infants empty of all thought.
Creſ. Good morrow then.
Troy. I prithee now to bed.
Creſ. Are you a weary of me ?
Troy. O *Creſſida* ! but that the buſie day
Wak't by the Larke, hath rouz'd the ribauld Crowes,
And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer :
I would not from thee. Loys m.e.
Creſ. Night hath beene too briefe. (ſtayes,
Troy. Beſhrew the witch ! with venemous wights ſhe
As hidiouſly as hell ; but flies the graſpes of loue, te m.e.
With wings more momentary, ſwift then thought :
You will catch cold, and curſe me.
Creſ. Prithee tarry, you men will neuer tarry ;
O fooliſh *Creſſid*, I might haue ſtill held off,
And then you would haue tarried. Harke, ther's one vp ?
Pand. within. What's all the doores open here ?
Troy. It is your Vnckle. *Enter Pandarus.*
Creſ. A peſtilence on him : now will he be mocking :
I ſhall haue ſuch a life.
Pan. How now, how now ? how goe maiden-heads ?
Heare you Maide : wher's my cozin *Creſſid* ?
Creſ. Go hang your ſelf, you naughty mocking Vnckle :
You bring me to doo---and then you floute me too.
Pan. To do what ? to do what ? let her ſay what :
What haue I brought you to doe ?
Creſ. Come, come, beſhrew your heart : youle nere be
good, nor ſuffer others.
Pan. Ha, ha : alas poore wretch : a poore *Chipochia*, haſt
not ſlept to night ? would he not (a naughty man) let it
ſleepe : a bug-beare take him. *One knocks.*
Creſ. Did not I tell you ? would he were knockt ith'
head. Who's that at doore ? good Vnckle goe and ſee.
My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber :
You ſmile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily.
Troy. Ha, ha.
Cre. Come you are deceiu'd, I thinke of no ſuch thing.
How earneſtly they knocke : pray you come in. *Knocke.*
I would not for halfe *Troy* haue you ſeene here. *Exeunt*
Pan. Who's there ? what's the matter ? will you beate
downe the doore ? How now, what's the matter ?
Æne. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.
Pan. Who's there my Lord *Æneas* ? by my troth I
knew you not : what newes with you ſo early ?
Æne. Is not Prince *Troylus* here ?
Pan. Here ? what ſhould he doe here ?
Æne. Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him :
It doth import him much to ſpeake with me.
Pan. Is he here ſay you ? 'tis more then I know, Ile be
ſworne : For my owne part I came in late : what ſhould
he doe here ?
Æne. Who, nay then : Come, come, youle doe him
wrong, ere y'are ware : youle be ſo true to him, to be
falſe to him : Doe not you know of him, but yet goe fetch
him hither, goe. omitte m.e.

As Pandarus is going out m.e. *Enter Troylus.*
Troy. How now, what's the matter ?
Æne. My Lord, I ſcarce haue leiſure to ſalute you,
My matter is ſo raſh : there is at hand,
Paris your brother, and *Deiphœbus*,
The Grecian *Diomed*, and our *Anthenor*
Deliuer'd to vs, and for him forth-with,
Ere the firſt ſacrifice, within this houre,
We muſt giue vp to *Diomeds* hand
The Lady *Creſſida*.
Troy. Is it concluded ſo ?
Æne. By *Priam*, and the generall ſtate of *Troy*,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it. affect 32
Troy. How my atchieuements mocke me ; may 32
I will goe meete them : and my Lord *Æneas*,
We met by chance ; you did not finde me here.
Æn. Good, good, my Lord, the ſecrets of nature
Haue not more gift in taciturnitie. *Exennt.*

Enter Pandarus and Creſſid.

Pan. Is't poſſible ? no ſooner got but loſt : the diuell
take *Anthenor* ; the yong Prince will goe mad : a plague
vpon *Anthenor* ; I would they had brok's necke.
Creſ. How now ? what's the matter ? who was here ? :
Pan. Ah, ha !
Creſ. Why ſigh you ſo profoundly ? wher's my Lord ?
gone ? tell me ſweet Vnckle, what's the matter ?
Pan. Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am
aboue.
Creſ. O the gods ! what's the matter ?
Pan. Prythee get thee in : would thou had'ſt nere been
borne ; I knew thou would'ſt be his death. O poore Gen-
tleman : a plague vpon *Anthenor*.

Creſ. Good Vnckle I beſeech you, on my knees, I beſeech you what's the matter?

Pan. Thou muſt be gone wench, thou muſt be gone; thou art chang'd for *Anthenor*: thou muſt to thy Father, and be gone from *Troylus*: 'twill be his death: 'twill be his baine, he cannot beare it..

Creſ. O you immortall gods! I will not goe.

Pan. Thou muſt.

Creſ. I will not Vnckle: I haue forgot my Father: I know no touch of conſanguinitie: No kin, no loue, no bloud, no ſoule, ſo neere me, As the ſweet *Troylus*: O you gods diuine! Make *Creſsids* name the very crowne of falſhood! If euer ſhe leaue *Troylus*: time, orce and death, not in 32 Do to this body what extremitie you can; But the ſtrong baſe and building of my loue, Is as the very Center of the earth, Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weepe.

Pan. Doe, doe.

Creſ. Teare my bright heire, and ſcratch my praiſed cheekes, Cracke my cleere voyce with ſobs, and breake my heart With ſounding *Troylus*. I will not goe from *Troy*. *Exeunt.*

Act 4. Scene 2. The same before Pandarus' House I—

Enter Paris, Troylus, Æneas, Deiphebus, Anthenor and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the houre prefixt Of her deliuerie to this valiant Greeke Comes faſt vpon: good my brother *Troylus*, Tell you the Lady what ſhe is to doe, And haſt her to the purpoſe.

Troy. Walke into her houſe: Ile bring her to the Grecian preſently; And to his hand, when I deliuer her, Thinke it an Altar, and thy brother *Troylus* A Prieſt, there offring to it his heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to loue, And would, as I ſhall pittie, I could helpe. Pleaſe you walke in, my Lords. *Exeunt.*

Scene 4. The same. A room in Pandarus' House m.c.

Enter Pandarus and Creſſid.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Creſ. Why tell you me of moderation? The griefe is fine, full perfect that I taſte, And no leſſe in a ſenſe as ſtrong and violenter in a sense like m.c. As that which cauſeth it. How can I moderate it? If I could temporiſe with my affection, Or brew it to a weake and colder pallat, The like alaiment could I giue my griefe: My loue admits no qualifying croſſe; *Enter Troylus.* No more my griefe, in ſuch a precious loſſe.

Pan. Here, here, here, he comes, a ſweet ducke.

Creſ. O *Troylus, Troylus*!

Pan. What a paire of ſpectacles is here? let me embrace too: oh hart, as the goodly ſaying is; O heart, heauie heart, why ſigheſt thou without breaking? where he anſwers againe; becauſe thou canſt not eaſe thy ſmart by friendſhip, nor by ſpeaking: there was neuer a truer rime; let vs caſt away nothing, for we may liue to haue neede of ſuch a Verſe: we ſee it, we ſee it: how now Lambs?

Sittest 32 Sighest m.c.

Troy. *Creſſid*: I loue thee in ſo ſtrange a puritie; That the bleſt gods, as angry with my fancie, More bright in zeale, then the deuotion which Cold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.

Strainst m.c.

Creſ. Haue the gods enuie?

Pan. I, I, I, I, 'tis too plaine a caſe.

Creſ. And is it true, that I muſt goe from Troy?

Troy. A hatefull truth.

Creſ. What, and from *Troylus* too?

Troy. From Troy, and *Troylus*.

Creſ. Iſt poſſible?

Troy. And ſodainely, where iniurie of chance Puts backe leaue-taking, iuſtles roughly by All time of pauſe; rudely beguiles our lips Of all reioyndure: forcibly preuents Our lockt embraſures; ſtrangles our deare vowes, Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath. We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighes Did buy each other, muſt poorely ſell our ſelues, With the rude breuitie and diſcharge of our Iniurious time; now with a robbers haſte Crams his rich theeuerie vp, he knowes not how. As many farwels as be ſtars in heauen, With diſtinct breath, and conſign'd kiſſes to them, He fumbles vp into a looſe adiew; omitted 32 And ſcants vs with a ſingle famiſht kiſſe, Diſtaſting ed m.c. with the ſalt of broken teares. *Enter Æneus.*

Æneas within. My Lord, is the Lady ready?

Troy. Harke, you are call'd: ſome ſay the genius ſo Cries, come to him that inſtantly muſt dye. Bid them haue patience: ſhe ſhall come anon.

Pan. Where are my teares? raine, to lay this winde, or my heart will be blowne vp by the root.

Creſ. I muſt then to the Grecians?

Troy. No remedy.

Creſ. A wofull *Creſſid* 'mong'ſt the merry Greekes.

Troy. When ſhall we ſee againe?

Troy. Here me my loue: be thou but true of heart.

Creſ. I true? how now? what wicked deeme is this?

Troy. Nay, we muſt vſe expoſtulation kindely, not in 32 For it is parting from vs: I ſpeake not, be thou true, as fearing thee: For I will throw my Gloue to death himſelfe, That there's no maculation in thy heart: But be thou true, ſay I, to faſhion in My ſequent proteſtation: be thou true, And I will ſee thee.

Creſ. O you ſhall be expoſ'd, my Lord to dangers As infinite, as imminent: but Ile be true.

Troy. And Ile grow friend with danger; Weare this Sleeue.

Creſ. And you this Gloue. When ſhall I ſee you?

Troy. I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels, To giue thee nightly viſitation. But yet be true.

Creſ. O heauens: be true againe?

Troy. Heare why I ſpeake it, Loue: The Grecian youths are full of qualitie, Their louing well compos'd, with guift of nature, Flawing and ſwelling ore with Arts and exerciſe: How nouelties may moue, and parts with perſon. Alas, a kinde of godly iealouſie; Which I beſeech you call a vertuous ſinne: Makes me affraid.

Creſ. O heauens, you loue me not!

Troy. Dye I a villaine then: In this I doe not call your faith in queſtion So mainely as my merit: I cannot ſing, Nor heele the high Lauolt; nor ſweeten talke; Nor play at ſubtill games; faire vertues all;

To

Act IV. TROILUS & CRESSIDA. Scene IV.

Bunney del. Incudibert. sculp.

MRS CIBBER in CRESSIDA

And you this Glove, ——

London Printed for J Bell & 148 Library Strand, October 15th 1776

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Mr. BRERETON in the Character of **TROILUS.**

—— I tell thee Lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises
as thou unworthy to be called her Servant.

To which the Grecians are moſt prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of theſe,
There lurkes a ſtill and dumb-diſcourſiue diuell,
That tempts moſt cunningly: but be not tempted.
Creſ. Doe you thinke I will:
Troy. No, but ſomething may be done that we wil not:
And ſometimes we are diuels to our ſelues,
When we will tempt the frailtie of our powers,
Preſuming on their changefull potencie.
Æneas within. Nay, good my Lord?
Troy. Come kiſſe, and let vs part.
Paris within. Brother *Troylus?*
Troy. Good brother come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the Grecian with you.
Creſ. My Lord, will you be true? *Exit.*
Troy. Who I? alas it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fiſh with craft for great opinion,
I, with great truth, catch meere ſimplicitie;
Whil'ſt ſome with cunning guild their copper crownes,
With truth and plainneſſe I doe weare mine bare:

Enter the Greekes.

Feare not my truth; the morrall of my wit
Is plaine and true, ther's all the reach of it.
Welcome ſir *Diomed*, here is the Lady
Which for *Antenor*, we deliuer you.
At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,
And by the way poſſeſſe thee what ſhe is.
Entreate her faire; and by my ſoule, faire Greeke,
If ere thou ſtand at mercy of my Sword,
Name *Creſſid*, and thy life ſhall be as ſafe
As *Priam* is in Illion?
Diom. Faire Lady *Creſsid*,
So pleaſe you ſauethe thankes this Prince expects:
The luſtre in youreye, heauen in your cheeke,
Pleades your faire viſage, and to *Diomed*
You ſhall be miſtreſſe, and command him wholly.
Troy. Grecian, thou do'ſt not vſe me curteouſly,
To ſhame the ſeale of my petition towards,
I praiſing her. I tell thee Lord of Greece:
Shee is as farre high ſoaring o're thy praiſes,
As thou vnworthy to be cal'd her ſeruant:
I charge thee vſe her well, euen for my charge:
For by the dreadfull *Pluto*, if thou do'ſt not,
(Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard)
Ile cut thy throate.
Diom. Oh be not mou'd Prince *Troylus*;
Let me be priuiledg'd by my place and meſſage,
To be a ſpeaker free? when I am hence,
Ile anſwer to my luſt: and know my Lord;
Ile nothing doe on charge: to her owne worth
She ſhall be priz'd: but that you ſay, be't ſo;
Ileſpeake it in my ſpirit and honor, no.
Troy. Come to the Port. Ile tell thee *Diomed*,
This braue, ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head:
Lady giue me your hand, and as we walke,
To our owne ſelues bend we our needefull talke. *Exeunt.*
Sound Trumpet.
Par. Harke, *Hectors* Trumpet.
Æne. How haue we ſpent this morning
The Prince muſt thinke me tardy and remiſſe,
That ſwore to ride before him in the field.
Par. 'Tis *Troylus* fault: come, come, to field with him.
Exeunt.
Dio. Let vs make ready ſtraight.
Æne. Yea, with a Bridegroomes freſh alacritie
Let vs addreſſe to tend on *Hectors* heeles:
The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his faire worth, and ſingle Chiualrie.

Enter Aiax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Vliſſes, Neſtor, Calcas, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment freſh and faire,
Anticipating time. With ſtarting courage,
Giue with thy Trumpet a loud note to Troy
Thou dreadfull *Aiax*, that the appauled aire
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And hale him hither.
Aia. Thou, Trumpet, ther's my purſe;
Now cracke thy lungs, and ſplit thy braſen pipe:
Blow villaine, till thy ſphered Bias cheeke
Out-ſwell the collicke of puft *Aquilon*:
Come, ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout bloud:
Thou bloweſt for *Hector*. [Trumpet ſounds
Vliſ. No Trumpet anſwers.
Achil. 'Tis but early dayes. *Enter Dio. Creſ.*
Aga. Is not yong *Diomed* with *Calcas* daughter?
Vliſ. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,
He riſes on the toe: that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.
Aga. Is this the Lady *Creſſid?*
Dio. Euen ſhe.
Aga. Moſt deerely welcome to the Greekes, ſweete Lady.
Neſt. Our Generall doth ſalute you with a kiſſe.
Vliſ. Yet is the kindeneſſe but particular; 'twere better ſhe were kiſt in generall.
Neſt. And very courtly counſell: Ile begin. So much for *Neſtor.*
Achil. Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady *Achilles* bids you welcome.
Mene. I had good argument for kiſſing once.
Patro. But that's no argument for kiſſing now;
For thus pop't *Paris* in his hardiment.
Vliſ. Oh deadly gall, and theame of all our ſcornes,
For which we looſe our heads, to gild his hornes.
Patro. The firſt was *Menelaus* kiſſe, this mine:
Patroclus kiſſes you.
Mene. Oh this is trim.
Patr. Paris and I kiſſe euermore for him.
Mene. Ile haue my kiſſe ſir: Lady by your leaue.
Creſ. In kiſſing doe you render, or receiue.
Patr. Both take and giue.
Creſ. Ile make my match to liue,
The kiſſe you take is better then you giue: therefore no kiſſe.
Mene. Ile giue you boote, Ile giue you three for one.
Creſ. You are an odde man, giue euen, or giue none.
Mene. An odde man Lady, euery man is odde.
Creſ. No, *Paris* is not; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odde, and he is euen with you.
Mene. You ſillip me a'th'head.
Creſ. No, Ile be ſworne.
Vliſ. It were no match, your naile againſt his horne:
May I ſweete Lady beg a kiſſe of you?
Creſ. You may.
Vliſ. I doe deſire it.
Creſ. Why begge then?
Vliſ. Why then for *Venus* ſake, giue me a kiſſe:
When *Hellen* is a maide againe, and his———
Creſ. I am your debtor, claime it when 'tis due.

Vliſ. Neuer's my day, and then a kiſſe of you.
Diom. Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father.
Neſt. A woman of quicke ſence.
Vliſ. Fie, fie, vpon her:
Ther's a language in her eye, her cheeke, her lip;
Nay, her foote ſpeakes, her wanton ſpirites looke out
At euery ioynt, and motiue of her body:
Oh theſe encounterers ſo glib of tongue, *Exit m.e.*
That giue a coaſting welcome ere it comes;
And wide vnclaſpe the tables of their thoughts,
To euery tickling reader: ſet them downe,
For ſluttiſh ſpoyles of opportunitie;
And daughters of the game. *Exennt.*

Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Æneas, Helenus and Attendants. Floriſh.

All. The Troians Trumpet.
Aga. Yonder comes the troope.
Æne. Haile all you ſtate of Greece: what ſhalbe done
To him that victory commands? or doe you purpoſe,
A victor ſhall be knowne: will you the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremitie
Purſue each other; or ſhall be diuided
By any voyce, or order of the field: *Hector* bad aske?
Aga. Which way would *Hector* haue it?
Æne. He cares not, heele obey conditions.
Aga. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but ſecurely done,
A little proudly, and great deale diſpriſing
The Knight oppos'd.
Æne. If not *Achilles* ſir, what is your name?
Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.
Æne. Therefore *Achilles*: but what ere, know this,
In the extremity of great and little:
Valour and pride excell themſelues in *Hector*;
The one almoſt as infinite as all;
The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well:
And that which lookes like pride, is curtefie:
This *Aiax* is halfe made of *Hectors* bloud;
In loue whereof, halfe *Hector* ſtaies at home:
Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector*, comes to ſeeke
This blended Knight, halfe Troian, and halfe Greeke.
Achil. A maiden battaile then? O I perceiue you.
Aga. Here is ſir, *Diomed*: goe gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Aiax*: as you and Lord *Æneas*
Conſent vpon the order of their fight,
So be it: either to the vttermoſt,
Or elſe a breach: the Combatants being kin,
Halfe ſtints their ſtrife, before their ſtrokes begin.
Vliſ. They are oppos'd already. *Aiax & Hector enter the Liſts m.e.*
Aga. What Troian is that ſame that lookes ſo heauy?
Vliſ. The yongeſt Sonne of *Priam*;
A true Knight; they call him *Troylus*;
Not yet mature, yet matchleſſe, firme of word,
Speaking in deedes, and deedeleſſe in his tongue;
Not ſoone prouok't, nor being prouok't, ſoone calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free:
For what he has, he giues; what thinkes, he ſhewes;
Yet giues he not till iudgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impaire thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath ſubſcribes
To tender obiects; but he, in heate of action,
Is more vindecatiue then iealous loue.
They call him *Troylus*; and on him erect,
A ſecond hope, as fairely built as *Hector*.
Thus ſaies *Æneas*, one that knowes the youth,
Euen to his inches: and with priuate ſoule,
Did in great Illion thus tranſlate him to me. *Alarum.*
Aga. They are in action. *Hector & Ajax fight*
Neſt. Now *Aiax* hold thine owne.
Troy. Hector, thou ſleep'ſt, awake thee.
Aga. His blowes are wel diſpos'd there *Aiax*. *trūpets*
Diom. You muſt no more. *ceaſe.*
Æne. Princes enough, ſo pleaſe you.
Aia. I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.
Diom. As *Hector* pleaſes.
Hect. Why then will I no more:
Thou art great Lord, my Fathers ſiſters Sonne;
A couſen german to great *Priams* ſeede:
The obligation of our bloud forbids
A gorie emulation 'twixt vs twaine:
Were thy commixion, Greeke and Troian ſo,
That thou could'ſt ſay, this hand is Grecian all,
And this is Troian: the ſinewes of this Legge,
All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers bloud
Runs on the dexter cheeke, and this ſiniſter
Bounds in my fathers: by *Ioue* multipotent,
Thou ſhould'ſt not beare from me a Greekiſh member
Wherein my ſword had not impreſſure made
Of our ranke feud: but the iuſt gods gainſay,
That any drop thou borrwd'ſt from thy mother,
My ſacred Aunt, ſhould by my mortall Sword
Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Aiax*:
By him that thunders, thou haſt luſtie Armes;
Hector would haue them fall vpon him thus.
Cozen, all honor to thee.
Aia. I thanke thee *Hector*:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee Cozen, and beare hence
A great addition, earned in thy death.
Hect. Not *Neoptolymus* ſo mirable,
On whoſe bright creſt, fame with her lowd'ſt (O yes)
Cries, This is he; could'ſt promiſe to himſelfe,
A thought of added honor, torne from *Hector*.
Æne. There is expectance here from both the ſides,
What further you will doe?
Hect. Weele anſwere it:
The iſſue is embracement: *Aiax*, farewell.
Aia. If I might in entreaties finde ſucceſſe,
As ſeld I haue the chance; I would deſire
My famous Couſin to our Grecian Tents.
Diom. 'Tis *Agamemnons* wiſh, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to ſee vnarm'd the valiant *Hector*.
Hect. *Æneas*, call my brother *Troylus* to me:
And ſignifie this louing enterview
To the expecters of our Troian part:
Deſire them home. Giue me thy hand, my Couſin:
I will goe eate with thee, and ſee your Knights.

Enter Agamemnon and the reſt.

Aia. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meete vs here.
Hect. The worthieſt of them, tell me name by name:
But for *Achilles*, mine owne ſerching eyes
Shall finde him by his large and portly ſize.
Aga. Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one
That would be rid of ſuch an enemie.
But that's no welcome: vnderſtand more cleere
What's paſt, and what's to come, is ſtrew'd with huskes,
And formeleſſe ruine of obliuion:
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing:
Bids thee with moſt diuine integritie,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector* welcome.
Hect. I thanke thee moſt imperious *Agamemnon*.

Aga. My

Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no leſſe to you.
Men. Let me confirme my Princely brothers greeting,
You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Who muſt we anſwer ?
Æne. The Noble *Menelaus.*
Hect. O, you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet thanks,
Mocke not, that I affect th'vntraded Oath,
Your *quondam* wife ſweares ſtill by *Venus* Gloue
Shee's well, but bad me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now ſir, ſhe's a deadly Theame.
Hect. O pardon, I offend.
Neſt. I haue (thou gallant Troyan) ſeene thee oft
Labouring for deſtiny, make cruell way
Through rankes of Greekiſh youth : and I haue ſeen thee
As hot as *Perſeus*, ſpurre thy Phrygian Steed,
And ſeene thee ſcorning forfeits and ſubdutments,*
When thou haſt hung thy aduanced ſword i'th'ayre,
Not letting it decline, on the declined :
That I haue ſaid vnto my ſtanders by,
Loe Iupiter is yonder, dealing life.
And I haue ſeene thee pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greekes haue hem'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wreſtling. This haue I ſeene,
But this thy countenance (ſtill lockt in ſteele)
I neuer ſaw till now. I knew thy Grandſire,
And once fought with him ; he was a Souldier good,
But by great Mars, the Captaine of vs all,
Neuer like thee. Let an oldman embracethee,
And (worthy Warriour) welcome to our Tents.
Æne. 'Tis the old *Neſtor.*
Hect. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
That haſt ſo long walk'd hand in hand with time :
Moſt reuerend *Neſtor*, I am glad to claſpe thee.
Ne. I would my armes could match thee in contention
As they contend with thee in courteſie.
Hect. I would they could.
Neſt. Ha ? by this white beard I'ld fight with thee to morrow. Well, welcom, welcome : I haue ſeen the time.
Vlyſ. I wonder now, how yonder City ſtands,
When we haue heere her Baſe and pillar by vs.
Hect. I know your fauour Lord *Vlyſſes* well.
Ah ſir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead,
Since firſt I ſaw your ſelfe, and *Diomed*
In Illion, on your Greekiſh Embaſſie.
Vlyſ. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue,
My propheſie is but halfe his iourney yet ;
For yonder wals that pertly front your Towne,
Yond Towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſſe the clouds,
Muſt kiſſe their owne feet.
Hect. I muſt not beleeue you :
There they ſtand yet : and modeſtly I thinke,
The fall of euery Phrygian ſtone will coſt
A drop of Grecian blood : the end crownes all,
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.
Vlyſ. So to him we leaue it.
Moſt gentle, and moſt valiant *Hector*, welcome ;
After the Generall, I beſeech you next
To Feaſt with me, and ſee me at my Tent.
Achil. I ſhall foreſtall thee Lord *Vlyſſes*, thou :
Now *Hector* I haue fed mine eyes on thee,
I haue with exact view perus'd thee *Hector*,
And quoted ioynt by ioynt.
Hect. Is this *Achilles* ?
Achil. I am *Achilles.*
Hect. Stand faire I prythee, let me looke on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I haue done already.
Achil. Thou art to breefe, I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limbe by limbe.
Hect. O like a Booke of ſport thou'lt reade me ore :
But there's more in me then thou vnderſtand'ſt.
Why doeſt thou ſo oppreſſe me with thine eye ?
Achil. Tell me you Heauens, in which part of his body
Shall I deſtroy him ? Whether there, or there, or there,
That I may giue the locall wound a name,
And make diſtinct the very breach, where-out
Hectors great ſpirit flew. Anſwer me heauens.
Hect. It would diſcredit the bleſt Gods, proud man,
To anſwer ſuch a queſtion : Stand againe ;
Think'ſt thou to catch my life ſo pleaſantly,
As to prenominate in nice coniecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead ?
Achil. I tell thee yea.
Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me ſo,
I'ld not beleeue thee : henceforth guard thee well,
For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the forge that ſtythied Mars his helme,
Ile kill thee euery where, yea, ore and ore.
You wiſeſt Grecians, pardon me this bragge,
His inſolence drawes folly from my lips,
But Ile endeuour deeds to match theſe words,
Or may I neuer———
Aiax. Do not chafe thee Coſin :
And you *Achilles*, let theſe threats alone
Till accident, or purpoſe bring you too't.
You may euery day enough of *Hector*
If you haue ſtomacke. The generall ſtate I feare,
Can ſcarſe intreat you to be odde with him.
Hect. I pray you let vs ſee you in the field,
We haue had pelting Warres ſince you refus'd
The Grecians cauſe.
Achil. Doſt thou intreat me *Hector* ?
To morrow do I meete thee fell as death,
To night, all Friends.
Hect. Thy hand vpon that match.
Aga. Firſt, all you Peeres of Greece go to my Tent,
There in the full conuiue you : Afterwards,
As *Hectors* leyſure, and your bounties ſhall
Concurre together, ſeuerally intreat him.
Beate lowd the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow,
That this great Souldier may his welcome know. *Exeunt*
Troy. My Lord *Vlyſſes*, tell me I beſeech you,
In what place of the Field doth *Calchas* keepe ?
Vlyſ. At *Menelaus* Tent, moſt Princely *Troylus*,
There *Diomed* doth feaſt with him to night,
Who neither lookes on heauen, nor on earth,
But giues all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the faire *Creſſid.*
Troy. Shall I (ſweet Lord) be bound to thee ſo much,
After we part from *Agamemnons* Tent,
To bring me thither ?
Vlyſ. You ſhall command me ſir :
As gentle tell me, of what Honour was
This *Creſſida* in Troy, had ſhe no Louer there
That wailes her abſence ?
Troy. O ſir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhew their ſcarres,
A mocke is due : will you walke on my Lord ?
She was belou'd, ſhe lou'd ; ſhe is, and dooth ;
But ſtill ſweet Loue is food for Fortunes tooth. *Exeunt.*

Act V. S. 1 Greek camp before Achilles tent

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.
Achil. Ile heat his blood with Greekiſh wine to night,
Which

* Deſpiſing many Forfeits and Subtaynments. 4to & m.c.

Which with my Cemitar Ile coole to morrow:
Patroclus, let vs Feaſt him to the hight.

Pat. Heere comes *Therſites*. *Enter Therſites.*

Achil. How now, thou core of Enuy?
Thou cruſty batch of Nature, what's the newes?

Ther. Why thou picture of what thou ſeem'ſt, & Idoll of Ideot-worſhippers, here's a Letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, Fragment?

Ther. Why thou full diſh of Foole, from Troy.

Pat. Who keepes the Tent now?

Ther. The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound.

Patr. Well ſaid aduerſity, and what need theſe tricks?

Ther. Prythee be ſilent boy, I profit not by thy talke, thou art thought to be *Achilles* male Varlot.

Patro. Male Varlot you Rogue? What's that?

Ther. Why his maſculine Whore. Now the rotten diſeaſes of the South, guts-griping Ruptures, Catarres, Loades a grauell i'th'backe, Lethargies, cold Palſies, and the like, take and take againe, ſuch prepoſtrous diſcoueries. A[x]

Pat. Why thou damnable box of enuy thou, what mean'ſt thou to curſe thus?

Ther. Do I curſe thee?

Patr. Why no, you ruinous But, you whorſon indiſtinguiſhable Curre.

Ther. No? why art thou then exaſperate, thou idle, immateriall skiene of Sleyd ſilke; thou greene Sarcenet flap for a ſore eye, thou taſſell of a Prodigals purſe thou: Ah how the poore world is peſtred with ſuch water-flies, diminutiues of Nature.

Pat. Out gall.

Ther. Finch Egge.

Ach. My ſweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpoſe in to morrowes battell:
Heere is a Letter from Queene *Hecuba*,
A token from her daughter, my faire Loue,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe
An Oath that I haue ſworne. I will not breake it,
Fall Greekes, faile Fame, Honor or go, or ſtay,
My maior vow lyes heere; this Ile obay:
Come, come *Therſites*, helpe to trim my Tent,
This night in banquetting muſt all be ſpent.
Away *Patroclus*. *Exit.*

Ther. With too much bloud, and too little Brain, theſe two may run mad: but if with too much braine, and too little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen. Heere's *Agamemnon*, an honeſt fellow enough, and one that loues Quailes, but he has not ſo much Braine as eare-wax; and the goodly transformation of Iupiter there his Brother, the Bull, the primatiue Statue, and oblique memoriall of Cuckolds, a thriſty ſhooing-horne in a chaine, hanging at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, ſhold wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne him too: to an Aſſe were nothing; hee is both Aſſe and Oxe; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Aſſe: to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Lizard, an Owle, a Puttocke, or a Herring without a Roe, I would not care: but to be *Menelaus*, I would conſpire againſt Deſtiny. Aske me not what I would be, if I were not *Therſites*: for I care not to bee the lowſe of a Lazar, ſo I were not *Menelaus*. Hoy-day, ſpirits and fires.

Enter Hector, Aiax, Agamemnon, Vlyſſes, Neſtor, Diomed, with Lights.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Aiax. No yonder 'tis, there where we ſee the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Aiax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Vlyſ. Heere comes himſelfe to guide you?

Achil. Welcome braue *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

Agam. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight, *Aiax* commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks general.

Men. Goodnight my Lord.

Hect. Goodnight ſweet Lord *Menelaus*. omitted m·c

Ther. Sweet draught: ſweet quoth-a? ſweet ſinke, ſweet ſure.

Achil. Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to thoſe that go, or tarry.

Aga. Goodnight.

Achil. Old *Neſtor* tarries, and you too *Diomed*,
Keepe *Hector* company an houre, or two.

Dio. I cannot Lord, I haue important buſineſſe,
The tide where of is now, goodnight great *Hector*.

Hect. Giue me your hand.

Vlyſ. Follow his Torch, he goes to *Chalcas* Tent,
Ile keepe you company. [aside to Troilus m·c

Troy. Sweet ſir, you honour me.

Hect. And ſo good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent. *Exeunt.*

Ther. That ſame *Diomed*'s a falſe-hearted Rogue, a moſt vniuſt Knaue; I will no more truſt him when hee leeres, then I will a Serpent when he hiſſes: he will ſpend his mouth & promiſe, like Brabler the Hound; but when he performes, Aſtronomers foretell it, that it is prodigious, there will come ſome change: the Sunne borrowes of the Moone when *Diomed* keepes his word. I will rather leaue to ſee *Hector*, then not to dogge him: they ſay, he keepes a Troyan Drab, and vſes the Traitour *Chalcas* his Tent. Ile after——Nothing but Letcherie? All incontinent Varlets. Act V. Scene II. *Exeunt*

Enter Diomed.

The same before Calchas Tent

Dio. What are you vp here ho? ſpeake?

Chal. Who cals? [Within]

Dio. *Diomed, Chalcas* (I thinke) wher's you Daughter?

Chal. She comes to you. [Within

at a distance *Enter Troylus and Vliſſes. Therſites follows*

Vliſ. Stand where the Torch may not diſcouer vs. m·c

Enter Creſſid.

Troy. *Creſsid* comes forth to him.

Dio. How now my charge?

Creſ. Now my ſweet gardian: harke a word with you. whispers

Troy. Yea, ſo familiar?

Vliſ. She will ſing any man at firſt ſight. m·c

Ther. And any man may finde her, if he can take her life: ſhe's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cal. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but doe then; and let your minde be coupled with your words.

Troy. What ſhould ſhe remember?

Vliſ. Liſt?

Creſ. Sweete bony Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery.

Dio. Nay then.

Creſ. Ile tell you what.

Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forſworne.-----

Creſ. In faith I cannot: what would you haue me do?

Ther. A iugling tricke, to be ſecretly open.

Dio. What did you ſweare you would beſtow on me?

Creſ. I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,
Bid me doe not any thing but that ſweete Greeke.

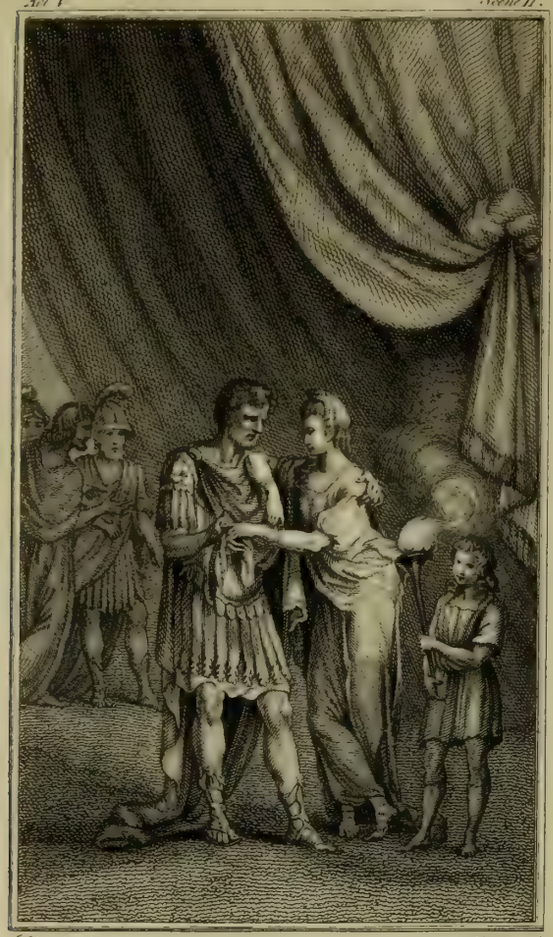
omitted not in 32

Dio. Good

A[x] Cold palsies, sour eyes, sore-teeth, sore livers, weezy lungs, bladders full of impostume, sciatica, lime, kibes, ith palm incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetters, take and take thee on·e & 4to·

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Act V. *Scene II.*



C. Edwards del. *J. Stadler sculp.*

Here Diomede keeps this Sleeve.

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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Dio. Good night.
Troy. Hold, patience.
Vlif. How now Troian ?
Creſ. Diomed.
Dio. No, no, good night : Ile be your foole no more.
Troy. Thy better muſt.
Creſ. Harke one word in your eare.
Troy. O plague and madneſſe !
Vlif. You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray you,
Left your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge it ſelfe
To wrathfull tearmes : this place is dangerous ;
The time right deadly : I beſeech you goe.
Troy. Behold, I pray you.
Vlif. Nay, good my Lord goe off :
You flow to great diſtraction : come my Lord ?
Troy. I pray thee ſtay ?
Vlif. You haue not patience, come.
Troy. I pray you ſtay ? by hell and hell torments,
I will not ſpeake a word.
Dio. And ſo good night.
Creſ. Nay, but you part in anger.
Troy. Doth that grieue thee ? O withered truth !
Vlif. Why, how now Lord ?
Troy. By *Ioue* I will be patient.
Creſ. Gardian ? why Greeke ?
Dio. Fo, fo, adew, you palter.
Creſ. In faith I doe not : come hither once againe.
Vlif. You ſhake my Lord at ſomething ; will you goe ?
you will breake out.
Troy. She ſtroakes his cheeke.
Vlif. Come, come.
Troy. Nay ſtay, by *Ioue* I will not ſpeake a word.
There is betweene my will, and all offences,
A guard of patience ; ſtay a little while.
Ther. How the diuell Luxury with his fat rumpe and
potato finger, tickles theſe together : frye lechery, frye.
Dio. But will you then ?
Creſ. In faith I will lo ; neuer truſt me elſe.
Dio. Giue me ſome token for the ſurety of it.
Creſ. Ile fetch you one. *Exit.*
Vlif. You haue ſworne patience.
Troy. Feare me not ſweete Lord.
I will not be my ſelfe, nor haue cognition
Of what I feele : I am all patience. *Enter Creſſid.*
Ther. Now the pledge, now, now, now.
Creſ. Here *Diomed*, keepe this Sleeue.
Troy. O beautie ! where is thy Faith ?
Vlif. My Lord.
Troy. I will be patient, outwardly I will.
Creſ. You looke vpon that Sleeue ? behold it well :
He lou'd me : O falſe wench : giue't me againe.
Dio. Whoſe was't ?
Creſ. It is no matter now I haue 't againe.
I will not meete with you to morrow night :
I prythee *Diomed* viſite me no more.
Ther. Now ſhe ſharpens : well ſaid Whetſtone.
Dio. I ſhall haue it.
Creſ. What, this ?
Dio. I that.
Creſ. O all you gods ! O prettie, prettie pledge ;
Thy Maiſter now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and ſighes, and takes my Gloue,
And giues memoriall daintie kiſſes to it ;
As I kiſſe thee.
Dio. Nay, doe not ſnatch it from me.
Creſ. He that takes that, takes my heart withall.
Dio. I had your heart before, this followes it.
Troy. I did ſweare patience.
Creſ. You ſhall not haue it *Diomed* ; faith youſhall not :
Ile giue you ſomething elſe.
Dio. I will haue this : whoſe was it ?
Creſ. It is no matter.
Dio. Come tell me whoſe it was ?
Creſ. 'Twas one that lou'd me better then you will.
But now you haue it, take it.
Dio. Whoſe was it ?
Creſ. By all *Dianas* waiting women yond :
And by her ſelfe, I will not tell you whoſe.
Dio. To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,
And grieue his ſpirit that dares not challenge it.
Troy. Wert thou the diuell, and wor'ſt it on thy horne,
It ſhould be challeng'd.
Creſ. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paſt ; and yet it is not :
I will not keepe my word.
Dio. Why then farewell,
Thou neuer ſhalt mock *Diomed* againe.
Creſ. You ſhall not goe : one cannot ſpeake a word,
But it ſtrait ſtarts you.
Dio. I doe not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I by *Pluto* : but that that likes not me, pleaſes me beſt.
Dio. What ſhall I come ? the houre.
Creſ. I, come : O *Ioue !* doe, come : I ſhall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewell till then. *Exit.*
Creſ. Good night : I prythee come :
Troylus farewell ; one eye yet lookes on thee ;
But with my heart, the other eye, doth ſee.
Ah poore our ſexe ; this fault in vs I finde :
The errour of our eye, directs our minde.
What errour leads, muſt erre : O then conclude,
Mindes ſwai'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. *Exit.*
Ther. A proofe of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more ;
Vnleſſe ſhe ſay, my minde is now turn'd whore.
Vlif. All's done my Lord.
Troy. It is.
Vlif. Why ſtay we then ?
Troy. To make a recordation to my ſoule
Of euery ſyllable that here was ſpoke :
But if I tell how theſe two did coact ;
Shall I not lye, in publiſhing a truth ?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart :
An eſperance ſo obſtinately ſtrong,
That doth inuert that teſt of eyes and eares ;
As if thoſe organs had deceptio us functions,
Created onely to calumniate.
Was *Creſſed* here ?
Vlif. I cannot coniure Troian.
Troy. She was not ſure.
Vlif. Moſt ſure ſhe was.
Troy. Why my negation hath no taſte of madneſſe ?
Vlif. Nor mine my Lord : *Creſſid* was here but now.
Troy. Let it not be beleeu'd for womanhood :
Thinke we had mothers ; doe not giue aduantage
To ſtubborne Criticks, apt without a theame
For deprauation, to ſquare the generall ſex
By *Creſſids* rule. Rather thinke this not *Creſſid.*
Vlif. What hath ſhe done Prince, that can ſoyle our
mothers ?
Troy. Nothing at all, vnleſſe that this were ſhe.
Ther. Will he ſwagger himſelfe out on's owne eyes ?
Troy. This ſhe ? no, this is *Diomids Creſſida :*
If beautie haue a ſoule, this is not ſhe :

If

If foules guide vowes ; if vowes are ſanctimonie ;
If ſanctimonie be the gods delight :
If there be rule in vnitie it ſelfe,
This is not ſhe : O madneſſe of diſcourſe !
That cauſe ſets vp, with, and againſt thy ſelfe
By foule authoritie : where reaſon can reuolt
Without perdition, and loſſe aſſume all reaſon,
Without reuolt. This is, and is not *Creſſid* :
Within my ſoule, there doth conduce a fight
Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeperate,
Diuides more wider then the skie and earth :
And yet the ſpacious bredth of this diuiſion,
Admits no Orifex for a point as ſubtle,
As *Ariachnes* broken woofe to enter :
Inſtance, O inſtance ! ſtrong as *Plutoes* gates :
Creſſid is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen ;
Inſtance, O inſtance, ſtrong as heauen it ſelfe :
The bonds of heauen are ſlipt, diſſolu'd, and loos'd,
And with another knot fiue finger tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her loue :
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greazie reliques,
Of her ore-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed*
Vliſ. May worthy *Troylus* be halfe attached
With that which here his paſſion doth expreſſe ?
Troy. I Greeke : and that ſhall be divulged well
In Characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus* : neuer did yong man fancy
With ſo eternall, and ſo fixt a ſoule.
Harke Greek : as much I doe *Creſſida* loue ;
So much by weight, hate I her *Diomed*,
That Sleeue is mine, that heele beare in his Helme :
Were it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill,
My Sword ſhould bite it : Not the dreadfull ſpout,
Which Shipmen doe the Hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in maſſe by the almighty Fenne,
Shall dizzie with more clamour Neptunes eare
In his diſcent ; then ſhall my prompted ſword,
Falling on *Diomed*.
Ther. Heele tickle it for his concupie.
Troy. O *Creſſid* ! O falſe *Creſſid* ! falſe, falſe, falſe :
Let all vntruths ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And theyle ſeeme glorious.
Vliſ. O containe your ſelfe :
Your paſſion drawes eares hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I haue beene ſeeking you this houre my Lord :
Hector by this is arming him in Troy.
Aiax your Guard, ſtaies to conduct you home.
Troy. Haue with you Prince : my curteous Lord adew :
Farewell reuolted faire : and *Diomed*,
Stand faſt, and weare a Caſtle on thy head.
Vli. Ile bring you to the Gates.
Troy. Accept diſtracted thankes.

Exeunt Troylus, Æneas, and Vliſſes.

Ther. Would I could meete that roague *Diomed*, I would croke like a Rauen : I would bode, I would bode : *Patroclus* will giue me any thing for the intelligence of this whore : the Parrot will not doe more for an Almond, then he for a commodious drab : Lechery, lechery, ſtill warres and lechery, nothing elſe holds faſhion. A burning diuell take hem.

Troy. before Priams Palace

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my Lord ſo much vngently temper'd,
To ſtop his eares againſt admoniſhment ?
Vnarme, vnarme, and doe not fight to day.
Hect. You traine me to offend you : get you gone.
By the euerlaſting gods, Ile goe.
And. My dreames will ſure proue ominous to the day.
Hect. No more I ſay.

Enter Caſſandra.

Caſſa. Where is my brother *Hector* ?
And Here ſiſter, arm'd, and bloudy in intent :
Confort with me in loud and deere petition :
Purſue we him on knees : for I haue dreampt
Of bloudy turbulence ; and this whole night
Hath nothing beene but ſhapes, and formes of ſlaughter.
Caſſ. O, 'tis true.
Hect. Ho ? bid my Trumpet ſound.
Caſſ. No notes of ſallie, for the heauens, ſweet brother.
Hect. Begon I ſay : the gods haue heard me ſweare.
Caſſ. The gods are deafe to hot and peeuiſh vowes ;
They are polluted offrings, more abhord
Then ſpotted Liuers in the ſacrifice.
And. O be perſwaded, doe not count it holy,
To hurt by being iuſt ; it is as lawfull :
For we would count giue much to as violent thefts,
And rob in the behalfe of charitie.
Caſſ. It is the purpoſe that makes ſtrong the vowe ;
But vowes to euery purpoſe muſt not hold :
Vnatme ſweete *Hector*.
Hect. Hold you ſtill I ſay ;
Mine honour keepes the weather of my fate :
Life euery man holds deere, but the deere man
Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life.

Enter Troylus.

How now yong man ? mean'ſt thou to fight to day ?
And. *Caſſandra*, call my father to perſwade.

Exit Caſſandra.

Hect. No faith yong *Troylus* ; doffe thy harneſſe youth :
I am to day ith'vaine of Chiualrie :
Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be ſtrong ;
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the warre.
Unarme thee, goe ; and doubt thou not braue boy,
Ile ſtand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.
Troy. Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you ;
Which better fits a Lyon, then a man.
Hect. What vice is that ? good *Troylus* chide me for it.
Troy. When many times the captiue Grecian fals,
Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire Sword :
You bid them riſe, and liue.
Hect. O 'tis faire play.
Troy. Fooles play, by heauen *Hector*.
Hect. How now ? how now ?
Troy. For th'loue of all the gods
Let's leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers ;
And when we haue our Armors buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride vpon our ſwords,
Spur them to ruthfull worke, reine them from ruth.
Hect. Fie ſauage, fie.
Troy. *Hector*, then 'tis warres.
Hect. *Troylus*, I would not haue you fight to day.
Troy. Who ſhould with-hold me ?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,
Beckning with fierie trunchion my retire ;
Not *Priamus*, and *Hecuba* on knees ;
Their eyes ore-galled with recourſe of teares ;
Nor you my brother, with your true ſword drawne
Oppoſ'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way :
But by my ruine.

Enter Priam and Caſſandra.

Caſſ. Lay hold vpon him *Priam*, hold him faſt :
He is thy crutch ; now if thou looſe thy ſtay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,

Fall

× Or we would giue much to ſee violent theſts

Drawn by J. Thurston

Engraved by A. Rembach.

London Published 1st Feby 1st 1803

Fall all together.

Priam. Come *Hector*, come, goe backe:
Thy wife hath dreampt: thy mother hath had viſions;
Caſſandra doth foreſee; and I my ſelfe,
Am like a Prophet ſuddenly enrapt,
to tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come backe.

Hect *Æneas* is a field,
And I do ſtand engag'd to many Greekes,
Euen in the faith of valour, to appeare
This morning to them.

Priam. I, but thou ſhalt not goe,

Hect. I muſt not breake my faith:
You know me dutifull, therefore deare ſir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect; but giue me leaue
To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
Which you doe here forbid me, Royall *Priam.*

Caſſ. O *Priam*, yeelde not to him.

And. Doe not deere father.

Hect. *Andromache* I am offended with you:
Vpon the loue you beare me, get you in.

Exit Andromache.

Troy. This fooliſh, dreaming, ſuperſtitious girle,
Makes all theſe bodements.

Caſſ. O farewell, deere *Hector*:
Looke how thou dieſt; looke how thy eye turnes pale:
Looke how thy wounds doth bleede at many vents:
Harke how Troy roares; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poore *Andromache* ſhrils her dolour forth;
Behold diſtraction, frenzie, and amazement,
Like witleſſe Antickes one another meete,
And all cry *Hector*, *Hectors* dead: O *Hector*!

Troy. Away, away.

Caſ. Farewell: yes, ſoft: *Hector* I take my leaue;
Thou do'ſt thy ſelfe, and all our Troy deceiue. *Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaime:
Goe in and cheere the Towne, weele forth and fight:
Doe deedes of praiſe, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewell: the gods with ſafetie ſtand about thee. *Exeunt ſeuerally Priams & Hect. Larum.*

Troy. They are at it, harke: proud *Diomed*, beleeue
I come to looſe my arme, or winne my ſleeue.

Enter Pandar.

Pand. Doe you heare my Lord? do you heare?

Troy. What now?

Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poore girle.

Troy. Let me reade.

Pand. A whorſon tiſicke, a whorſon raſcally tiſicke, ſo troubles me; and the fooliſh fortune of this girle, and what one thing, what another, that I ſhall leaue you one o'th's dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too; and ſuch an ache in my bones; that vnleſſe a man were curſt, I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What ſayes ſhee there?

Troy. Words, words, meere words, no matter from the heart;
Th'effect doth operate another way.
Goe winde to winde, there turne and change together:
My loue with words and errors ſtill ſhe feedes;
But edifies another with her deedes.

Pand. Why, but heare you?

Troy. Hence brother lackie; ignomie and ſhame
Purſue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.

A Larum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Therſites in excurſion.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, Ile goe looke on: that diſſembling abhominable varlet *Diomede*, has got that ſame ſcuruie, doting, fooliſh yong knaues Sleeue of Troy, there in his Helme: I would faine ſee them meet; that, that ſame yong Troian aſſe, that loues the whore there, might ſend that Greekiſh whore-maiſterly villaine, with the Sleeue, backe to the diſſembling luxurious drabbe, of a ſleeueleſſe errant. O'th'tother ſide, the pollicie of thoſe craftie ſwearing raſcalls; that ſtole old Mouſe-eaten dry cheeſe, *Neſtor*: and that ſame dog-foxe *Vliſſes* is not prou'd worth a Black-berry. They ſet me vp in pollicy, that mungrill curre *Aiax*, againſt that dogge of as bad a kinde, *Achilles*. And now is the curre *Aiax* prouder then the curre *Achilles*, and will not arme to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to proclaime barbariſme; and pollicie growes into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomed and Troylus.

Soft, here comes Sleeue, and th'other.

Troy. Flye not: for ſhould'ſt thou take the Riuer Stix, I would ſwim after.

Diom. Thou do'ſt miſcall retire:
I doe not flye; but aduantagious care
Withdrew me from the oddes of multitude:
Haue at thee?

Ther. Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore Troian: Now the Sleeue, now the Sleeue.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou Greek? art thou for *Hectors* match?
Art thou of bloud, and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a raſcall: a ſcuruie railing knaue: a very filthy roague.

Hect. I doe beleeue thee, liue.

Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleeue me; but a plague breake thy necke---for frighting me: what's become of the wenching rogues? I thinke they haue ſwallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle----yet in a ſort, lecherie eates it ſelfe: Ile ſeeke them. *Exit.*

Enter Diomed and Seruants.

Dio. Goe, goe, my ſeruant, take thou *Troylus* Horſe;
Preſent the faire Steede to my Lady *Creſſid*:
Fellow, commend my ſeruice to her beauty;
Tell her, I haue chaſtiſ'd the amorous Troyan.
And am her Knight by proofe.

Ser. I goe my Lord. *Enter Agamemnon.*

Aga. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamus*
Hath beate downe *Menon*: baſtard *Margarelon* hath
Hath *Doreus* priſoner.
And ſtands Caloſſus-wiſe wauing his beame,
Vpon the paſhed courſes of the Kings:
Epiſtropus and *Cedus*, *Polixines* is ſlaine;
Amphimacus, and *Thous* deadly hurt;
Patroclus tane or ſlaine, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruiſed; the dreadfull Sagittary
Appauls our numbers, haſte we *Diomed*
To re-enforcement, or we periſh all.

Enter Neſtor.

Neſt. Coe beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the ſnaile-pac'd *Aiax* arme for ſhame;
There is a thouſand *Hectors* in the field:
Now here he fights on *Galathe* his Horſe,
And there lacks worke: anon he's there a foote,
And there they flye or dye, like ſcaled ſculs,

Before

Before the belching Whale ; then is he yonder,
And there the ſtraying Greekes, ripe for his edge,
Fall downe before him, like the mowers ſwath ;
Here, there, and euery where, he leaues and takes ;
Dexteritie ſo obaying appetite,
That what he will, he does, and does ſo much,
That proofe is call'd impoſſibility.

Enter Vliſſes.

Vliſ. Oh, courage, courage Princes : great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance ;
Patroclus wounds haue rouz'd his drowzie bloud,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noſeleſſe, handleſſe, hackt and chipt, come to him ;
Crying on *Hector*. *Aiax* hath loſt a friend,
And foames at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it :
Roaring for *Troylus* ; who hath done to day,
Mad and fantaſticke execution ;
Engaging and redeeming of himſelfe,
With ſuch a careleſſe force, and forceleſſe care,
As if that luck in very ſpight of cunning, bad him win all.

Enter Aiax.

Aia. Troylus, thou coward *Troylus*. *Exit.*
Dio. I, there, there.
Neſt. So, ſo, we draw together. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector* ?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, ſhew thy face :
Know what it is to meete *Achilles* angry.
Hector, wher's *Hector* ? I will none but *Hector*. *Exit.*

Enter Aiax.

Aia. *Troylus*, thou coward *Troylus*, ſhew thy head.

Enter Diomed.

Diom. Troylus, I ſay, wher's *Troylus* ?
Aia. What would'ſt thou ?
Diom. I would correct him.
Aia. Were I the Generall,
Thou ſhould'ſt haue my office,
Ere that correction : *Troylus* I ſay, what *Troylus* ?

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Oh traitour *Diomed* !
Turne thy falſe face thou traytor,
And pay thy life thou oweſt me for my horſe.
Dio. Ha, art thou there ?
Aia. Ile fight with him alone, ſtand *Diomed*.
Dio. He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.
Troy. Come both you coging Greekes, haue at you both. *Exit Troylus.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea *Troylus* ? O well fought my yongeſt Brother.

Euter Achilles.

Achil. Now doe I ſee thee ; haue at thee *Hector*.
Hect. Pauſe if thou wilt.
Achil. I doe diſdaine thy curteſie, proud Troian ;
Be happy that my armes are out of vſe :
My reſt and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt heare of me againe :
Till when, goe ſeeke thy fortune. *Exit.*
Hect. Fare thee well :
I would haue beene much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee : how now my Brother ?

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Aiax hath tane *Æneas* ; ſhall it be ?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heauen,
He ſhall not carry him : Ile be tane too,
Or bring him off : Fate heare me what I ſay ;
I wreake not, though thou end my life to day. *Exit.*

Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand, ſtand, thou Greeke,
Thou art a goodly marke :
No ? wilt thou not ? I like thy armour well,
Ile fruſh it, and vnlocke the riuets all,
But Ile be maiſter of it : wilt thou not beaſt abide ?
Why then flye on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me you my *Myrmidons* :
Marke what I ſay ; attend me where I wheele :
Strike not a ſtroake, but keepe your ſelues in breath ;
And when I haue the bloudy *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about :
In felleſt manner execute your arme.
Follow me ſirs, and my proceedings eye ;
It is decreed, *Hector* the great muſt dye. *Exit.*

Enter Therſites, Menelaus, and Paris. fighting

Ther. The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it : now bull, now dogge, lowe ; *Paris* lowe ; now my double-hen'd ſparrow ; lowe *Paris*, lowe ; the bull has the game : ware hornes ho ?

Exit Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Turne ſlaue and fight.
Ther. What art thou ?
Baſt. A Baſtard Sonne of *Priams*.
Ther. I am a Baſtnrd too, I loue Baſtards, I am a Baſtard begot, Baſtard inſtructed, Baſtard in minde, Baſtard in valour, in euery thing illegitimate : one Beare will not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one Baſtard ? take heede, the quarrel's moſt ominous to vs : if the Sonne of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts iudgement : farewell Baſtard.
Baſt. The diuell take thee coward. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Moſt putrified core ſo faire without :
Thy goodly armour thus hath coſt thy life.
Now is my daies worke done ; Ile take good breath :
Reſt Sword, thou haſt thy fill of bloud and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Looke *Hector* how the Sunne begins to ſet ;
How vgly night comes breathing at his heeles,
Euen with the vaile and darking of the Sunne.
To cloſe the day vp, *Hectors* life is done.
Hect. I am vnarm'd, forgoe this vantage Greeke.
Achil. Strike fellowes, ſtrike, this is the man I ſeeke.
So Illion fall thou : now Troy ſinke downe ;
Here lyes thy heart, thy ſinewes, and thy bone.
On *Myrmidons*, cry you all a maine,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* ſlaine. *Retreat.*
Harke, a retreat vpon our Grecian part.
Gree. The Troian Trumpets ſounds the like my Lord.
Achi. The dragon wing of night ore-ſpreds the earth
And ſtickler-like the Armies ſeperates
My halfe ſupt Sword, that frankly would haue fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bed ; thus goes to bed.
Come, tye his body to my horſes tayle ;
Along the field, I will the Troian traile. *Exeunt.*
Sound Retreat. *Shout.*

Enter Agamemnon, Aiax, Menelaus, Neſtor, Diomed, and the reſt marching.

Aga. Harke, harke, what ſhout is that ?
Neſt. Peace Drums.

Sol. Achille

Sold. Achilles, Achilles, Hector's ſlaine, *Achilles.*
Dio. The bruite is, *Hector*'s ſlaine, and by *Achilles.*
Aia. If it be ſo, yet bragleſſe let it be:
Great *Hector* was a man as good as he.
Agam. March patiently along; let one be ſent
To pray *Achilles* ſee vs at our Tent.
If in his death the gods haue vs befrended,
Great Troy is ours, and our ſharpe wars are ended.
Exeunt.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Anthenor and Deiphœbus.

Æne. Stand hoe, yet are we maiſters of the field,
Neuer goe home; here ſtarue we out the night.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Hector is ſlaine.
All. Hector? the gods forbid.
Troy. Hee's dead: and at the murtherers Horſes taile,
In beaſtly ſort, drag'd through the ſhamefull Field.
Frowne on you heauens, effect your rage with ſpeede:
Sit gods vpon your throanes, and ſmile at Troy.
I ſay at once, let your briefe plagues be mercy,
And linger not our ſure deſtructions on.
Æne. My Lord, you doe diſcomfort all the Hoſte.
Troy. You vnderſtand me not, that tell me ſo:
I doe not ſpeake of flight, of feare, of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men,
Addreſſe their dangers in. *Hector* is gone:
Who ſhall tell *Priam* ſo? or *Hecuba?*
Let him that will a ſcreechoule aye be call'd,
Goe in to Troy, and ſay there, *Hector*'s dead:
There is a word will *Priam* turne to ſtone;
Make wels, and *Niobes* of the maides and wiues;
Coole ſtatues of the youth: and in a word,
Scarre Troy out of it ſelfe. But march away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to ſay.
Stay yet: you vile abhominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight vpon our Phrygian plaines:
Let Titan riſe as early as he dare,
Ile through, and through you; & thou great ſiz'd coward:
No ſpace of Earth ſhall ſunder our two hates,
Ile haunt thee, like a wicked conſcience ſtill,
That mouldeth goblins ſwift as frenſies thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe:
Hope of reuenge, ſhall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. But heare you? heare you?
Troy. Hence broker, lackie, ignomy, and ſhame
Purſue thy life, and liue aye with thy name. *Exeunt.*
Pan. A goodly medcine for mine akingbones: oh world,
world, world! thus is the poore agent diſpiſde: Oh traitours and bawdes; how earneſtly are you ſet aworke, and
how ill requited? why ſhould our indeuour be ſo deſir'd,
and the performance ſo loath'd? What Verſe for it? what
inſtance for it? let me ſee.
Full merrily the humble Bee doth ſing,
Till he hath loſt his hony, and his ſting.
And being once ſubdu'd in armed taile,
Sweete hony, and ſweete notes together faile.
Good traders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloathes;
As many as be here of Panders hall,
Your eyes halfe out, weepe out at *Pandar*'s fall:
Or if you cannot weepe, yet giue ſome grones;
Though not for me, yet for your akingbones:
Brethren and ſiſters of the hold-dore trade,
Some two months hence, my will ſhal here be made:
It ſhould be now, but that my feare is this:
Some galled Gooſe of Wincheſter would hiſſe:
Till then, Ile ſweate, and ſeeke about for eaſes;
And at that time bequeath you my diſeaſes. *Exeunt.*

¶ ¶ ¶

"The folio copy from or with which this play is collated, is without any numbers on the pages — It is bound up with the first folio, but is not mentioned in the list of the Plays in print, but in a written hand — in every other respect it corresponds with the rest of the volume — It has a much larger and handsomer ornament under Finis; and the reverse of this leaf does not begin with the next play but is quite blank. At the end of the Speech of Pandarus instead of 663. there is ¶¶¶" D. Steevens

FINIS.

SHAKSPEARE
CORIOLANUS.
Auf. Officious, & not valiant—you have shamd me
In your condemned seconds
Act. I. Sc. 8.

The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Rome - A Street m.c

Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staues, Clubs, and other weapons.

1. *Citizen.*

BEfore we proceed any further, heare me ſpeake.

All. Speake, ſpeake.

1.*Cit.* You are all reſolu'd rather to dy then to famiſh?

All. Reſolu'd, reſolu'd.

1.*Cit.* Firſt you know, *Caius Martius* is chiefe enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1.*Cit.* Let vs kill him, and wee'l haue Corne at our own price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't; Let it be done, away, away

2.*Cit.* One word, good Citizens.

1.*Cit.* We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patricians good: what Authority ſurfets one, would releeue vs. If they would yeelde vs but the ſuperfluitie while it were wholſome, wee might gueſſe they releeued vs humanely: But they thinke we are too deere, the leanneſſe that afflicts vs, the obiect of our miſery, is as an inuentory to particularize their abundance, our ſufferance is a gaine to them. Let vs reuenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I ſpeake this in hunger for Bread, not in thirſt for Reuenge.

2.*Cit.* Would you proceede eſpecially againſt *Caius Martius.*

All. Againſt him firſt: He's a very dog to the Commonalty.

2.*Cit.* Conſider you what Seruices he ha's done for his Country?

1.*Cit.* Very well, and could bee content to giue him good report for't, but that hee payes himſelfe with beeing proud.

All. Nay, but ſpeak not maliciouſly.

1.*Cit.* I ſay vnto you, what he hath done Famouſlie, he did it to that end: though ſoft conſcienc'd men can be content to ſay it was for his Countrey, he did it to pleaſe his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, euen to the altitude of his vertue.

2.*Cit.* What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you account a Vice in him: You muſt in no way ſay he is couetous.

1.*Cit.* If I muſt not, I neede not be barren of Accuſations he hath faults (with ſurplus) to tyre in repetition.

Showts within.

What ſhowts are theſe? The other ſide a'th City is riſen: why ſtay we prating heere? To th'Capitoll.

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*, one that hath alwayes lou'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honeſt enough, wold al the reſt wer ſo.

Men. What work's my Countrimen in hand?
Where go you with Bats and Clubs? The matter
Speake I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our buſines is not vnknowne to th'Senat, they haue had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, & now wee'l ſhew em in deeds: they ſay poore Suters haue ſtrong breaths, they ſhal know we haue ſtrong arms too.

Menen. Why Maſters, my good Friends, mine honeſt Neighbours, will you vndo your ſelues?

2 *Cit.* We cannot Sir, we are vndone already.

Men. I tell you Friends, moſt charitable care
Haue the Patricians of you for your wants.
Your ſuffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the Heauen with your ſtaues, as lift them
Againſt the Roman State, whoſe courſe will on
The way it takes: cracking ten thouſand Curbes
Of more ſtrong linke aſſunder, then can euer
Appeare in your impediment. For the Dearth,
The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and
Your knees to them (not armes) muſt helpe. Alacke,
You are tranſported by Calamity
Thether, where more attends you, and you ſlander
The Helmes o'th State; who care for you like Fathers,
When you curſe them, as Enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for vs? True indeed, they nere car'd for vs yet. Suffer vs to famiſh, and their Store-houſes cramm'd with Graine: Make Edicts for Vſurie, to ſupport Vſurers; repeale daily any wholſome Act eſtabliſhed againſt the rich, and prouide more piercing Statutes daily, to chaine vp and reſtraine the poore. If the Warres eate vs not vppe, they will; and there's allthe loue they beare vs.

Menen. Either you muſt
Confeſſe your ſelues wondrous Malicious,
Or be accus'd of Folly. I ſhall tell you
A pretty Tale, it may be you haue heard it,
But ſince it ſerues my purpoſe, I will venture
To ſcale't a little more.

2 *Citizen.* Well,
Ile heare it Sir: yet you muſt not thinke
To fobbe off our diſgrace with a tale:
But and't pleaſe you deliuer.

Men. There was a time, when all the bodies members
Rebell'd againſt the Belly; thus accus'd it:
That onely like a Gulfe it did remaine

I'th midd'ſt a th'body, idle and vnactiue,
Still cubbording the Viand, neuer bearing
Like labour with the reſt, where th'other Inſtruments
Did ſee, and heare, deuiſe, inſtruct, walke, feele,
And mutually participate, did miniſter
Vnto the appetite; and affection common
Of the whole body, the Belly anſwer'd.

2.*Cit.* Well ſir, what anſwer made the Belly.

Men. Sir, I ſhall tell you with a kinde of Smile,
Which ne're came from the Lungs, but euen thus:
For looke you I may make the belly Smile,
As well as ſpeake, it taintingly replyed
To'th'diſcontented Members, the mutinous parts
That enuied his receite: euen ſo moſt fitly,
As you maligne our Senators, for that
They are not ſuch as you.

2.*Cit.* Your Bellies anſwer: What
The Kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye,
The Counſailor Heart, the Arme our Souldier,
Our Steed the Legge, the Tongue our Trumpeter,
With other Muniments and petty helpes
In this our Fabricke, if that they———

Men. What then? Foreme, this Fellow ſpeakes.
What then? What then?

2 *Cit.* Should by the Cormorant belly be reſtrain'd,
Who is the ſinke a th'body.

Men. Well, what then?

2.*Cit.* The former Agents, if they did complaine,
What could the Belly anſwer?

Men. I will tell you,
If you'l beſtow a ſmall (of what you haue little)
Patience awhile; you'ſt heare the Bellies anſwer?

2.*Cit.* Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this good Friend;
Your moſt graue Belly was deliberate,
Not raſh like his Accuſers, and thus anſwered.
True is it my Incorporate Friends (quoth he)
That I receiue the generall Food at firſt
Which you do liue vpon: and fit it is,
Becauſe I am the Store-houſe, and the Shop
Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember,
I ſend it through the Riuers of your blood
Euen to the Court, the Heart, to th'ſeate o'th'Braine,
And through the Crankes and Offices of man,
The ſtrongeſt Nerues, and ſmall inferiour Veines
From me receiue that naturall competencie
Whereby they liue. And though that all at once
(You my good Friends, this ſayes the Belly) marke me.

2.*Cit.* I ſir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I do deliuer out to each,
Yet I can make my Awdit vp, that all
From me do backe receiue the Flowre of all,
And leaue me but the Bran. What ſay you too't?

2.*Cit.* It was an anſwer, how apply you this?

Men. The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members: For examine
Their Counſailes, and their Cares; diſgeſt things rightly,
Touching the Weale a'th Common, you ſhall finde
No publique benefit which you receiue
But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,
And no way from your ſelues. What do you thinke?
You, the great Toe of this Aſſembly?

2.*Cit.* I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?

Men. For that being one o'th loweſt, baſeſt, pooreſt
Of this moſt wiſe Rebellion, thou goeſt formoſt:
Thou Raſcall, that art worſt in blood to run,
Lead'ſt firſt to win ſome vantage.
But make you ready your ſtiffe bats and clubs,
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battell,
The one ſide muſt haue baile.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayle, Noble *Martius.*

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter you diſſentious rogues
That rubbing the poore Itch of your Opinion,
Make your ſelues Scabs.

2.*Cit.* We haue euer your good word.

Mar. He that will giue good words to thee, wil flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you haue, you Curres,
That like nor Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that truſts to you,
Where he ſhould finde you Lyons, findes you Hares:
Where Foxes, Geeſe you are: No ſurer, no,
Then is the coale of fire vpon the Ice,
Or Hailſtone in the Sun. Your Vertue is,
To make him worthy, whoſe offence ſubdues him,
And curſe that Iuſtice did it. Who deſerues Greatnes,
Deſerues your Hate: and your Affections are
A ſickmans Appetite; who deſires moſt that
Which would encreaſe his euill. He that depends
Vpon your fauours, ſwimmes with finnes of Leade,
And hewes downe Oakes, with ruſhes. Hang ye: truſt ye?
With euery Minute you do change a Minde,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate:
Him vilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter,
That in theſe ſeuerall places of the Citie,
You cry againſt the Noble Senate, who
(Vnder the Gods) keepe you in awe, which elſe
Would feede on one another? What's their ſeeking?

Men. For Corne at their owne rates, wherof they ſay
The Citie is well ſtor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: They ſay?
They'l ſit by th'fire, and preſume to know
What's done i'th Capitoll: Who's like to riſe,
Who thriues, & who declines: Side factions, & giue out
Conie&turall Marriages, making parties ſtrong,
And feebling ſuch as ſtand not in their liking,
Below their cobled Shooes. They ſay ther's grain enough?
Would the Nobility lay aſide their ruth,
And let me vſe my Sword, I'de make a Quarrie
With thouſands of theſe quarter'd ſlaues, as high
As I could picke my Lance.

Menen. Nay theſe are almoſt thoroughly perſwaded:
For though abundantly they lacke diſcretion
Yet are they paſsing Cowardly. But I beſeech you,
What ſayes the other Troope?

Mar. They are diſſolu'd: Hang em;
They ſaid they were an hungry, ſigh'd forth Prouerbes
That Hunger-broke ſtone wals: that dogges muſt eate
That meate was made for mouths. That the gods ſent not
Corne for the Richmen onely: With theſe ſhreds
They vented their Complainings, which being anſwer'd
And a petition granted them, a ſtrange one,
To breake the heart of generoſity,
And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the hornes a'th Moone,
Shooting their Emulation.

Menen. What is graunted them?

Mar. Fiue Tribunes to defend their vulgar wiſdoms
Of their owne choice. One's *Iunius Brutus*,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. Sdeath,

The

Shakespear has in this play shewn himself well versed in history and state affairs. Coriolanus is a storehouse of political common places. Any one who studies it may save himself the trouble of reading Burke's Reflections or Paine's Rights of Man or the Debates in both Houses of Parliament since the French Revolution — or now. The arguments for an against aristocracy or democracy, on the privileges of the few and the claims of the many, on liberty and slavery, peace and the abuse of it, force and war, are here very ably handled, with the spirit of a poet and the acuteness of a philosopher. Shakespear himself seems to have had a leaning to the aristocratical side of the question, perhaps from some feeling of contempt for his own origin: and has spared no occasion of baiting the rabble. What he says of them is very true: what he says of their betters is not very true, though he dwells less upon it. — The cause of the people is indeed but ill calculated as a subject for poetry: it admits of rhetoric, which goes into argument and explanation, but it presents no immediate or distinct images to the mind. "no jutting friese, buttress, or coigne of vantage" for poetry "to make its pendant bed and procreant cradle in." The language of poetry naturally falls in with the language of power. The imagination is an exaggerating and exclusive faculty: it takes from one thing to add to another: it accumulates circumstances together to give the greatest possible effect to a favourite object. The understanding is a dividing and measuring faculty: it judges of things not according to their immediate impression on the mind, but according to their relations to one another. The one is a monopolizing faculty, which seeks the greatest quantity of present existence by inequality and disproportion; the other is a distributive faculty, which seeks the greatest quantity of ultimate good, by justice and proportion. The one is an aristocratical, the other a republican faculty. The principle of poetry is a very anti-levelling principle. It aims at effect, it exists by contrast. It admits of no medium. It is every thing by excess. It rises above the ordinary standard of sufferings and crimes. It presents an imposing appearance. It shews its head tonsured, crowned, and crested. Its front is gilt and blood-stained. Before it, "it carries noise, and behind it, it leaves tears." It has its altars and its victims, sacrifices, human sacrifices. Kings, priests, nobles, are its train bearers; tyrants and slaves its executioners — "language is its daughter." Poetry is right-royal. It puts the individual for the species, the one above the infinite many, might before right: a lion hunting a flock of sheep or a herd of wild asses is a more poetical object than they; and we even take part with the lordly beast,

because

because our vanity, or some other feeling, makes us disposed to place ourselves in the situation of the weakest party. So we feel some concern for the poor citizens of Rome when they met together to compare their wants and grievances, till Coriolanus comes in, and with blows and big words, drives this set of "poor rats," this rascal scum of the commons and beggary before him. There is nothing heroical in a multitude of miserable rogues not wishing to be starved, or complaining that they are like to be so; but when a single man comes forward to brave their cries, and to make them submit to the last indignities, from mere pride and self-will our admiration of his prowess is immediately converted into contempt for their pusillanimity. The insolence of power is stronger than the plea of necessity. The tame submission to usurped authority, or even the natural resistance to it, has nothing to excite or flatter the imagination; it is the assumption of a right to insult or oppress others that carries an imposing air of superiority with it. We had rather be the oppressor than the oppressed. The love of power in ourselves, and the admiration of it in others, are both natural to man; the one makes him a tyrant, the other a slave. Wrong, dressed out in pride, pomp, and circumstance, has more attraction than abstract right. ——— Coriolanus complains of the fickleness of the people: yet the instant he cannot gratify his pride and obstinacy at their expence, he turns his arms against his country. If this country was not worth defending, why did he build his pride on its defence? He is a conqueror and a hero: he conquers other countries, and makes this a plea for enslaving his own; and when he is prevented from doing so, he leagues with its enemies to destroy his country. He calls the people "as if he were a God to punish and not a man of their infirmity." He scoffs at one of their citizens for maintaining their rights as a freeborn man: "Speak, speak, this absolute shall?" not mentioning his own absolute will to take every thing from them; his impatience of the slightest opposition to his own pretensions being in proportion to their arrogance and absurdity. If the great and powerful had the beneficence and wisdom of Gods, then all this would have been well: if with greater knowledge of what is good for the people they had as great a care for their interest as they have for their own, if they were seated above the world, sympathising with the welfare, but not feeling the passions of men, receiving neither good nor hurt from them, but bestowing their benefits as free gifts on them, they might then rule over them like another Providence. But this is not the case. Coriolanus is unwilling that the Senate should show their "cares" for the people least their "cares" should be construed into "fears" to the subversion of all due authority; and he is no sooner disappointed in his schemes to deprive the people not only of the cares of the State, but of all power to redress themselves

The rabble ſhould haue firſt vnroo'ſt the City
Ere ſo preuayl'd with me; it will in time
Win vpon power, and throw forth greater Theames
For Inſurrections arguing.
Menen. This is ſtrange.
Mar. Go get you home you Fragments.
Enter a Meſſenger haſtily.
Meſſ. Where's *Caius Martius*?
Mar. Heere: what's the matter?
Meſ. The newes is ſir, the Volcies are in Armes.
Mar. I am glad on't, then we ſhall ha meanes to vent
Our muſtie ſuperfluity. See our beſt Elders.

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Annius Brutus Cominsn, Titus Lartius, with other Senatours.

1.*Sen.* *Martius* 'tis true, that you haue lately told vs,
The Volces are in Armes.
Mar. They haue a Leader,
Tullus Auffidius that will put you too't:
I ſinne in enuying his Nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wiſh me onely he.
Com. You haue fought together?
Mar. Were halfe to halfe the world by th'eares, & he vpon my partie, I'de reuolt to make
Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.
1.*Sen.* Then worthy *Martius*,
Attend vpon *Cominius* to theſe Warres.
Com. It is your former promiſe.
Mar. Sir it is,
And I am conſtant: *Titus Lucius*, thou
Shalt ſee me once more ſtrike at *Tullus* face.
What art thou ſtiffe? Stand'ſt out?
Tit. No *Caius Martius*,
Ile leane vpon one crutch, and fight with tother,
Ere ſtay behinde this Buſineſſe.
Men. Oh true-bred.
Sen. Your Company to'th'Capitoll, where I know
Our greateſt Friends attend vs.
Tit. Lead you on: Follow *Cominius*, we muſt followe you, right worthy you Priority.
Com. Noble *Martius*.
Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone.
Mar. Nay let them follow,
The Volces haue much Corne: take theſe Rats thither,
To gnaw their Garners. Worſhipfull Mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow. *Exeunt.*
Citizens ſteale away. Manet Sicin. & Brutus.
Sicin. Was euer man ſo proud as is this *Martius*?
Bru. He has no equall.
Sicin. When we were choſen Tribunes for the people.
Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.
Sicin. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mou'd, he will not ſpare to gird the Gods.
Sicin. Bemocke the modeſt Moone.
Bru. The preſent Warres deuoure him, he is growne
Too proud to be ſo valiant.
Sicin. Such a Nature, tickled with good ſucceſſe, diſdaines the ſhadow which he treads on at noone, but I do wonder, his inſolence can brooke to be commanded vnder *Cominius*?
Bru. Fame, at the which he aymes,
In whom already he's well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd then by
A place below the firſt: for what miſcarries
Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe
To th'vtmoſt of a man, and giddy cenſure
Will then cry out of *Martius*: Oh, if he
Had borne the buſineſſe.
Sicin. Beſides, if things go well,
Opinion that ſo ſtickes on *Martius*, ſhall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.
Bru. Come: halfe all *Cominius* Honors are to *Martius*
Though *Martius* earn'd them not: and all his faults
To *Martius* ſhall be Honors, though indeed
In ought he merit not.
Sicin. Let's hence, and heare
How the diſpatch is made, and in what faſhion
More then his ſingularity, he goes
Vpon this preſent Action.
Bru. Let's along. *Exeunt*

Enter Tullus Auffidius with Senators of Coriolus.

1.*Sen.* So, your opinion is *Auffidius*,
That they of Rome are entred in our Counſailes,
And know how we proceede,
Auf. Is it not yours?
What euer haue bin thought one in this State
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
Had circumuention: 'tis not foure dayes gone
Since I heard thence, theſe are the words, I thinke
I haue the Letter heere: yes, heere it is;
They haue preſt a Power, but it is not knowne
Whe ther for Eaſt or Weſt: the Dearth is great,
The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Martius your old Enemy
(Who is of Rome worſe hated then of you)
And *Titus Lartius*, a moſt valiant Roman,
Theſe three leade on this Preparation
Whether 'tis bent: moſt likely, 'tis for you:
Conſider of it.
1.*Sen.* Our Armie's in the Field:
We neuer yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To anſwer vs.
Auf. Nor did you thinke it folly,
To keepe your great pretences vayl'd, till when
They needs muſt ſhew themſelues, which in the hatching
It ſeem'd appear'd to Rome. By the diſcouery,
We ſhalbe ſhortned in our ayme, which was
To take in many Townes, ere (almoſt) Rome
Should know we were a-foot.
2.*Sen.* Noble *Auffidius*,
Take your Commiſſion, hye you to your Bands,
Let vs alone to guard *Corioles*
If they ſet downe before's: for the remoue
Bring vp your Army: but (I thinke) you'l finde
Th'haue not prepar'd for vs.
Auf. O doubt not that,
I ſpeake from Certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their Power are forth already,
And onely hitherward. I leaue your Honors.
If we, and *Caius Martius* chance to meete,
'Tis ſworne betweene vs, we ſhall euer ſtrike
Till one can do no more.
All. The Gods aſsiſt you.
Auf. And keepe your Honors ſafe.
1.*Sen.* Farewell.
2.*Sen.* Farewell.
All. Farewell. *Exeunt omnes.*

Act 1. Scene III. Rome. An apartment in Marcius' House. M.C.

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius: They ſet them downe on two lowe ſtooles and ſowe.

Volum. I pray you daughter ſing, or expreſſe your ſelfe in a more comfortable ſort: If my Sonne were my Huſband, I ſhould freelier reioyce in that abſence wherein he wonne Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed, where he would ſhew moſt loue. When yet hee was but tender-bodied, and the onely Sonne of my womb; when youth with comelineſſe pluck'd all gaze his way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a Mother ſhould not ſel him an houre from her beholding; I conſidering how Honour would become ſuch a perſon, that it was no better then Picture-like to hang by th'wall, if renowne made it not ſtirre, was pleas'd to let him ſeeke danger, where he was like to finde fame: To a cruell Warre I ſent him, from whence he return'd, his browes bound with Oake. I tell thee Daughter, I ſprang not more in ioy at firſt hearing he was a Man-child, then now in firſt ſeeing he had proued himſelfe a man.

Virg. But had he died in the Buſineſſe Madame, how then?

Volum. Then his good report ſhould haue beene my Sonne, I therein would haue found iſſue. Heare me profeſſe ſincerely, had I a dozen ſons each in my loue alike, and none leſſe deere then thine, and my good *Martius*, I had rather had eleuen dye Nobly for their Countrey, then one voluptuouſly ſurfet out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to viſit you.

Virg. Beſeech you giue me leaue to retire my ſelfe.

Volum. Indeed you ſhall not:
Me thinkes, I heare hither your Husbands Drumme:
See him plucke *Auffidius* downe by th'haire:
(As children from a Beare) the *Volces* ſhunning him:
Me thinkes I ſee him ſtampe thus, and call thus,
Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare
Though you were borne in Rome; his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a Harueſt man, that task'd to mowe
Or all, or looſe his hyre.

Virg. His bloody Brow? Oh Iupiter, no blood.

Volum. Away you Foole; it more becomes a man
Then gilt his Trophe. The breſts of *Hecuba*
When ſhe did ſuckle *Hector*, look'd not louelier
Then *Hectors* forhead, when it ſpit forth blood
At Grecian ſword, *Contenning*, tell *Valeria*
We are fit to bid her welcome. *Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heauens bleſſe my Lord from fell *Auffidius.*

Vol, Hee'l beat *Auffidius* head below his knee,
And treade vpon his necke.

Enter Valeria with an Vſher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam.

Vir. I am glad to ſee your Ladyſhip.

Val. How do you both? You are manifeſt houſe-keepers. What are you ſowing heere? A fine ſpotte in good faith. How does your little Sonne?

Vir. I thanke your Lady-ſhip: Well good Madam.

Vol. He had rather ſee the ſwords, and heare a Drum, then looke vpon his Schoolmaſter.

Val. A my word the Fathers Sonne: Ile ſweare 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd vpon him a Wenſday halfe an houre together: ha's ſuch a confirm'd countenance. I ſaw him run after a gilded Butterfly, & when he caught it, he let it go againe, and after it againe, and ouer and ouer he comes, and vp againe: catcht it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, hee did ſo ſet his teeth, and teare it. Oh, I warrant how he mammockt it.

Vol. One on's Fathers moods.

Val. Indeed la, tis a Noble childe.

Virg. A Cracke Madam.

Val. Come, lay aſide your ſtitchery, I muſt haue you play the idle Huſwife with me this afternoone.

Virg. No (good Madam)
I will not out of doores.

Val. Not out of doores?

Volum. She ſhall, ſhe ſhall.

Virg. Indeed no, by your patience; Ile not ouer the threſhold, till my Lord returne from the Warres.

Val. Fye, you confine your ſelfe moſt vnreaſonably: Come, you muſt go viſit the good Lady that lies in.

Virg. I will wiſh her ſpeedy ſtrength, and viſite her with my prayers: but I cannot go thither.

Volum. Why I pray you.

Virg. 'Tis not to ſaue labour, nor that I want loue.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*: yet they ſay, all the yearne ſhe ſpun in *Vliſſes* abſence, did but fill *Athica* full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were ſenſible as your finger, that you might leaue pricking it for pitie. Come you ſhall go with vs.

Vir. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not foorth.

Val. In truth la go with me, and Ile tell you excellent newes of your Husband.

Virg. O good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not ieſt with you: there came newes from him laſt night.

Vir. Indeed Madam.

Val. In earneſt it's true; I heard a Senatour ſpeake it. Thus it is: the Volcies haue an Army forth, againſt whō *Cominius* the Generall is gone, with one part of our Romane power. Your Lord, and *Titus Lartius*, are ſet down before their Citie *Carioles*, they nothing doubt preuailing, and to make it breefe Warres. This is true on mine Honor, and ſo I pray go with vs.

Virg. Giue me excuſe good Madame, I will obey you in euery thing heereafter.

Vol. Let her alone Ladie, as ſhe is now:
She will but diſeaſe our better mirth.

Valeria. In troth I thinke ſhe would:
Fare you well then. Come good ſweet Ladie.
Prythee *Virgilia* turne thy ſolemneſſe out a doore,
And go along with vs.

Virgil. No
At a word Madam; Indeed I muſt not,
I wiſh you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. *Exeunt Ladies*

Act 1. Scene 10. Before Coriol. M.C.

Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, with Drumme and Colours, with Captaines and Souldiers, as before the City Corialus: to them a Meſſenger.

Martius. Yonder comes Newes:
A Wager they haue met.

Lar. My horſe to yours, no.

Mar. Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar.

than Coriolanus is made readily to exclaim.

"Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish."

This is but natural; it is but natural for a mother to have more regard for her son than for a whole city; but then the city should be left to take some care of itself. The care of the city cannot, we here see, be safely entrusted to maternal affection, or to the domestic charities of high life. The great have private feelings of their own, to which the interests of humanity and justice must courtesy. Their interests are so far from being the same as those of the community, that they are in direct and necessary opposition to them; their power is at the expence of our weakness; their riches, of our poverty; their pride, of our degradation; their splendour, of our wretchedness; their tyranny, of our servitude. If they had the superior intelligence ascribed to them (which they have not) it would only render them so much more formidable; and from gods would convert them into devils. The whole dramatic moral of Coriolanus is, that those who have little shall have less, and that those who have much shall take all that others have left. The people are poor, therefore they ought to be starved. They are slaves, therefore they ought to be beaten. They work hard, therefore they ought to be treated like beasts of burden. They are ignorant, therefore they ought not to be allowed to feel that they want food, or clothing, or rest, that they are enslaved, oppressed, and miserable. This is the logic of the imagination and the passions; which seek to aggrandise what excites admiration and to heap contempt on misery, to raise power into tyranny, and to make tyranny also sublime: to exalt magistrates into kings, kings into gods; to degrade subjects to the rank of slaves, and slaves to the condition of brutes. The history of mankind is a romance, a mock tragedy constructed upon the principles of poetical justice; it is a noble or royal hunt, in which what is sport to the few, is death to the many, and in which the spectators halloo and encourage the strong to set upon the weak, and are fierce in the chase, though they do not share in the spoil. We must depend upon it that what men delight to read in books, they will but too much practise in reality.

Examiner.

Dec^r 15^th 1816.

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Mr. HOPKINS in the Character of VOLUMNIA.

—— he turns away!
Down Ladies, let us shame him with our Knees.

Mar. Say, ha's our Generall met the Enemy?
Meſſ. They lye in view, but haue not ſpoke as yet.
Lart. So, the good Horſe is mine.
Mart. Ile buy him of you.
Lart. No, Ile nor ſel, nor giue him: Lend you him I will
For halfe a hundred yeares: Summon the Towne.
Mar. How farre off lie theſe Armies?
Meſſ. Within this mile and halfe.
Mar. Then ſhall we heare their Larum, & they Ours.
Now Mars, I prythee make vs quicke in worke,
That we with ſmoaking ſwords may march from hence
To helpe our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy blaſt.

They Sound a Parley: Enter two Senators with others on the Walles of Corialus.

Tullus Auffidious, is he within your Walles?
1.*Senat.* No, nor a man that feares you leſſe then he,
That's leſſer then a little: *Drum a farre off.*
Hearke, our Drummes
Are bringing forth our youth: Wee'l breake our Walles
Rather then they ſhall pound vs vp our Gates,
Which yet ſeeme ſhut, we haue but pin'd with Ruſhes,
They'le open of themſelues. Harke you, farre off
Alarum farre off.
There is *Auffidious*. Liſt what worke he makes
Amongſt your clouen Army.
Mart. Oh they are at it.
Lart. Their noiſe be our inſtruction. Ladders hoa.

Enter the Army of the Volces.

Mar. They feare vs not, but iſſue forth their Citie.
Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proofe then Shields.
Aduance braue *Titus*,
They do diſdaine vs much beyond our Thoughts,
which makes me ſweat with wrath. Come on my fellows
He that retires, Ile take him for a *Volce*,
And he ſhall feele mine edge.
Alarum, the Romans are beat back to their Trenches
Enter Martius Curſing.
Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you,
You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues
Plaiſter you o're, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther then ſeene, and one infect another
Againſt the Winde a mile: you ſoules of Geeſe,
That beare the ſhapes of men, how haue you run
From Slaues, that Apes would beate; *Pluto* and Hell,
All hurt behinde, backes red, and faces pale
With flight and agued feare, mend and charge home,
Or by the fires of heauen, Ile leaue the Foe,
And make my Warres on you: Looke too't: Come on,
If you'l ſtand faſt, wee'l beate them to their Wiues,
As they vs to our Trenches followes.
Another Alarum, and Martius followes them to gates, and is ſhut in.
So, now the gates are ope: now proue good Seconds,
'Tis for the followers Fortune, widens them,
Not for the flyers: Marke me, and do the like.
Enter the Gati.
1.*Sol.* Foole-hardineſſe, not I.
2.*Sol.* Nor I.
1.*Sol.* See they haue ſhut him in. *Alarum continues*
All. To th'pot I warrant him. *Enter Titus Lartius*
Tit. What is become of *Martius*?
All. Slaine (Sir) doubtleſſe.
1.*Sol.* Following the Flyers at the very heeles,
With them he enters: who vpon the ſodaine
Clapt to their Gates, he is himſelfe alone,
To anſwer all the City.
Lar. Oh Noble Fellow!
Who ſenſibly out-dares his ſenceleſſe Sword,
And when it bowes, ſtand'ſt vp: Thou art left *Martius*,
A Carbuncle intire: as big as thou art
Weare not ſo rich a Iewell. Thou was't a Souldier
Euen to *Calues* wiſh, not fierce and terrible
Onely in ſtrokes, but with thy grim lookes, and
The Thunder-like percuſſion of thy ſounds
Thou mad'ſt thine enemies ſhake, as if the World
Were Feauorous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius bleeding, aſſaulted by the Enemy.
1.*Sol.* Looke Sir.
Lar. O 'tis *Martius*.
Let's fetch him off, or make remaine alike.
They fight, and all enter the City.
Enter certaine Romanes with ſpoiles.
1.*Rom.* This will I carry to *Rome*.
2.*Rom.* And I this.
3.*Rom.* A Murrain on't, I tooke this for Siluer. *exeunt.*
Alarum continues ſtill a-farre off.
Enter Martius, and Titus with a Trumpet.
Mar. See heere theſe mouers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd Drachme: Cuſhions, Leaden Spoones,
Irons of a Doit, Dublets that Hangmen would
Bury with thoſe that wore them. Theſe baſe ſlaues,
Ere yet the fight be done, packe vp, downe with them.
And harke, what noyſe the Generall makes: To him
There is the man of my ſoules hate, *Auffidious*,
Piercing our Romanes: Then Valiant *Titus* take
Conuenient Numbers to make good the City,
Whil'ſt I with thoſe that haue the ſpirit, wil haſte
To helpe *Cominius*.
Lar. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'ſt,
Thy exerciſe hath bin too violent,
For a ſecond courſe of Fight.
Mar. Sir, praiſe me not:
My worke hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood I drop, is rather Phyſicall
Then dangerous to me: To *Auffidious* thus, I will appear
Lar. Now the faire Goddeſſe Fortune, (and fight.
Fall deepe in loue with thee, and her great charmes
Miſguide thy Oppoſers ſwords, Bold Gentleman:
Proſperity be thy Page.
Mar. Thy Friend no leſſe,
Then thoſe ſhe placeth higheſt: So farewell.
Lar. Thou worthieſt *Martius*,
Go ſound thy Trumpet in the Market place,
Call thither all the Officers a'th'Towne,
Where they ſhall know our minde. Away. *Exeunt*
Enter Cominius as it were in retire, with ſoldiers.
Com. Breath you my friends, wel fought, we are come off,
Like Romans, neither fooliſh in our ſtands,
Nor Cowardly in retyre: Beleeue me Sirs,
We ſhall be charg'd againe. Whiles we haue ſtrooke
By Interims and conueying guſts, we haue heard
The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods,
Leade their ſucceſſes, as we wiſh our owne,
That both our powers, with ſmiling Fronts encountring,
May giue you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes?
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſſ. The Cittizens of *Corioles* haue yſſued,
And giuen to *Lartius* and to *Martius* Battaile:

I ſaw our party to their Trenches driuen,
And then I came away.
Com. Though thou ſpeakeſt truth,
Me thinkes thou ſpeak'ſt not well. How long is't ſince?
Meſ. Aboue an houre, my Lord.
Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefely we heard their drummes.
How could'ſt thou in a mile confound an houre,
And bring thy Newes ſo late?
Meſ. Spies of the *Volces*
Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheele
Three or foure miles about, elſe had I ſir
Halfe an houre ſince brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Whoſe yonder,
That doe's appeare as he were Flead? O Gods,
He has the ſtampe of *Martius*, and I haue
Before time ſeene him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The Shepherd knowes not Thunder frō a Taber,
More then I know the ſound of *Martius* Tongue
From euery meaner man. *S. mo. Steevens*
Martius. Come I too late?
Com. I, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your owne.
Mart. Oh! let me clip ye
In Armes as ſound, as when I woo'd in heart;
As merry, as when our Nuptiall day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.
Com. Flower of Warriors, how is't with *Titus Lartius*?
Mar. As with a man buſied about Decrees:
Condemning ſome to death, and ſome to exile,
Ranſoming him, or pittying, threatning th'other;
Holding *Corioles* in the name of Rome,
Euen like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leaſh,
To let him ſlip at will.
Com. Where is that Slaue
Which told me they had beate you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague-Tribunes for them)
The Mouſe ne're ſhunn'd the Cat, as they did budge
From Raſcals worſe then they.
Com. But how preuail'd you?
Mar. Will the time ſerue to tell, I do not thinke:
Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a'th Field?
If not, why ceaſe you till you are ſo?
Com. *Martius*, we haue at diſaduantage fought,
And did retyre to win our purpoſe.
Mar. How lies their Battell? Know you on ẅ ſide
They haue plac'd their men of truſt?
Com. As I gueſſe *Martius*,
Their Bands i'th Vaward are the Antients *Antiates m.c.*
Of their beſt truſt: O're them *Auffidious*,
Their very heart of Hope.
Mar. I do beſeech you,
By all the Battailes wherein we haue fought,
By th'Blood we haue ſhed together,
By th'Vowes we haue made
To endure Friends, that you directly ſet me
Againſt *Affidious*, and his *Antiats*,
And that you not delay the preſent (but
Filling the aire with Swords aduanc'd) and Darts,
We proue this very houre.
Com. Though I could wiſh,
You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And Balmes applyed to you, yet dare I neuer
Deny your asking, take your choice of thoſe
That beſt can ayde your action.
Mar. Thoſe are they
That moſt are willing; if any ſuch be heere,
(As it were ſinne to doubt) that loue this painting
Wherein you ſee me ſmear'd, if any feare
Leſſen his perſon, then an ill report: *m.c.*
If any thinke, braue death out-weighes bad life,
And that his Countries deerer then himſelfe,
Let him alone: Or ſo many ſo minded,
Waue thus to expreſſe his diſpoſition,
And follow *Martius*.
They all ſhout and waue their ſwords, take him vp in their Armes, and caſt vp their Caps.
Oh me alone, make you a ſword of me:
If theſe ſhewes be not outward, which of you
But is foure *Volces*? None of you, but is
Able to beare againſt the great *Auffidious*
A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number
(Though thankes to all) muſt I ſelect from all: *omitted m.c.*
The reſt ſhall beare the buſineſſe in ſome other fight
(As cauſe will be obey'd:) pleaſe you to March,
And foure ſhall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are beſt inclin'd.
Com. March on my Fellowes:
Make good this oſtentation, and you ſhall
Diuide in all, with vs. *Exeunt*

Act I. Scene VIII. The Gates of Corioli. m.c. *Ci. m.c. Cus 52*
Titus Lartius, hauing ſet a guard vpon Cariolēs, going with Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius, and Caius Martius, Enters with a Lieutenant, other Souldiours, and a Scout.

Lar. So, let the Ports be guarded; keepe your Duties
As I haue ſet them downe. If I do ſend, diſpatch
Thoſe Centuries to our ayd, the reſt will ſerue
For a ſhort holding, if we looſe the Field,
We cannot keepe the Towne.
Lieu. Feare not our care Sir.
Lart. Hence; and ſhut your gates vpon's:
Our Guider come, to th'Roman Campe conduct vs. *Exit*

Scene VIII. A field of Battle between the Roman and the Volcian camps &c. *Alarum, as in Battaile.*
Enter Martius and Auffidius at ſeueral doores.
Mar. Ile fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worſe then a Promiſe-breaker.
Auffid. We hate alike:
Not Affricke ownes a Serpent I abhorre
More then thy Fame and Enuy: Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the firſt Budger dye the others Slaue,
And the Gods doome him after.
Auf. If I flye *Martius*, hollow me like a Hare.
Mar. Within theſe three houres *Tullus*
Alone I fought in your *Corioles* walles,
And made what worke I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou ſeeſt me maskt, for thy Reuenge
Wrench vp thy power to th'higheſt.
Auf. Wer't thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou ſhould'ſt not ſcape me heere.
Heere they fight, and certaine Volces come in the ayde of Auffi. Martius fights til they be driuen in breathles.
Officious and not valiant, you haue ſham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.

Flouriſh.

P.J. de Loutherbourg dd.ᵗ Hall Sculp.ᵗ

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Act I Scene IX. The Roman Camp m.e.

Flouriſh. Alarum. A Retreat is ſounded. Enter at one Doore Cominius, with the Romanes: At another Doore Martius, with his Arme in a Scarfe. and other Romans m.e.

Com. If I ſhould tell thee o're this thy dayes Worke,
Thou't not beleeue thy deeds: but Ile report it,
Where Senators ſhall mingle teares with ſmiles,
Where great Patricians ſhall attend, and ſhrug,
I'th'end admire: where Ladies ſhall be frighted,
And gladly quak'd, heare more: where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fuſtie Plebeans, hate thine Honors,
Shall ſay againſt their hearts, We thanke the Gods omitted m.e.
Our Rome hath ſuch a Souldier.
Yet cam'ſt thou to a Morſell of this Feaſt,
Hauing fully din'd before.

Enter Titus with his Power, from the Purſuit.

Titus Lartius. Oh Generall:
Here is the Steed, wee the Capariſon:
Hadſt thou beheld—— held/21
Martius. Pray now, no more:
My Mother, who ha's a Charter to extoll her Bloud,
When ſhe do's prayſe me, grieues me:
I haue done as you haue done, that's what I can,
Induc'd as you haue beene, that's for my Countrey:
He that ha's but effected his good will,
Hath ouerta'ne mine Act.
Com. You ſhall not be the Graue of your deſeruing,
Rome muſt know the value of her owne:
'Twere a Concealement worſe then a Theft,
No leſſe then a Traducement,
To hide your doings, and to ſilence that,
Which to the ſpire, and top of prayſes vouch'd,
Would ſeeme but modeſt: therefore I beſeech you,
In ſigne of what you are, not to reward
What you haue done, before our Armie heare me.
Martius. I haue ſome Wounds vpon me, and they ſmart
To heare themſelues remembred.
Com. Should they not:
Well might they feſter 'gainſt Ingratitude,
And tent themſelues with death: of all the Horſes,
Whereof we haue ta'ne good, and good ſtore of all,
The Treaſure in this field atchieued, and Citie,
We render you the Tenth, to be ta'ne forth,
Before the common diſtribution,
At your onely choyſe.
Martius. I thanke you Generall:
But cannot make my heart conſent to take
A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I doe refuſe it,
And ſtand vpon my common part with thoſe,
That haue beheld the doing.

A long flouriſh. They all cry, Martius, Martius, caſt vp their Caps and Launces: Cominius and Lartius ſtand bare.

Mar. May theſe ſame Inſtruments, which you prophane,
Neuer ſound more: when Drums and Trumpets ſhall
I'th'field proue flatterers, let Courts and Cities be
Made all of falſe-fac'd ſoothing:
When Steele growes ſoft, as the Paraſites Silke,
Let him be made an Ouerture for th' Warres:
No more I ſay, for that I haue not waſh'd
My Noſe that bled, or foyl'd ſome debile Wretch,
Which without note, here's many elſe haue done,
You ſhoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolicall,
As if I lou'd my little ſhould be dieted
In prayſes, ſawc'ſt with Lyes.
Com. Too modeſt are you:
More cruell to your good report, then gratefull
To vs, that giue you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainſt your ſelfe you be incens'd, wee'le put you
(Like one that meanes his proper harme) in Manacles,
Then reaſon ſafely with you: Therefore be it knowne,
As to vs, to all the World, That *Caius Martius*
Weares this Warres Garland: in token of the which,
My Noble Steed, knowne to the Campe, I giue him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before *Corioles*, call him,
With all th'applauſe and Clamor of the Hoaſt,
Marcus Caius Coriolanus. Beare th'addition Nobly euer?

Flouriſh. Trumpets ſound, and Drums.

Omnes. Marcus Caius Coriolanus.
Martius. I will goe waſh:
And when my Face is faire, you ſhall perceiue
Whether I bluſh, or no: howbeit, I thanke you,
I meane to ſtride your Steed, and at all times
To vnder-creſt your good Addition,
To th'faireneſſe of my power.
Com. So, to our Tent:
Where ere we doe repoſe vs, we will write
To Rome of our ſucceſſe: you *Titus Lartius*
Muſt to *Corioles* backe, ſend vs to Rome
The beſt, with whom we may articulate,
For their owne good, and ours.
Lartius. I ſhall, my Lord.
Martius. The Gods begin to mocke me:
I that now refus'd moſt Princely gifts,
Am bound to begge of my Lord Generall.
Com. Tak't, 'tis yours: what is't?
Martius. I ſometime lay here in *Corioles*,
At a poore mans houſe: he vs'd me kindly,
He cry'd to me: I ſaw him Priſoner:
But then *Auffidius* was within my view,
And Wrath o're-whelm'd my pittie: I requeſt you
To giue my poore Hoſt freedome.
Com. Oh well begg'd:
Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he ſhould
Be free, as is the Winde: deliuer him, *Titus.*
Lartius. Martius, his Name.
Martius. By *Iupiter* forgot:
I am wearie, yea, my memorie is tyr'd:
Haue we no Wine here?
Com. Goe we to our Tent:
The bloud vpon your Viſage dryes, 'tis time
It ſhould be lookt too: come. *Exeunt.*

Scene X. The Camp of the Volces

A flouriſh. Cornets. Enter Tullus Auffidius bloudie, with two or three Souldiors.

Auffi. The Towne is ta'ne.
Sould. 'Twill be deliuer'd backe on good Condition.
Auffid. Condition?
I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,
Being a *Volce*, be that I am. Condition?
What good Condition can a Treatie finde
I'th'part that is at mercy? fiue times, *Martius*,
I haue fought with thee; ſo often haſt thou beat me:
And would'ſt doe ſo, I thinke, ſhould we encounter

As

As often as we eate. By th'Elements,
If ere againe I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
Hath not that Honor in't it had: For where
I thought to cruſh him in an equall Force,
True Sword to Sword: Ile potche at him ſome way,
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.

Sol. He's the diuell.

Auf. Bolder, though not ſo ſubtle: my valors poiſon'd,
With onely ſuff'ring ſtaine by him: for him
Shall flye out of it ſelfe, nor ſleepe, nor ſanctuary,
Being naked, ſicke; nor Phane, nor Capitoll,
The Prayers of Prieſts, nor times of Sacrifice:
Embarquements all of Fury, ſhall lift vp
Their rotten Priuiledge, and Cuſtome 'gainſt
My hate to *Martius*. Where I finde him, were it
At home, vpon my Brothers Guard, euen there
Againſt the hoſpitable Canon, would I
Waſh my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th'Citie,
Learne how 'tis held, and what they are that muſt
Be Hoſtages for Rome.

Soul. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the Cyprus groue. I pray you
('Tis South the City Mils) bring me word thither
How the world goes: that to the pace of it
I may ſpurre on my iourney.

Soul. I ſhall ſir.

Actus Secundus.

Scene I. Rome - A Publik Place.

Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius & Brutus.

Men. The Agurer tels me, wee ſhall haue Newes to night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they loue not *Martius*.

Sicin. Nature teaches Beaſts to know their Friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe loue?

Sicin. The Lambe.

Men. I, to deuour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble *Martius*.

Bru. He's a Lambe indeed, that baes like a Beare.

Men. Hee's a Beare indeede, that liues like a Lambe. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I ſhall aske you.

Both. Well ſir.

Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poore in, that you two haue not in abundance?

Bru. He's poore in no one fault, but ſtor'd withall.

Sicin. Eſpecially in Pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boaſting.

Men. This is ſtrange now: Do you two know, how you are cenſured heere in the City, I mean of vs a'th'right hand File, do you?

Both. Why? ho ware we cenſur'd?

Men. Becauſe you talke of Pride now, will you not be angry.

Both. Well, well ſir, well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter: for a very little theefe of Occaſion, will rob you of a great deale of Patience: Giue your diſpoſitions the reines, and bee angry at your pleaſures (at the leaſt) if you take it as a pleaſure to you, in being ſo: you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Brut. We do it not alone, ſir.

Men. I know you can doe very little alone, for your helpes are many, or elſe your actions would growe wondrous ſingle: your abilities are to Infant-like, for dooing much alone. You talke of Pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make but an Interiour ſuruey of your good ſelues. Oh that you could.

Both. What then ſir?

Men. Why then you ſhould diſcouer a brace of vnmeriting, proud, violent, teſtie Magiſtrates (alias Fooles) as any in Rome.

Sicin. Menenius, you are knowne well enough too.

Men. I am knowne to be a humorous *Patritian*, and one that loues a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of alaying Tiber in't: Said, to be ſomething imperfect in fauouring the firſt complaint, haſty and Tinder-like vppon, too triuiall motion: One, that conuerſes more with the Buttocke of the night, then with the forhead of the morning. What I think, I vtter, and ſpend my malice in my breath. Meeting two ſuch Weales men as you are (I cannot call you *Licurguſſes*,) if the drinke you giue me, touch my Palat aduerſly, I make a crooked face at it, I can ſay, your Worſhippes haue deliuer'd the matter well, when I finde the Aſſe in compound, with the Maior part of your ſyllables. And though I muſt be content to beare with thoſe, that ſay you are reuerend graue men, yet they lye deadly, that tell you haue good faces, if you ſee this in the Map of my Microcoſme, followes it that I am knowne well enough too? What harme can your beeſome Conſpectuities gleane out of this Charracter, if I be knowne well enough too.

Bru. Come ſir come, we know you well enough.

Menen. You know neither mee, your ſelues, nor any thing: you are ambitious, for poore knaues cappes and legges: you weare out a good wholeſome Forenoone, in hearing a cauſe betweene an Orendge wife, and a Forſet-ſeller, and then reiourne the Coutrouerſie of three-pence to a ſecond day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter betweene party and party, if you chaunce to bee pinch'd with the Collicke, you make faces like Mummers, ſet vp the bloodie Flagge againſt all Patience, and in roaring for a Chamber-pot, diſmiſſe the Controuerſie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the peace you make in their Cauſe, is calling both the parties Knaues. You are a payre of ſtrange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well vnderſtood to bee a perfecter gyber for the Table, then a neceſſary Bencher in the Capitoll.

Men. Our very Prieſts muſt become Mockers, if they ſhall encounter ſuch ridiculous Subiects as you are, when you ſpeake beſt vnto the purpoſe. It is not woorth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deſerue not ſo honourable a graue, as to ſtuffe a Botchers Cuſhion, or to be intomb'd in an Aſſes Packe-ſaddle; yet you muſt bee ſaying, *Martius* is proud: who in a cheape eſtimation, is worth all your predeceſſors, ſince *Deucalion*, though peraduenture ſome of the beſt of 'em were hereditarie hangmen. Godden to your Worſhips, more of your conuerſation would infect my Braine, being the Heardſmen of the Beaſtly Plebeans. I will be bold to take my leaue of you.

Bru. and Scic. *Aſide.*

retire to the back of the Scene *Enter*

Enter Volumina, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now (my as faire as Noble) Ladyes, and the Moone were ſhee Earthly, no Nobler; whither doe you follow your Eyes ſo faſt?

Volum. Honorable *Menenius*, my Boy *Martius* approches: for the loue of *Iuno* let's goe.

Menen. Ha? *Martius* comming home?

Volum. I, worthy *Menenius*, and with moſt proſperous approbation.

Menen. Take my Cappe *Iupiter*, and I thanke thee: hoo, *Martius* comming home?

2. *Ladies.* Nay, 'tis true.

Volum. Looke, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I thinke) there's one at home for you.

Menen. I will make my very houſe reele to night: A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I ſaw't.

Menen. A Letter for me? it giues me an Eſtate of ſeuen yeeres health; in which time, I will make a Lippe at the Phyſician: The moſt ſoueraigne Preſcription in *Galen*, is but Emperickqutique; and to this Preſeruatiue, of no better report then a Horſe-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded?

Virgil. Oh no, no, no.

Volum. Oh, he is wounded, I thanke the Gods for't.

Menen. So doe I too, if it be not too much: brings a Victorie in his Pocket? the wounds become him.

Volum. On's Browes: *Menenius*, hee comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Menen. Ha's he diſciplin'd *Auffidius* ſoundly?

Volum. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but *Auffidius* got off.

Menen. And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him that: and he had ſtay'd by him, I would not haue been ſo fiddious'd, for all the Cheſts in Carioles, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senate poſſeſt of this?

Volum. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes, yes, yes: The Senate ha's Letters from the Generall, wherein hee giues my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Valer. In troth, there's wondrous things ſpoke of him.

Menen. Wondrous: I, I warrant you, and not without his true purchaſing.

Virgil. The Gods graunt them true.

Volum. True? pow waw.

Mene. True? Ile be ſworne they are true: where is hee wounded, God ſaue your good Worſhips? *Martius* is comming home: hee ha's more cauſe to be prowd: where is he wounded?

Volum. Ith'Shoulder, and ith' left Arme: there will be large Cicatrices to ſhew the People, when hee ſhall ſtand for his place: he receiued in the repulſe of *Tarquin* ſeuen hurts ith' Body.

Mene. One ith' Neck, and two ith'Thigh, there's nine that I know.

Volum. Hee had, before this laſt Expedition, twentie fiue Wounds vpon him.

Mene. Now it's twentie ſeuen; euery gaſh was an Enemies Graue. Hearke, the Trumpets.

A ſhowt, and flouriſh.

Volum. Theſe are the Vſhers of *Martius*:
Before him, hee carryes Noyſe;
And behinde him, hee leaues Teares:
Death, that darke Spirit, in's neruie Arme doth lye,
Which being aduanc'd, declines, and then men dye.

A Sennet. Trumpets ſound.
Enter Cominius the Generall, and Titus Latius: betweene them Coriolanus, crown'd with an Oaken Garland, with Captaines and Souldiers, and a Herauld.

Herauld. Know Rome, that all alone *Martius* did fight
Within Corioles Gates: where he hath wonne,
With Fame, a Name to *Martius Caius*:
Theſe in honor followes *Martius Caius Coriolanus.*
Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus.*

Sound. Flouriſh.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus.*

Coriol. No more of this, it does offend my heart: pray now no more.

Com. Looke, Sir, your Mother.

Coriol. Oh! you haue, I know, petition'd all the Gods for my proſperitie. *Kneeles.*

Volum. Nay, my good Souldier, vp:
My gentle *Martius*, worthy *Caius*,
And by deed-atchieuing Honor newly nam'd,
What is it (*Coriolanus*) muſt I call thee?
But oh, thy Wife.

Corio. My gracious ſilence, hayle:
Would'ſt thou haue laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home,
That weep'ſt to ſee me triumph? Ah my deare,
Such eyes the Widowes in Carioles were,
And Mothers that lacke Sonnes.

Mene. Now the Gods Crowne thee.

Com. And liue you yet? Oh my ſweet Lady, pardon.

Volum. I know not where to turne.
Oh welcome home: and welcome Generall,
And y'are welcome all.

Mene. A hundred thouſand Welcomes:
I could weepe, and I could laugh,
I am light, and heauie; welcome:
A Curſe begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to ſee thee.
Yon are three, that Rome ſhould dote on:
Yet by the faith of men, we haue
Some old Crab-trees here at home,
That will not be grafted to your Ralliſh.
Yet welcome Warriors:
Wee call a Nettle, but a Nettle;
And the faults of fooles, but folly.

Com. Euer right.

Cor. Menenius, euer, euer.

Herauld. Giue way there, and goe on.

Cor. Your Hand, and yours? *To his wife and Mother*
Ere in our owne houſe I doe ſhade my Head,
The good Patricians muſt be viſited,
From whom I haue receiu'd not onely greetings,
But with them, change of Honors.

Volum. I haue liued,
To ſee inherited my very Wiſhes,
And the Buildings of my Fancie:
Onely there's one thing wanting,
Which (I doubt not) but our Rome
Will caſt vpon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother,
I had rather be their ſeruant in my way,
Then ſway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitall. *Flouriſh. Cornets.*

Exeunt in State, as before.

The Tribunes remain. *Enter*

Enter Brutus and Scicinius.

Bru. All tongues ſpeake of him, and the bleared ſights
Are ſpectacled to ſee him. Your pratling Nurſe
Into a rapture lets her Baby crie,
While ſhe chats him: the Kitchin *Malkin* pinnes
Her richeſt Lockram 'bout her reechie necke,
Clambring the Walls to eye him:
Stalls, Bulkes, Windowes, are ſmother'd vp,
Leades fill'd, and Ridges hors'd
With variable Complexions; all agreeing
In earneſtneſſe to ſee him: feld-ſhowne Flamins
Doe preſſe among the popular Throngs, and puffe
To winne a vulgar ſtation: our veyl'd Dames
Commit the Warre of White and Damaske
In their nicely gawded Cheekes, toth' wanton ſpoyle
Of *Phœbus* burning Kiſſes: ſuch a poother,
As if that whatſoeuer God, who leades him,
Were ſlyly crept into his humane powers,
And gaue him gracefull poſture.

Scicin. On the ſuddaine, I warrant him Conſull.

Brutus. Then our Office may, during his power, goe ſleepe.

Scicin. He cannot temp'rately tranſport his Honors,
From where he ſhould begin, and end, but will
Loſe thoſe he hath wonne.

Brutus. In that there's comfort.

Scici. Doubt not,
The Commoners, for whom we ſtand, but they
Vpon their ancient mallice, will forget
With the leaſt cauſe, theſe his new Honors,
Which that he will giue them, make I as little queſtion,
As he is prowd to doo't.

Brutus. I heard him ſweare,
Were he to ſtand for Conſull, neuer would he
Appeare i'th'Market place, nor on him put
The Naples Veſture of Humilitie, *Napleſs m.e.*
Nor ſhewing (as the manner is) his Wounds
Toth' People, begge their ſtinking Breaths.

Scicin. 'Tis right.

Brutus. It was his word:
Oh he would miſſe it, rather then carry it,
But by the ſuite of the Gentry to him,
And the deſire of the Nobles.

Scicin. I wiſh no better, then haue him hold that purpoſe, and to put it in execution.

Brutus. 'Tis moſt like he will.

Scicin. It ſhall be to him then, as our good wills; a ſure deſtruction.

Brutus. So it muſt fall out
To him, or our Authorities, for an end.
We muſt ſuggeſt the People, in what hatred
He ſtill hath held them: that to's power he would
Haue made them Mules, ſilenc'd their Pleaders,
portioned 32 And diſpropertied their Freedomes; holding them,
In humane Action, and Capacitie,
Of no more Soule, nor fitneſſe for the World,
Then Cammels in their Warre, who haue their Prouand
Onely for bearing Burthens, and ſore blowes
For ſinking vnder them.

Scicin. This (as you ſay) ſuggeſted,
At ſome time, when his ſoaring Inſolence
Shall teach the People, which time ſhall not want,
If he be put vpon't, and that's as eaſie,
As to ſet Dogges on Sheepe, will be his fire
To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze
Shall darken him for euer.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Brutus. What's the matter?

Meſſ. You are ſent for to the Capitoll:
'Tis thought, that *Martius* ſhall be Conſull:
I haue ſeene the dumbe men throng to ſee him, *their m.e.*
And the blind to heare him ſpeak: Matrons flong Gloues,
Ladies and Maids their Scarffes, and Handkerchers,
Vpon him as he paſs'd: the Nobles bended
As to *Ioues* Statue, and the Commons made
A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showts:
I neuer ſaw the like.

Brutus. Let's to the Capitoll,
And carry with vs Eares and Eyes for th' time,
But Hearts for the euent.

Scicin. Haue with you. *Act II. Scene II. The ſame. The capitol m.e.* *Exeunt.*

Enter two Officers, to lay Cuſhions, as it were, in the Capitoll. *omitted m.e.*

1. *Off.* Come, come, they are almoſt here: how many ſtand for Conſulſhips?

2. *Off.* Three, they ſay: but 'tis thought of euery one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.

1. *Off.* That's a braue fellow: but hee's vengeance prowd, and loues not the common people.

2. *Off.* 'Faith, there hath beene many great men that haue flatter'd the people, who ne're loued them; and there be many that they haue loued, they know not wherefore: ſo that if they loue they know not why, they hate vpon no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neyther to care whether they loue, or hate him, manifeſts the true knowledge he ha's in their diſpoſition, and out of his Noble careleſneſſe lets them plainely ſee't.

1. *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their loue, or no, hee waued indifferently, 'twixt doing them neyther good, nor harme: but hee ſeekes their hate with greater deuotion, then they can render it him; and leaues nothing vndone, that may fully diſcouer him their oppoſite. Now to ſeeme to affect the mallice and diſpleaſure of the People, is as bad, as that which he diſlikes, to flatter them for their loue.

2. *Off.* Hee hath deſerued worthily of his Countrey, and his aſſent is not by ſuch eaſie degrees as thoſe, who hauing beene ſupple and courteous to the People, Bonnetted, without any further deed, to haue them at all into their eſtimation, and report: but hee hath ſo planted his Honors in their Eyes, and his actions in their Hearts, that for their Tongues to be ſilent, and not confeſſe ſo much, were a kinde of ingratefull Iniurie: to report otherwiſe, were a Mallice, that giuing it ſelfe the Lye, would plucke reproofe and rebuke from euery Eare that heard it.

1. *Off.* No more of him, hee's a worthy man: make way, they are comming.

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them: Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Conſul: Scicinius and Brutus take their places by themſelues: Coriolanus ſtands.

Menen. Hauing determin'd of the Volces,
And to ſend for *Titus Lartius:* it remaines,
As the maine Point of this our after-meeting,

To

E. Edwards del. M. Darrell sculp.

—I have wounds to shew you, which shall be yours in private.

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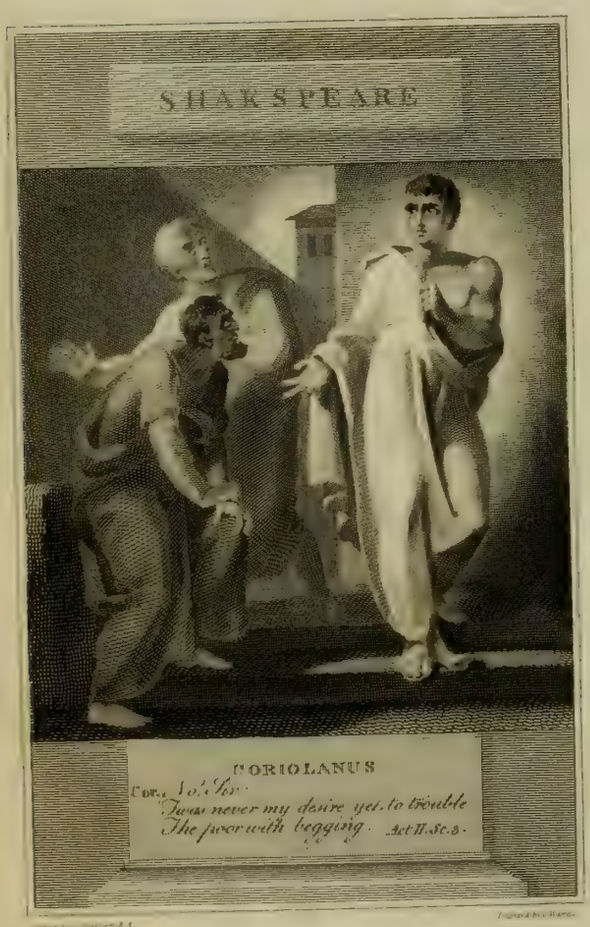

To gratifie his Noble ſeruice, that hath
Thus ſtood for his Countrey. Therefore pleaſe you,
Moſt reuerend and graue Elders, to deſire
The preſent Conſull, and laſt Generall,
In our well-found Succeſſes, to report
A little of that worthy Worke, perform'd
By *Martius Caius Coriolanus:* whom
We met here, both to thanke, and to remember,
With Honors like himſelfe.

1.*Sen.* Speake, good *Cominius:*
Leaue nothing out for length, and make vs thinke
Rather our ſtates defectiue for requitall,
Then we to ſtretch it out. Maſters a'th' People,
We doe requeſt your kindeſt eares: and after
Your louing motion toward the common Body,
To yeeld what paſſes here.

Scicin. We are conuented vpon a pleaſing Treatie, and haue hearts inclinable to honor and aduance the Theame of our Aſſembly.

Brutus. Which the rather wee ſhall be bleſt to doe, if he remember a kinder value of the People, then he hath hereto priz'd them at.

Menen. That's off, that's off: I would you rather had been ſilent: Pleaſe you to heare *Cominius* ſpeake?

Brutus. Moſt willingly: but yet my Caution was more pertinent then the rebuke you giue it.

Menen. He loues your People, but tye him not to be their Bed-fellow: Worthie *Cominius* ſpeake.

Coriolanus riſes, and offers to goe away.

Nay, keepe your place.

Senat. Sit *Coriolanus:* neuer ſhame to heare
What you haue Nobly done.

Coriol. Your Honors pardon:
I had rather haue my Wounds to heale againe,
Then heare ſay how I got them.

Brutus. Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not?

Coriol. No Sir: yet oft,
When blowes haue made me ſtay, I fled from words.
You ſooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your People,
I loue them as they weigh—

Menen. Pray now ſit downe.

Corio. I had rather haue one ſcratch my Head i'th' Sun,
When the Alarum were ſtrucke, then idly ſit
To heare my Nothings monſter'd. *Exit Coriolanus*

Menen. Maſters of the People,
Your multiplying Spawne, how can he flatter?
That's thouſand to one good one, when you now ſee
He had rather venture all his Limbes for Honor,
Then on ones Eares to heare it. Proceed *Cominius.*

Com. I ſhall lacke voyce: the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be vtter'd feebly: it is held,
That Valour is the chiefeſt Vertue,
And moſt dignifies the hauer: if it be,
The man I ſpeake of, cannot in the World
Be ſingly counter-poys'd. At ſixteene yeeres,
When *Tarquin* made a Head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all prayſe I point at, ſaw him fight,
When with his Amazonian Shinne he droue
The brizled Lippes before him: he beſtrid
An o're-preſt Roman, and i'th' Conſuls view
Slew three Oppoſers: *Tarquins* ſelfe he met,
And ſtrucke him on his Knee: in that dayes feates,
When he might act the Woman in the Scene,
He prou'd beſt man i'th' field, and for his meed
Was Brow-bound with the Oake. His Pupill age
Man-entred thus, he waxed like a Sea,
And in the brunt of ſeuenteene Battailes ſince,
He lurcht all Swords of the Garland: for this laſt,
Before, and in Corioles, let me ſay
I cannot ſpeake him home: he ſtopt the flyers,
And by his rare example made the Coward
Turne terror into ſport: as Weeds before
A Veſſell vnder ſayle, ſo men obey'd,
And fell below his Stem: his Sword, Deaths ſtampe,
Where it did marke, it tooke from face to foot:
He was a thing of Blood, whoſe euery motion
Was tim'd with dying Cryes: alone he entred
The mortall Gate of th'Citie, which he painted
With ſhunleſſe deſtinie: aydeleſſe came off,
And with a ſudden re-inforcement ſtrucke
Carioles like a Planet: now all's his,
When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce
His readie ſence: then ſtraight his doubled ſpirit
Requickned what in fleſh was fatigate,
And to the Battaile came he, where he did
Runne reeking o're the liues of men, as if 'twere
A perpetuall ſpoyle: and till we call'd
Both Field and Citie ours, he neuer ſtood
To eaſe his Breſt with panting.

Menen. Worthy man.

Senat. He cannot but with meaſure fit the Honors which we deuiſe him.

Com. Our ſpoyles he kickt at,
And look'd vpon things precious, as they were
The common Muck of the World: he couets leſſe
Then Miſerie it ſelfe would giue, rewards his deeds
With doing them, and is content
To ſpend the time, to end it.

Menen. Hee's right Noble, let him be call'd for.

Senat. Call *Coriolanus.*

Off. He doth appeare.

Enter Coriolanus.

Menen. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd to make thee Conſull.

Corio. I doe owe them ſtill my Life, and Seruices.

Menen. It then remaines, that you doe ſpeake to the People.

Corio. I doe beſeech you,
Let me o're-leape that cuſtome: for I cannot
Put on the Gowne, ſtand naked, and entreat them
For my Wounds ſake, to giue their ſufferage:
Pleaſe you that I may paſſe this doing.

Scicin. Sir, the People muſt haue their Voyces,
Neyther will they bate one iot of Ceremonie.

Menen. Put them not too't:
Pray you goe fit you to the Cuſtome,
And take to you, as your Predeceſſors haue,
Your Honor with your forme.

Corio. It is a part that I ſhall bluſh in acting,
And might well be taken from the People.

Brutus. Marke you that.

Corio. To brag vnto them, thus I did, and thus
Shew them th'vnaking Skarres, which I ſhould hide,
As if I had receiu'd them for the hyre
Of their breath onely.

Menen. Doe not ſtand vpon't:
We recommend to you Tribunes of the People
Our purpoſe to them, and to our Noble Conſull
Wiſh we all Ioy, and Honor.

Senat. To

Senat. To *Coriolanus* come all ioy and Honor.

Flouriſh Cornets.

Then Exeunt. Manet Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You ſee how he intends to vſe the people.

Scicin. May they perceiue's intent: he wil require them
As if he did contemne what he requeſted,
Should be in them to giue.

Bru. Come, wee'l informe them
Of our proceedings heere on th'Market place,
I know they do attend vs.

Enter ſeuen or eight Citizens.

1. *Cit.* Once if he do require our voyces, wee ought not to deny him.

2. *Cit.* We may Sir if we will.

3. *Cit.* We haue power in our ſelues to do it, but it is a power that we haue no power to do: For, if hee ſhew vs his wounds, and tell vs his deeds, we are to put our tongues into thoſe wounds, and ſpeake for them: So if he tel vs his Noble deeds, we muſt alſo tell him our Noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monſtrous, and for the multitude to be ingratefull, were to make a Monſter of the multitude; of the which, we being members, ſhould bring our ſelues to be monſtrous members.

1. *Cit.* And to make vs no better thought of a little helpe will ſerue: for once we ſtood vp about the Corne, he himſelfe ſtucke not to call vs the many-headed Multitude.

3. *Cit.* We haue beene call'd ſo of many, not that our heads are ſome browne, ſome blacke, ſome Abram, ſome bald; but that our wits are ſo diuerſly Coulord; and truely I thinke, if all our wittes were to iſſue out of one Scull, they would flye Eaſt, Weſt, North, South, and their conſent of one direct way, ſhould be at once to all the points a'th Compaſſe.

2. *Cit.* Thinke you ſo? Which way do you iudge my wit would flye.

3. *Cit.* Nay your wit will not ſo ſoone out as another mans will, 'tis ſtrongly wadg'd vp in a blocke-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould ſure Southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To looſe it ſelfe in a Fogge, where being three parts melted away with rotten Dewes, the fourth would returne for Conſcience ſake, to helpe to get thee a Wife.

2 *Cit.* You are neuer without your trickes, you may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all reſolu'd to giue your voyces? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I ſay. If hee would incline to the people, there was neuer a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility, with Menenius.

Heere he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, marke his behauiour: we are not to ſtay altogether, but to come by him where he ſtands, by ones, by twoes, & by threes. He's to make his requeſts by particulars, wherein euerie one of vs ha's a ſingle Honor, in giuing him our own voices with our owne tongues, therefore follow me, and Ile direct you how you ſhall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right: haue you not knowne
The worthieſt men haue done't?

Corio. What muſt I ſay, I pray Sir?
Plague vpon't, I cannot bring
My tougne to ſuch a pace. Looke Sir, my wounds,
I got them in my Countries Seruice, when
Some certaine of your Brethren roar'd, and ranne
From th'noiſe of our owne Drummes.

Menen. Oh me the Gods, you muſt not ſpeak of that,
You muſt deſire them to thinke vpon you.

Coriol. Thinke vpon me? Hang 'em,
I would they would forget me, like the Vertues
Which our Diuines loſe by em.

Men. You'l marre all,
Ile leaue you: Pray you ſpeake to em, I pray you
In wholſome manner. *Exit*

Enter three of the Citizens.

Corio. Bid them waſh their Faces,
And keepe their teeth cleane: So, heere comes a brace,
You know the cauſe (Sir) of my ſtanding heere.

3 *Cit.* We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you too't.

Corio. Mine owne deſert.

2 *Cit.* Your owne deſert.

Corio. I, but mine owne deſire.

3 *Cit.* How not your owne deſire?

Corio. No Sir, 'twas neuer my deſire yet to trouble the poore with begging.

3 *Cit.* You muſt thinke if we giue you any thing, we hope to gaine by you.

Corio. Well then I pray, your price a'th'Conſulſhip.

1 *Cit.* The price is, to aske it kindly.

Corio. Kindly ſir, I pray let me ha't: I haue wounds to ſhew you, which ſhall bee yours in priuate: your good voice Sir, what ſay you?

2 *Cit.* You ſhall ha't worthy Sir.

Corio. A match Sir, there's in all two worthie voyces begg'd: I haue your Almes, Adieu.

3 *Cit.* But this is ſomething odde.

2 *Cit.* And 'twere to giue againe: but 'tis no matter.

Exeunt. *Enter two other Citizens.*

Coriol. Pray you now, if it may ſtand with the tune of your voices, that I may bee Conſull, I haue heere the Cuſtomarie Gowne.

1. You haue deſerued Nobly of your Countrey, and you haue not deſerued Nobly.

Coriol. Your Ænigma.

1. You haue bin a ſcourge to her enemies, you haue bin a Rod to her Friends, you haue not indeede loued the Common people.

Coriol. You ſhould account mee the more Vertuous, that I haue not bin common in my Loue, I will ſir flatter my ſworne Brother the people to earne a deerer eſtimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: & ſince the wiſedome of their choice, is rather to haue my Hat, then my Heart, I will practice the inſinuating nod, and be off to them moſt counterfetly, that is ſir, I will counterfet the bewitchment of ſome popular man, and giue it bountifull to the deſirers: Therefore beſeech you, I may be Conſull.

2. Wee hope to finde you our friend: and therefore giue you our voices heartily.

1. You haue receyued many wounds for your Countrey.

Coriol. I wil not Seale your knowledge with ſhewing them. I will make much of your voyces, and ſo trouble you no farther.

Both. The Gods giue you ioy Sir heartily.

Coriol. Moſt ſweet Voyces:
Better it is to dye, better to ſterue,
Then craue the higher, which firſt we do deſerue.
Why in this Wooluiſh tongue ſhould I ſtand heere,
To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeere

Their

Their needleſſe Vouches: Cuſtome calls me too't.
What Cuſtome wills in all things, ſhould we doo't?
The Duſt on antique Time would lye vnſwept,
And mountainous Error be too highly heapt,
For Truth to o're-peere. Rather then foole it ſo,
Let the high Office and the Honor go
To one that would doe thus. I am halfe through,
The one part ſuffered, the other will I doe.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come moe Voyces.
Your Voyces? for your Voyces I haue fought,
Watcht for your Voyces: for your Voyces, beare
Of Wounds, two dozen odde: Battailes thrice ſix
I haue ſeene, and heard of: for your Voyces,
Haue done many things, ſome leſſe, ſome more:
Your Voyces? Indeed I would be Conſull.

1.*Cit.* Hee ha's done Nobly, and cannot goe without any honeſt mans Voyce.

2.*Cit.* Therefore let him be Conſull: the Gods giue him ioy, and make him good friend to the People.

All. Amen, Amen. God ſaue thee, Noble Conſull.

Corio. Worthy Voyces.

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Scicinius.

Mene. You haue ſtood your Limitation:
And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voyce,
Remaines, that in th'Officiall Markes inueſted,
You anon doe meet the Senate.

Corio. Is this done?

Scicin. The Cuſtome of Requeſt you haue diſcharg'd:
The People doe admit you, and are ſummon'd
To meet anon, vpon your approbation.

Corio. Where? at the Senate-houſe?

Scicin. There, *Coriolanus.*

Corio. May I change theſe Garments?

Scicin. You may, Sir.

Cori. That Ile ſtraight do: and knowing my ſelfe again,
Repayre toth'Senate-houſe.

Mene. Ile keepe you company. Will you along?

Brut. We ſtay here for the People.

Scicin. Fare you well. *Exeunt Coriol. and Mene.*
He ha's it now: and by his Lookes, me thinkes,
'Tis warme at's heart.

Brut. With a prowd heart he wore his humble Weeds:
Will you diſmiſſe the People?

Enter the Plebeians.

Scici. How now, my Maſters, haue you choſe this man?

1.*Cit.* He ha's our Voyces, Sir.

Brut. We pray the Gods, he may deſerue your loues.

2.*Cit.* Amen, Sir: to my poore vnworthy notice,
He mock'd vs, when he begg'd our Voyces.

3.*Cit.* Certainely, he flowted vs downe-right.

1.*Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of ſpeech, he did not mock vs.

2.*Cit.* Not one amongſt vs, ſaue your ſelfe, but ſayes
He vs'd vs ſcornefully: he ſhould haue ſhew'd vs
His Marks of Merit, Wounds receiu'd for's Countrey.

Scicin. Why ſo he did, I am ſure.

All. No, no: no man ſaw 'em.

3.*Cit.* Hee ſaid hee had Wounds,
Which he could ſhew in priuate:
And with his Hat, thus wauing it in ſcorne,
I would be Conſull, ſayes he: aged Cuſtome,
But by your Voyces, will not ſo permit me,
Your Voyces therefore: when we graunted that,
Here was, I thanke you for your Voyces, thanke you
Your moſt ſweet Voyces: now you haue left your Voyces,
I haue no further with you. Was not this mockerie?

Scicin. Why eyther were you ignorant to ſee't?
Or ſeeing it, of ſuch Childiſh friendlineſſe,
To yeeld your Voyces?

Brut. Could you not haue told him,
As you were leſſon'd: When he had no Power,
But was a pettie ſeruant to the State,
He was your Enemie, euer ſpake againſt
Your Liberties, and the Charters that you beare
I'th'Body of the Weale: and now arriuing
A place of Potencie, and ſway o'th'State,
If he ſhould ſtill malignantly remaine
Faſt Foe toth'*Plebeij*, your Voyces might
Be Curſes to your ſelues. You ſhould haue ſaid,
That as his worthy deeds did clayme no leſſe
Then what he ſtood for: ſo his gracious nature
Would thinke vpon you, for your Voyces,
And tranſlate his Mallice towards you, into Loue,
Standing your friendly Lord.

Scicin. Thus to haue ſaid,
As you were fore-aduis'd, had toucht his Spirit,
And try'd his Inclination: from him pluckt
Eyther his gracious Promiſe, which you might
As cauſe had call'd you vp, haue held him to;
Or elſe it would haue gall'd his ſurly nature,
Which eaſily endures not Article,
Tying him to ought, ſo putting him to Rage,
You ſhould haue ta'ne th'aduantage of his Choller,
And paſs'd him vnelected.

Brut. Did you perceiue,
He did ſollicite you in free Contempt,
When he did need your Loues: and doe you thinke,
That his Contempt ſhall not be bruſing to you,
When he hath power to cruſh? Why, had your Bodyes
No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry
Againſt the Rectorſhip of Iudgement?

Scicin. Haue you, ere now, deny'd the asker:
And now againe, of him that did not aske, but mock,
Beſtow your ſu'd-for Tongues?

3.*Cit.* Hee's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2.*Cit.* And will deny him:
Ile haue fiue hundred Voyces of that ſound.

1.*Cit.* I twice fiue hundred, & their friends, to piece 'em.

Brut. Get you hence inſtantly, and tell thoſe friends,
They haue choſe a Conſull, that will from them take
Their Liberties, make them of no more Voyce
Then Dogges, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to doe ſo.

Scici. Let them aſſemble: and on a ſafer Iudgement,
All reuoke your ignorant election: Enforce his Pride,
And his old Hate vnto you: beſides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble Weed,
How in his Suit he ſcorn'd you: but your Loues,
Thinking vpon his Seruices, tooke from you
Th'apprehenſion of his preſent portance,
Which moſt gibingly, vngrauely, he did faſhion
After the inueterate Hate he beares you.

Brut. Lay a fault on vs, your Tribunes,
That we labour'd (no impediment betweene)
But that you muſt caſt your Election on him.

Scici. Say you choſe him, more after our commandment,
Then as guided by your owne true affections, and that
Your Minds pre-occupy'd with what you rather muſt do,
Then what you ſhould, made you againſt the graine
To Voyce him Conſull. Lay the fault on vs.

Brut. I, ſpare vs not: Say, we read Lectures to you,
How youngly he began to ſerue his Countrey,
How long continued, and what ſtock he ſprings of,
The Noble Houſe, o'th'*Martians:* from whence came
That *Ancus Martius*, *Numaes* Daughters Sonne:
Who after great *Hoſtilius* here was King,
Of the ſame Houſe *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our beſt Water, brought by Conduits hither,*1
And Nobly nam'd, ſo twice being Cenſor,
Was his great Anceſtor.
Scicin. One thus deſcended,
That hath beſide well in his perſon wrought,
To be ſet high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you haue found,
Skaling his preſent bearing with his paſt,
That hee's your fixed enemie; and reuoke
Your ſuddaine approbation.
Brut. Say you ne're had don't,
(Harpe on that ſtill) but by our putting on:
And preſently, when you haue drawne your number,
Repaire toth'Capitoll.
All. We will ſo: almoſt all repent in their election.
Exeunt Plebeians.
Brut. Let them goe on:
This Mutinie were better put in hazard,
Then ſtay paſt doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refuſall, both obſerue and anſwer
The vantage of his anger.
Scicin. Toth'Capitoll, come:
We will be there before the ſtreame o'th'People:
And this ſhall ſeeme, as partly 'tis, their owne,
Which we haue goaded on-ward. *Exeunt.*

Scene I. *Actus Tertius.*

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Latius, and other Senators.
Corio. Tullus Auffidius then had made new head.
Latius. He had, my Lord, and that it was which caus'd
Our ſwifter Compoſition.
Corio. So then the Volces ſtand but as at firſt,
Readie when time ſhall prompt them, to make roade
Vpon's againe.
Com. They are worne (Lord Conſull) ſo,
That we ſhall hardly in our ages ſee
Their Banners waue againe.
Corio. Saw you *Auffidius*?
Latius. On ſafegard he came to me, and did curſe
Againſt the Volces, for they had ſo vildly
Yeelded the Towne: he is retyred to Antium.
Corio. Spoke he of me?
Latius. He did, my Lord.
Corio. How? what?
Latius. How often he had met you Sword to Sword:
That of all things vpon the Earth, he hated
Your perſon moſt: That he would pawne his fortunes
To hopeleſſe reſtitution, ſo he might
Be call'd your Vanquiſher.
Corio. At Antium liues he?
Latius. At Antium.
Corio. I wiſh I had a cauſe to ſeeke him there,
To oppoſe his hatred fully. Welcome home.
Enter Scicinius and Brutus.
Behold, theſe are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o'th'Common Mouth. I do deſpiſe them:
For they doe pranke them in Authoritie,
Againſt all Noble ſufferance.
Scicin. Paſſe no further.
Cor. Hah? what is that?
Brut. It will be dangerous to goe on—No further.
Corio. What makes this change?
Mene. The matter?
Com. Hath he not paſs'd the Noble, and the Common?
Brut. Cominius, no.
Corio. Haue I had Childrens Voyces?
Senat. Tribunes giue way, he ſhall toth'Market place.
Brut. The People are incens'd againſt him.
Scicin. Stop, or all will fall in broyle.
Corio. Are theſe your Heard?
Muſt theſe haue Voyces, that can yeeld them now,
And ſtraight diſclaim their toungs? what are your Offices?
You being their Mouthes, why rule you not their Teeth?
Haue you not ſet them on?
Mene. Be calme, be calme.
Corio. It is a purpos'd thing, and growes by Plot,
To curbe the will of the Nobilitie:
Suffer't, and liue with ſuch as cannot rule,
Nor euer will be ruled.
Brut. Call't not a Plot:
The People cry you mockt them: and of late,
When Corne was giuen them *gratis*, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them
Time-pleaſers, flatterers, foes to Nobleneſſe.
Corio. Why this was knowne before.
Brut. Not to them all.
Corio. Haue you inform'd them ſithence?
Brut. How? I informe them?
Com. You are like to doe ſuch buſineſſe.
Brut. Not vnlike each way to better yours.
Corio. Why then ſhould I be Conſull? by yond Clouds
Let me deſerue ſo ill as you, and make me
Your fellow Tribune.
Scicin. You ſhew too much of that,
For which the People ſtirre: if you will paſſe
To where you are bound, you muſt enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler ſpirit,
Or neuer be ſo Noble as a Conſull,
Nor yoake with him for Tribune.
Mene. Let's be calme.
Com. The People are abus'd: ſet on, this paltring
Becomes not Rome: nor ha's *Coriolanus*
Deſeru'd this ſo diſhonor'd Rub, layd falſely
I'th'plaine Way of his Merit.
Corio. Tell me of Corne: this was my ſpeech,
And I will ſpeak't againe.
Mene. Not now, not now.
Senat. Not in this heat, Sir, now.
Corio. Now as I liue, I will.
My Nobler friends, I craue their pardons:
For the mutable ranke-ſented Meynie,
Let them regard me, as I doe not flatter,
And therein behold themſelues: I ſay againe,
In ſoothing them, we nouriſh 'gainſt our Senate
The Cockle of Rebellion, Inſolence, Sedition,
Which we our ſelues haue plowed for, ſow'd, & ſcatter'd,
By mingling them with vs, the honor'd Number,
Who lack not Vertue, no, nor Power, but that
Which they haue giuen to Beggers.
Mene. Well, no more.
Senat. No more words, we beſeech you.
Corio. How? no more?

As

*1 and Cominius Darling of the people.
"This line was added by Pope very properly" Theobald

As for my Country, I haue ſhed my blood,
Not fearing outward force: So ſhall my Lungs
Coine words till their decay, againſt thoſe Meazels
Which we diſdaine ſhould Tetter vs, yet ſought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You ſpeake a'th'people, as if you were a God,
To puniſh; Not a man, of their Infirmity.
Sicin. 'Twere well we let the people know't.
Mene. What, what? His Choller?
Cor. Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight ſleep,
By Ioue, 'twould be my minde.
Sicin. It is a minde that ſhall remain a poiſon
Where it is: not poyſon any further.
Corio. Shall remaine?
Heare you this Triton of the *Minnoues*? Marke you
His abſolute Shall?
Com. 'Twas from the Cannon.
Cor. Shall? O God! but moſt vnwiſe Patricians: why
You graue, but wreakleſſe Senators, haue you thus
Giuen Hidra heere ſo chooſe an Officer,
That with his peremptory Shall, being but
The horne, and noiſe o'th'Monſters, wants not ſpirit
To ſay, hee'l turne your Current in a ditch,
And make your Channell his? If he haue power,
Then vale your Ignorance: If none, awake
Your dangerous Lenity: If you are Learn'd,
Be not as common Fooles; if you are not,
Let them haue Cuſhions by you. You are Plebeians,
If they be Senators: and they are no leſſe,
When both your voices blended, the great'ſt taſte
Moſt pallates theirs. They chooſe their Magiſtrate,
And ſuch a one as he, who puts his Shall,
His popular Shall, againſt a grauer Bench
Then euer frown'd in Greece. By Ioue himſelfe,
It makes the Conſuls baſe; and my Soule akes
To know, when two Authorities are vp,
Neither Supreame; How ſoone Confuſion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th'other.
Com. Well, on to'th'Market place.
Corio. Who euer gaue that Counſell, to giue forth
The Corne a'th'Store-houſe gratis, as 'twas vs'd
Sometime in Greece.
Mene. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. Thogh there the people had more abſolute powre
I ſay they noriſht diſobedience: fed, the ruin of the State.
Bru. Why ſhall the people giue
One that ſpeakes thus, their voyce?
Corio. Ile giue my Reaſons,
More worthier then their Voyces. They know the Corne
Was not our recompence, reſting well aſſur'd
They ne're did ſeruice for't; being preſt to'th'Warre,
Euen when the Nauell of the State was touch'd,
They would not thred the Gates: This kinde of Seruice
Did not deſerue Corne gratis. Being i'th'Warre,
Their Mutinies and Reuolts, wherein they ſhew'd
Moſt Valour, ſpoke not for them. Th'Accuſation
Which they haue often made againſt the Senate,
All cauſe vnborne, could neuer be the Natiue
Of our ſo franke Donation. Well, what then?
How ſhall this Boſome-multiplied, digeſt
The Senates Courteſie? Let deeds expreſſe
What's like to be their words, We did requeſt it,
We are the greater pole, and in true feare
They gaue vs our demands. Thus we debaſe
The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble
Call our Cares, Feares; which will in time
Breake ope the Lockes a'th'Senate, and bring in
The Crowes to pecke the Eagles.
Mene. Come enough.
Bru. Enough, with ouer meaſure.
Corio. No, take more,
What may be ſworne by, both Diuine and Humane,
Seale what I end withall. This double worſhip,
Whereon part do's diſdaine with cauſe, the other
Inſult without all reaſon: where Gentry, Title, wiſedom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of generall Ignorance, it muſt omit
Reall Neceſſities, and giue way the while
To vnſtable Slightneſſe. Purpoſe ſo barr'd, it followes,
Nothing is done to purpoſe. Therefore beſeech you,
You that will be leſſe fearefull, then diſcreet,
That loue the fundamentall part of State,
More then you doubt the change on't: That preferre
A Noble life, before a Long, and Wiſh,
To iumpe a Body with a dangerous Phyſicke,
That's ſure of death without it: at once plucke out
The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not licke
The ſweet which is their poyſon. Your diſhonor
Mangles true iudgement, and bereaues the State
Of that Integrity which ſhould becom't:
Not hauing the power to do the good it would
For th'ill which doth controul't.
Bru. Has ſaid enough.
Sicin. Ha's ſpoken like a Traitor, and ſhall anſwer
As Traitors do.
Corio. Thou wretch, deſpight ore-whelme thee:
What ſhould the people do with theſe bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience failes
To'th'greater Bench, in a Rebellion:
When what's not meet, but what muſt be, was Law,
Then were they choſen: in a better houre,
Let what is meet, be ſaide it muſt be meet,
And throw their power i'th'duſt.
Bru. Manifeſt Treaſon.
Sicin. This a Conſull? No.
Enter an Ædile.
Bru. The Ediles hoe: Let him be apprehended:
Sicin. Go call the people, in whoſe name my Selfe
Attach thee as a Traitorous Innouator:
A Foe to'th'publike Weale. Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine anſwer.
Corio. Hence old Goat.
All. Wee'l Surety him.
Com. Ag'd ſir, hands off.
Corio. Hence rotten thing, or I ſhall ſhake thy bones
Out of thy Garments.
Sicin, Helpe ye Citizens.
Enter a rabble of Plebeians with the Ædiles.
Mene. On both ſides more reſpect.
Sicin. Heere's hee, that would take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him *Ædiles.*
All. Downe with him, downe with him.
2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons:
They all buſtle about Coriolanus.
Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho:
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens.
All. Peace, peace, peace, ſtay, hold, peace.
Mene. What is about to be? I am out of Breath,
Confuſions neere, I cannot ſpeake. You, Tribunes
To'th'people: *Coriolanus,* patience: Speak good *Sicinius.*

Scici. Heare me, People peace.

All. Let's here our Tribune: peace, ſpeake, ſpeake, ſpeake.

Scici. You are at point to loſe your Liberties: *Martius* would haue all from you; *Martius*, Whom late you haue nam'd for Conſull.

Mene. Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sena. To vnbuild the Citie, and to lay all flat.

Scici. What is the Citie, but the People?

All. True, the People are the Citie.

Brut. By the conſent of all, we were eſtabliſh'd the Peoples Magiſtrates.

All. You ſo remaine.

Mene. And ſo are like to doe.

Com. That is the way to lay the Citie flat, To bring the Roofe to the Foundation, And burie all, which yet diſtinctly raunges In heapes, and piles of Ruine.

Scici. This deſerues Death.

Brut. Or let vs ſtand to our Authoritie, Or let vs loſe it: we doe here pronounce, Vpon the part o'th'People, in whoſe power We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy Of preſent Death.

Scici. Therefore lay hold of him: Beare him toth'Rock Tarpeian, and from thence Into deſtruction caſt him.

Brut. Ædiles ſeize him.

All Ple. Yeeld *Martius*, yeeld.

Mene. Heare me one word, 'beſeech you Tribunes, heare me but a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Mene. Be that you ſeeme, truly your Countries friend, And temp'rately proceed to what you would Thus violently redreſſe.

Brut. Sir, thoſe cold wayes, That ſeeme like prudent helpes, are very poyſonous, Where the Diſeaſe is violent. Lay hands vpon him, And beare him to the Rock. *Corio. drawes his Sword.*

Corio. No, Ile die here: There's ſome among you haue beheld me fighting, Come trie vpon your ſelues, what you haue ſeene me.

Mene. Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw a while.

Brut. Lay hands vpon him.

Mene. Helpe *Martius*, helpe: you that be noble, helpe him young and old.

All. Downe with him, downe with him. *Exeunt.*

In this Mutinie, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People are beat in.

Mene. Goe, get you to our Houſe: be gone, away, All will be naught elſe.

2. *Sena.* Get you gone.

Com. Stand faſt, we haue as many friends as enemies.

Mene. Shall it be put to that?

Sena. The Gods forbid: I prythee noble friend, home to thy Houſe, Leaue vs to cure this Cauſe.

Mene. For 'tis a Sore vpon vs, You cannot Tent your ſelfe: be gone, 'beſeech you.

Corio. Come Sir, along with vs.

Mene. I would they were Barbarians, as they are, Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not, Though calued i'th'Porch o'th'Capitoll: Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue, One time will owe another.

Corio. On faire ground, I could beat fortie of them.

Mene. I could my ſelfe take vp a Brace o'th'beſt of them, yea, the two Tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis oddes beyond Arithmetick, And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it ſtands Againſt a falling Fabrick. Will you hence, Before the Tagge returne? whoſe Rage doth rend Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare What they are vs'd to beare.

Mene. Pray you be gone: Ile trie whether my old Wit be in requeſt With thoſe that haue but little: this muſt be patcht With Cloth of any Colour.

Com. Nay, come away. *Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*

Patri. This man ha's marr'd his fortune.

Mene. His nature is too noble for the World: He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident, Or *Ioue*, for's power to Thunder: his Heart's his Mouth: What his Breſt forges, that his Tongue muſt vent, And being angry, does forget that euer He heard the Name of Death. *A Noiſe within.* Here's goodly worke.

Patri. I would they were a bed.

Mene. I would they were in Tyber. What the vengeance, could he not ſpeake 'em faire?

Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble againe.

Sicin. Where is this Viper, That would depopulate the city, & be euery man himſelf

Mene. You worthy Tribunes.

Sicin. He ſhall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rock With rigorous hands: he hath reſiſted Law, And therefore Law ſhall ſcorne him further Triall Then the ſeuerity of the publike Power, Which he ſo ſets at naught.

1 *Cit.* He ſhall well know the Noble Tribunes are The peoples mouths, and we their hands.

All. He ſhall ſure ont.

Mene. Sir, ſir.

Sicin. Peace.

Mene. Do not cry hauocke, where you ſhold but hunt With modeſt warrant.

Sicin. Sir, how com'ſt that you haue holpe To make this reſcue?

Mene. Heere me ſpeake? As I do know The Conſuls worthineſſe, ſo can I name his Faults.

Sicin. Conſull? what Conſull?

Mene. The Conſull *Coriolanus*.

Bru. He Conſull.

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Mene. If by the Tribunes leaue, And yours good people, I may be heard, I would craue a word or two, The which ſhall turne you to no further harme, Then ſo much loſſe of time.

Sic. Speake breefely then, For we are peremptory to diſpatch This Viporous Traitor: to eiect him hence Were but one danger, and to keepe him heere Our certaine death: therefore it is decreed, He dyes to night.

Menen. Now the good Gods forbid, That our renowned Rome, whoſe gratitude Towards her deſerued Children, is enroll'd In Ioues owne Booke, like an vnnaturall Dam Should now eate vp her owne.

Sicin.

Sicin. He's a Diſeaſe that muſt be cut away.
Mene. Oh he's a Limbe, that ha's but a Diſeaſe
Mortall, to cut it off: to cure it, eaſie.
What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath loſt
(Which I dare vouch, is more then that he hath
By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country:
And what is left, to looſe it by his Countrey,
Were to vs all that doo't, and ſuffer it omitted 32
A brand to th'end a'th World.
Sicin. This is cleane kamme.
Brut. Meerely awry:
When he did loue his Country, it honour'd him.
Menen. The ſeruice of the foote
Being once gangren'd, is not then reſpected
For what before it was.
Bru. Wee'l heare no more:
Purſue him to his houſe, and plucke him thence,
Leaſt his infection being of catching nature, omitted 32
Spred further.
Menen. One word more, one word:
This Tiger-footed-rage, when it ſhall find
The harme of vnskan'd ſwiftneſſe, will (too late)
Tye Leaden pounds too's heeles. Proceed by Proceſſe,
Leaſt parties (as he is belou'd) breake out,
And ſacke great Rome with Romanes.
Brut. If it were ſo?
Sicin. What do ye talke?
Haue we not had a taſte of his Obedience?
Our Ediles ſmot: our ſelues reſiſted: come.
Mene. Conſider this: He ha's bin bred i'th'Warres
Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-ſchool'd
In boulted Language: Meale and Bran together
He throwes without diſtinction. Giue me leaue,
Ile go to him, and vndertake to bring him in peace,
Where he ſhall anſwer by a lawfull Forme omitted m.c.
(In peace) to his vtmoſt perill.
1. *Sen.* Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other courſe
Will proue to bloody: and the end of it,
Vnknowne to the Beginning.
Sic. Noble *Menenius*, be you then as the peoples officer:
Maſters, lay downe your Weapons.
Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the Market place: wee'l attend you there:
Where if you bring not *Martius*, wee'l proceede
In our firſt way.
Menen. Ile bring him to you.
Let me deſire your company: he muſt come,
Or what is worſt will follow.
Sena. Pray you let's to him. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Actus 3. Scæna 1. A room in Corio-lanus House m. c. — *Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.*

Corio. Let them pull all about mine eares, preſent me
Death on the Wheele, or at wilde Horſes heeles,
Or pile ten hilles on the Tarpeian Rocke,
That the precipitation might downe ſtretch
Below the beame of ſight; yet will I ſtill
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Noble. You do the Nobler.
Corio. I muſe my Mother
Do's not approue me further, who was wont
To call them Woollen Vaſſailes, things created
To buy and ſell with Groats, to ſhew bare heads
In Congregations, to yawne, be ſtill, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance ſtood vp
To ſpeake of Peace, or Warre. I talke of you,
Why did you wiſh me milder? Would you haue me
Falſe to my Nature? Rather ſay, I play
The man I am.
Volum. Oh ſir, ſir, ſir,
I would haue had you put your power well on
Before you had worne it out.
Corio. Let go.
Vol. You might haue beene enough the man you are,
With ſtriuing leſſe to be ſo: Leſſer had bin, Scene 32
The things of your diſpoſitions, if Rowe & Theobald
You had not ſhew'd them how ye were diſpos'd
Ere they lack'd power to croſſe you.
Corio. Let them hang.
Volum. I, and burne too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you haue bin too rough, ſomthing
too rough: you muſt returne, and mend it.
Sen. There's no remedy,
Vnleſſe by not ſo doing, our good Citie
Cleaue in the midd'ſt, and periſh.
Volum. Pray be counſail'd;
I haue a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a braine, that leades my vſe of Anger
To better vantage.
Mene. Well ſaid, Noble woman: 2 m.c. Theobald
Before he ſhould thus ſtoope to'th'heart, but that
The violent fit a'th'time craues it as Phyſicke
For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can ſcarſely beare.
Corio. What muſt I do?
Mene. Returne to th'Tribunes.
Corio. Well, what then? what then?
Mene. Repent, what you haue ſpoke.
Corio. For them, I cannot do it to the Gods,
Muſt I then doo't to them?
Volum. You are too abſolute,
Though therein you can neuer be too Noble,
But when extremities ſpeake. I haue heard you ſay,
Honor and Policy, like vnſeuer'd Friends,
I'th'Warre do grow together: Grant that, and tell me
In Peace, what each of them by th'other looſe,
That they combine not there?
Corio. Tuſh, tuſh.
Mene. A good demand.
Volum. If it be Honor in your Warres, to ſeeme
The ſame you are not, which for your beſt ends
You adopt your policy: How is it leſſe or worſe
That it ſhall hold Companionſhip in Peace
With Honour, as in Warre; ſince that to both
It ſtands in like requeſt.
Corio. Why force you this?
Volum. Becauſe, that
Now it lyes you on to ſpeake to th'people:
Not by your owne inſtruction, nor by'th'matter
Which your heart prompts you, but with ſuch words to 32 — Steevens & m.c.
That are but roated in your Tongue;
Though but Baſtards, and Syllables
Of no allowance, to your boſomes truth.
Now, this no more diſhonors you at all,
Then to take in a Towne with gentle words,
Which elſe would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.
I would diſſemble with my Nature, where
My Fortunes and my Friends at ſtake, requir'd
I ſhould do ſo in Honor. I am in this

Your Wife, your Sonne: Theſe Senators, the Nobles,
And you, will rather ſhew our generall Lowts,
How you can frowne, then ſpend a fawne vpon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loues, and ſafegard
Of what that want might ruine.
Menen. Noble Lady,
Come goe with vs, ſpeake faire: you may ſalue ſo,
Not what is dangerous preſent, but the loſſe
Of what is paſt.
Volum. I pry thee now, my Sonne,
Goe to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand,
And thus farre hauing ſtretcht it (here be with them)
Thy Knee buſſing the ſtones: for in ſuch buſineſſe
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th'ignorant
More learned then the eares, wauing thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy ſtout heart,
Now humble as the ripeſt Mulberry, *That* m.c.
That will not hold the handling: or ſay to them, *Now* m.c.
Thou art their Souldier, and being bred in broyles,
Haſt not the ſoft way, which thou do'ſt confeſſe
Were fit for thee to vſe, as they to clayme,
In asking their good loues, but thou wilt frame
Thy ſelfe (forſooth) hereafter theirs ſo farre,
As thou haſt power and perſon.
Menen. This but done, *Make* m.c. *for* F. *Hammer*
Euen as ſhe ſpeakes, why their hearts were yours:
For they haue Pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpoſe.
Volum. Prythee now,
Goe, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadſt rather
Follow thine Enemie in a fierie Gulfe,
Then flatter him in a Bower. *Enter Cominius.*
Here is *Cominius.*
Com. I haue beene i'th' Market place: and Sir 'tis fit
You make ſtrong partie, or defend your ſelfe
By calmeneſſe, or by abſence: all's in anger.
Menen. Onely faire ſpeech.
Com. I thinke 'twill ſerue, if he can thereto frame his ſpirit.
Volum. He muſt, and will:
Prythee now ſay you will, and goe about it.
Corio. Muſt I goe ſhew them my vnbarb'd Sconce?
Muſt I with my baſe Tongue giue to my Noble Heart
A Lye, that it muſt beare well? I will doo't:
Yet were there but this ſingle Plot, to looſe
This Mould of *Martius*, they to duſt ſhould grinde it,
And throw't againſt the Winde. Toth' Market place:
You haue put me now to ſuch a part, which neuer
I ſhall diſcharge toth' Life. *wi'th* m.c.
Com. Come, come, wee'le prompt you.
Volum. I prythee now ſweet Son, as thou haſt ſaid
My praiſes made thee firſt a Souldier; ſo
To haue my praiſe for this, performe a part
Thou haſt not done before.
Corio. Well, I muſt doo't:
Away my diſpoſition, and poſſeſſe me
Some Harlots ſpirit: My throat of Warre be turn'd,
Which quier'd with my Drumme into a Pipe,
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voyce
That Babies lull a-ſleepe: The ſmiles of Knaues
Tent in my cheekes, and Schoole-boyes Teares take vp
The Glaſſes of my ſight: A Beggars Tongue
Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees
Who bow'd but in my Stirrop, bend like his
That hath receiu'd an Almes. I will not doo't,
Leaſt I ſurceaſe to honor mine owne truth,
And by my Bodies action, teach my Minde
A moſt inherent Baſeneſſe.
Volum. At thy choice then:
To begge of thee, it is my more diſ-honor,
Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let
Thy Mother rather feele thy Pride, then feare
Thy dangerous Stoutneſſe: for I mocke at death
With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou lift,
Thy Valiantneſſe was mine, thou ſuck'ſt it from me:
But owe thy Pride thy ſelfe.
Corio. Pray be content:
Mother, I am going to the Market place:
Chide me no more. Ile Mountebanke their Loues,
Cogge their Hearts from them, and come home belou'd
Of all the Trades in Rome. Looke, I am going:
Commend me to my Wife, Ile returne Conſull,
Or neuer truſt to what my Tongue can do
I'th way of Flattery further.
Volum. Do your will. *Exit Volumnia*
Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm your ſelf
To anſwer mildely: for they are prepar'd
With Accuſations, as I heare more ſtrong
Then are vpon you yet.
Corio. The word is, Mildely. Pray you let vs go,
Let them accuſe me by inuention: I
Will anſwer in mine Honor.
Menen. I, but mildely. *wokin* 32
Corio. Well mildely be it then, Mildely. *Exeunt*
Act III. *Scene* III. *The Same — The Forum* m.c.
Enter Sicinius and Brutus.
Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannicall power: If he euade vs there,
Inforce him with his enuy to the people,
And that the Spoile got on the *Antiats* *Antiates* m.c.
Was ne're diſtributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Edile.

Edile. Hee's comming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Edile. With old *Menenius*, and thoſe Senators
That alwayes fauour'd him.
Sicin. Haue you a Catalogue
Of all the Voices that we haue procur'd, ſet downe by'th (Pole?
Edile. I haue: 'tis ready.
Sicin. Haue you collected them by Tribes?
Edile. I haue: *'tis ready here — m.c. & S. F. Hamm.*
Sicin. Aſſemble preſently the people hither:
And when they heare me ſay, it ſhall be ſo,
I'th'right and ſtrength a'th'Commons: be it either
For death, for fine, or Baniſhment, then let them
If I ſay Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,
Inſiſting on the olde prerogatiue
And power i'th Truth a'th Cauſe.
Edile. I ſhall informe them.
Bru. And when ſuch time they haue begun to cry,
Let them not ceaſe, but with a dinne confus'd
Inforce the preſent Execution
Of what we chance to Sentence.
Edi. Very well.
Sicin. Make them be ſtrong, and ready for this hint
When we ſhall hap to giu't them.
Bru. Go about it,
Put him to Choller ſtraite, he hath bene vs'd
Euer to conquer, and to haue his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chaft, he cannot
Be rein'd againe to Temperance, then he ſpeakes

What's

What's in his heart, and that is there which lookes
With vs to breake his necke.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Sicin. Well, heere he comes.
Mene. Calmely, I do beſeech you.
Corio. I, as an Hoſtler, that fourth pooreſt peece
Will beare the Knaue by'th Volume:
Th'honor'd Goddes
Keepe Rome in ſafety, and the Chaires of Iuſtice
Supplied with worthy men, plant loue amongſt you
Through our large Temples with ỹ ſhewes of peace
And not our ſtreets with Warre.
1 *Sen.* Amen, Amen.
Mene. A Noble wiſh.

Enter the Edile with the Plebeians.

Sicin. Draw neere ye people.
Edile. Liſt to your Tribunes. Audience:
Peace I ſay.
Corio. Firſt heare me ſpeake.
Both Tri, Well, ſay: Peace hoe.
Corio. Shall I be charg'd no further then this preſent?
Muſt all determine heere?
Sicin. I do demand,
If you ſubmit you to the peoples voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To ſuffer lawfull Cenſure for ſuch faults
As ſhall be prou'd vpon you.
Corio. I am Content.
Mene. Lo Citizens, he ſayes he is Content.
The warlike Seruice he ha's done, conſider: Thinke
Vpon the wounds his body beares, which ſhew
Like Graues i'th holy Church-yard.
Corio. Scratches with Briars, ſcarres to moue
Laughter onely.
Mene. Conſider further:
That when he ſpeakes not like a Citizen,
You finde him like a Soldier: do not take
His rougher Actions for malicious ſounds:
But as I ſay, ſuch as become a Soldier,
Rather then enuy you.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Corio. What is the matter,
That being paſt for Conſull with full voyce:
I am ſo diſhonour'd, that the very houre
You take it off againe.
Sicin. Anſwer to vs.
Corio. Say then: 'tis true, I ought ſo
Sicin. We charge you, that you haue contriu'd to take
From Rome all ſeaſon'd Office, and to winde
Your ſelfe into a power tyrannicall,
For which you are a Traitor to the people.
Corio. How? Traytor?
Mene. Nay temperately: your promiſe.
Corio. The fires i'th'loweſt hell. Fould in the people:
Call me their Traitor, thou iniurious Tribune.
Within thine eyes ſate twenty thouſand deaths
In thy hands clutcht: as many Millions in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would ſay
Thou lyeſt vnto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.
Sicin. Marke you this people?
All. To'th'Rocke, to'th'Rocke with him.
Sicin. Peace:
We neede not put new matter to his charge:
What you haue ſeene him do, and heard him ſpeake:
Beating your Officers, curſing your ſelues,
Oppoſing Lawes with ſtroakes, and heere deſying
Thoſe whoſe great power muſt try him.
Euen this ſo criminall, and in ſuch capitall kinde
Deſerues th'extreameſt death.
Bru. But ſince he hath ſeru'd well for Rome.
Corio. What do you prate of Seruice.
Brut. I talke of that, that know it.
Corio. You?
Mene. Is this the promiſe that you made your mother.
Com. Know, I pray you.
Corio. Ile know no further:
Let them pronounce the ſteepe Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, Fleaing, pent to linger
But with a graine a day, I would not buy
Their mercie, at the price of one faire word,
Nor checke my Courage for what they can giue,
To haue't with ſaying, Good morrow.
Sicin. For that he ha's
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Enui'd againſt the people; ſeeking meanes
To plucke away their power: as now at laſt,
Giuen Hoſtile ſtrokes, and that not in the preſence
Of dreaded Iuſtice, but on the Miniſters
That doth diſtribute it. In the name a'th'people,
And in the power of vs the Tribunes, wee
(Eu'n from this inſtant) baniſh him our Citie
In perill of precipitation
From off the Rocke Tarpeian, neuer more
To enter our Rome gates. I'th'Peoples name,
I ſay it ſhall bee ſo.
All. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo: let him away:
Hee's baniſh'd, and it ſhall be ſo.
Com. Heare me my Maſters, and my common friends.
Sicin. He's ſentenc'd: No more hearing.
Com. Let me ſpeake:
I haue bene Conſull, and can ſhew from Rome
Her Enemies markes vpon me. I do loue
My Countries good, with a reſpect more tender,
More holy, and profound, then mine owne life,
My deere Wiues eſtimate, her wombes encreaſe,
And treaſure of my Loynes: then if I would
Speake that.
Sicin. We know your drift. Speake what?
Bru. There's no more to be ſaid, but he is baniſh'd
As Enemy to the people, and his Countrey.
It ſhall bee ſo.
All. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo.
Corio. You common cry of Curs, whoſe breath I hate,
As reeke a'th'rotten Fennes: whoſe Loues I prize,
As the dead Carkaſſes of vnburied men,
That do corrupt my Ayre: I baniſh you,
And heere remaine with your vncertaintie.
Let euery feeble Rumor ſhake your hearts:
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into diſpaire: Haue the power ſtill
To baniſh your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which findes not till it feeles,
Making but reſeruation of your ſelues,
Still your owne Foes) deliuer you
As moſt abated Captiues, to ſome Nation
That wonne you without blowes, deſpiſing
For you the City. Thus I turne my backe;
There is a world elſewhere.

Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, with Cumalijs.
They all ſhout, and throw vp their Caps.

Edile

Edile. The peoples Enemy is gone, is gone.
All. Our enemy is baniſh'd, he is gone: Hoo, oo.
Sicin. Go ſee him out at Gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you, with all deſpight
Giue him deſeru'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend vs through the City.
All. Come, come, lets ſee him out at gates, come:
The Gods preſerue our Noble Tribunes, come. *Exeunt.*

Scene 1. The Same - before a Gate of the City m.c.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the yong Nobility of Rome.

Corio. Come leaue your teares: a brief farwel: the beaſt
With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? You were vs'd
To ſay, Extreamities was the trier of ſpirits,
That common chances. Common men could beare,
That when the Sea was calme, all Boats alike
Shew'd Maſterſhip in floating. Fortunes blowes,
When moſt ſtrooke home, being gentle wounded, craues
A Noble cunning. You were vs'd to load me
With Precepts that would make inuincible
The heart that conn'd them.
Virg. Oh heauens! O heauens!
Corio. Nay, I prythee woman.
Vol. Now the Red Peſtilence ſtrike al Trades in Rome,
And Occupations periſh.
Corio. What, what, what:
I ſhall be lou'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,
Reſume that Spirit, when you were wont to ſay,
If you had beene the Wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his Labours youl'd haue done, and ſau'd
Your Husband ſo much ſweat. *Cominius*, Droope not, Adieu: Farewell my Wife, my Mother,
Ile do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
Thy teares are ſalter then a yonger mans,
And venomous to thine eyes. My (ſometime) Generall,
I haue ſeene the Sterne, and thou haſt oft beheld
Heart-hardning ſpectacles. Tell theſe ſad women,
'Tis fond to waile ineuitable ſtrokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My Mother, you wot well
My hazards ſtill haue beene your ſolace, and
Beleeu't not lightly, though I go alone
Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fenne
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more then ſeene: your Sonne
Will or exceed the Common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.
Volum. My firſt ſonne,
Whether will thou go? Take good *Cominius*
With thee awhile: Determine on ſome courſe
More then a wilde expoſture, to each chance
That ſtart's i'th'way before thee.
Corio. O the Gods!
Com. Ile follow thee a Moneth, deuiſe with thee
Where thou ſhalt reſt, that thou may'ſt heare of vs,
And we of thee. So if the time thruſt forth
A cauſe for thy Repeale, we ſhall not ſend
O're the vaſt world, to ſeeke a ſingle man,
And looſe aduantage, which doth euer coole
Ith'abſence of the needer.
Corio. Fare ye well:
Thou haſt yeares vpon thee, and thou art too full
Of the warres ſurfets, to go roue with one
That's yet vnbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.
Come my ſweet wife, my deereſt Mother, and
My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and ſmile. I pray you come:
While I remaine aboue the ground, you ſhall
Heare from me ſtill, and neuer of me ought
But what is like me formerly.
Menen. That's worthily
As any eare can heare. Come, let's not weepe,
If I could ſhake off but one ſeuen yeeres
From theſe old armes and legges, by the good Gods
I'ld with thee, euery foot.
Corio. Giue me thy hand, come. *Exeunt*

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus, with the Edile.

Act IV. Scene II. The same - a Street near the Gate m.c.

Sicin. Bid them all home, he's gone: & wee'l no further,
The Nobility are vexed, whom we ſee haue ſided
In his behalfe.
Brut. Now we haue ſhewne our power,
Let vs ſeeme humbler after it is done,
Then when it was a doing.
Sicin. Bid them home: ſay their great enemy is gone,
And they, ſtand in their ancient ſtrength.
Brut. Diſmiſſe them home. Here comes his Mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sicin. Let's not meet her.
Brut. Why?
Sicin. They ſay ſhe's mad.
Brut. They haue tane note of vs: keepe on your way.
Volum. Oh y'are well met:
Th'hoorded plague a'th'Gods requit your loue.
Menen. Peace, peace, be not ſo loud.
Volum. If that I could for weeping, you ſhould heare,
Nay, and you ſhall heare ſome. Will you be gone?
Virg. You ſhall ſtay too: I would I had the power
To ſay ſo to my Husband.
Sicin. Are you mankinde?
Volum. I foole, is that a ſhame. Note but this Foole,
Was not a man my Father? Had'ſt thou Foxſhip
To baniſh him that ſtrooke more blowes for Rome
Then thou haſt ſpoken words.
Sicin. Oh bleſſed Heauens!
Volum. Moe Noble blowes, then euer y wiſe words.
And for Romes good, Ile tell thee what: yet goe:
Nay but thou ſhalt ſtay too: I would my Sonne
Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him,
His good Sword in his hand.
Sicin. What then?
Virg. What then? Hee'ld make an end of thy poſterity
Volum. Baſtards, and all.
Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome!
Menen. Come, come, peace.
Sicin. I would he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not vnknit himſelfe
The Noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.
Volum. I would he had? 'Twas you incenſt the rable.
Cats, that can iudge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of thoſe Myſteries which heauen
Will not haue earth to know.
Brut. Pray let's go.
Volum. Now pray ſir get you gone.
You haue done a braue deede: Ere you go, heare this:
As farre as doth the Capitoll exceede
The meaneſt houſe in Rome; ſo farre my Sonne

This

This Ladies Husband heere; this (do you see)
Whom you haue banish'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, wee'l leaue you.
Sicin. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her Wits. *Exit Tribunes.*
Volum. Take my Prayers with you.
I would the Gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirme my Curses. Could I meete 'em
But once a day, it would vnclogge my heart
Of what lyes heauy too't.
Mene. You haue told them home,
And by my troth you haue cause: you'l Sup with me.
Volum. Angers my Meate: I suppe vpon my selfe,
And so shall sterue with Feeding: Come, let's go,
Leaue this faint-puling, and lament as I do,
In Anger, *Iuno*-like: Come, come, come. *Exeunt*
Mene. Fie, fie, fie. *Exit.*

Enter a Roman, and a Volce.

Rom. I know you well sir, and you know mee: your name I thinke is *Adrian*.
Volce. It is so sir, truly I haue forgot you.
Rom. I am a Roman, and my Seruices are as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet.
Volce. *Nicanor:* no.
Rom. The same sir.
Volce. You had more Beard when I last saw you, but your Fauour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's the Newes in Rome: I haue a Note from the Volcean state to finde you out there. You haue well saued mee a dayes iourney.
Rom. There hath beene in Rome straunge Insurrections: The people, against the Senatours, Patricians, and Nobles.
Vol. Hath bin; is it ended then? Our State thinks not so, they are in a most warlike preparation, & hope to com vpon them, in the heate of their diuision
Rom. The maine blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receyue so to heart, the Banishment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptnesse, to take al power from the people, and to plucke from them their Tribunes for euer. This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.
Vol. Coriolanus Banisht?
Rom. Banish'd sir.
Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence *Nicanor*.
Rom. The day serues well for them now. I haue heard it saide, the fittest time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when shee's falne out with her Husband. Your Noble *Tullus Auffidius* well appeare well in these Warres, his great Oppos'er *Coriolanus* being now in no request of his countrey.
Volce. He cannot choose: I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You haue ended my Businesse, and I will merrily accompany you home.
Rom. I shall betweene this and Supper, tell you most strange things from Rome: all tending to the good of their Aduersaries. Haue you an Army ready say you?
Vol. A most Royall one: The Centurions, and their charges distinctly billetted already in th'entertainment, and to be on foot at an houres warning.
Rom. I am ioyfull to heare of their readinesse, and am the man I thinke, that shall set them in present Action. So sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your Company.
Volce. You take my part from me sir, I haue the most cause to be glad of yours.
Rom. Well, let vs go together. *Exeunt.*

Enter Coriolanus in meane Apparrell, Disguis'd, and muffled.

Corio. A goodly City is this *Antium*. Citty,
'Tis I that made thy Widdowes: Many an heyre
Of these faire Edifices fore my Warres
Haue I heard groane, and drop: Then know me not,
Least that thy Wiues with Spits, and Boyes with stones
In puny Battell slay me. Saue you sir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.
Corio. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Auffidius* lies: Is he in *Antium?*
Cit. He is, and Feasts the Nobles of the State, at his house this night.
Corio. Which is his house, beseech you?
Cit. This heere before you.
Corio. Thanke you sir, farewell. *Exit Citizen*
Oh World, thy slippery turnes! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosomes seemes to weare one heart,
Whose Houres, whose Bed, whose Meale and Exercise
Are still together: who Twin (as 'twere) in Loue,
Vnseparable, shall within this houre,
On a dissention of a Doit, breake out
To bittrest Enmity: So fellest Foes,
Whose Passions, and whose Plots haue broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some tricke not worth an Egge, shall grow deere friends
And inter-ioyne their yssues. So with me,
My Birth-place haue I, and my loues vpon
This Enemie Towne: Ile enter, if he slay me
He does faire Iustice: if he giue me way,
Ile do his Country Seruice. *Exit.*

Musicke playes. Enter a Seruingman.

1 *Ser.* Wine, Wine, Wine: What seruice is heere? I thinke our Fellowes are asleepe.

Enter another Seruingman.

2 *Ser.* Where's *Cotus*: my M. cals for him: *Cotus. Exit*

Enter Coriolanus.

Corio. A goodly House:
The Feast smels well: but I appeare not like a Guest.

Enter the first Seruingman.

1 *Ser.* What would you haue Friend? whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray go to the doore? *Exit*
Corio. I haue deseru'd no better entertainment, in being *Coriolanus*. *Enter second Seruant.*
2 *Ser.* Whence are you sir? Ha's the Porter his eyes in his head, that he giues entrance to such Companions? Pray get you out.
Corio. Away.
2 *Ser.* Away? Get you away.
Corio. Now th'art troublesome.
2 *Ser.* Are you so braue: Ile haue you talkt with anon

Enter 3 *Seruingman, the* 1 *meets him.*

3 What Fellowes this?
1 A strange one as euer I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'th'house: Prythee call my Master to him.
3 What haue you to do here fellow? Pray you auoid the house.
Corio. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your Harth.
3 What are you?
Corio. A Gentleman.
3 A maru'llous poore one.
Corio. True, so I am.
3 Pray you poore Gentleman, take vp some other station,

× "My birth place haue I and my loues upon
This enemy Towne" M. C.

tion: Heere's no place for you, pray you auoid: Come.

Corio. Follow your Function, go, and batten on colde bits. *Puſhes him away from him.*

3 What you will not? Prythee tell my Maiſter what a ſtrange Gueſt he ha's heere.

2 And I ſhall. *Exit ſecond Seruingman.*

3 Where dwel'ſt thou?

Corio. Vnder the Canopy.

3 Vnder the Canopy?

Corio. I.

3 Where's that?

Corio. I'th City of Kites and Crowes.

3 I'th City of Kites and Crowes? What an Aſſe it is, then thou dwel'ſt with Dawes too?

Corio. No, I ſerue not thy Maſter.

3 How ſir? Do you meddle with my Maſter?

Corio. I, tis an honeſter ſeruice, then to meddle with thy Miſtris: Thou prat'ſt, and prat'ſt, ſerue with thy trencher: Hence. *Beats him away*

Enter Auffidius with the Seruingman.

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

2 Here ſir, I'de haue beaten him like a dogge, but for diſturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'ſt thou? What would'ſt [u]y? Thy name? Why ſpeak'ſt not? Speake man: What's thy name?

Corio. If *Tullus* not yet thou know'ſt me, and ſeeing me, doſt not thinke me for the man I am, neceſſitie commands me name my ſelfe.

Auf. What is thy name?

Corio. A name vnmuſicall to the Volcians eares,
And harſh in ſound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou haſt a Grim apparance, and thy Face
Beares a Command in't: Though thy Tackles torne,
Thou ſhew'ſt a Noble Veſſell: What's thy name?

Corio. Prepare thy brow to frowne: know'ſt [u]y me yet?

Auf. I know thee not? Thy Name?

Corio. My name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces
Great hurt and Miſchiefe: thereto witneſſe may
My Surname *Coriolanus*. The painfull Seruice,
The extreme Dangers, and the droppes of Blood
Shed for my thankleſſe Country, are requitted:
But with that Surname, a good memorie
And witneſſe of the Malice and Diſpleaſure
Which thou ſhould'ſt beare me, only that name remains.
The Cruelty and Enuy of the people,
Permitted by our daſtard Nobles, who
Haue all forſooke me, hath deuour'd the reſt:
And ſuffer'd me by th'voyce of Slaues to be
Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity,
Hath brought me to thy Harth, not out of Hope
(Miſtake me not) to ſaue my life: for if
I had fear'd death, of all the Men i'th'World
I would haue voided thee. But in meere ſpight
To be full quit of thoſe my Baniſhers,
Stand I before thee heere: Then if thou haſt
A heart of wreake in thee, that wilt reuenge
Thine owne particular wrongs, and ſtop thoſe maimes
Of ſhame ſeene through thy Country, ſpeed thee ſtraight
And make my miſery ſerue thy turne: So vſe it,
That my reuengefull Seruices may proue
As Benefits to thee. For I will fight
Againſt my Cankred Countrey, with the Spleene
Of all the vnder Fiends. But if ſo be,
Thou dar'ſt not this, and that to proue more Fortunes
Th'art tyr'd, then in a word, I alſo am
Longer to liue moſt wearie: and preſent
My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice:
Which not to cut, would ſhew thee but a Foole,
Since I haue euer followed thee with hate,
Drawne Tunnes of Blood out of thy Countries breſt,
And cannot liue but to thy ſhame, vnleſſe
It be to do thee ſeruice.

Auf. Oh *Martius, Martius*;
Each word thou haſt ſpoke, hath weeded from my heart
A roote of Ancient Enuy. If Iupiter
Should from yond clowd ſpeake diuine things,
And ſay 'tis true; I'de not beleeue them more
Then thee all-Noble *Martius*. Let me twine
Mine armes about that body, where againſt
My grained Aſh an hundred times hath broke,
And ſcarr'd the Moone with ſplinters: heere I cleep
The Anuile of my Sword, and do conteſt *Iearde m.c.*
As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Loue,
As euer in Ambitious ſtrength, I did
Contend againſt thy Valour. Know thou firſt,
I lou'd the Maid I married: neuer man
Sigh'd truer breath. But that I ſee thee heere
Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Then when I firſt my wedded Miſtris ſaw
Beſtride my Threſhold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee,
We haue a Power on foote: and I had purpoſe
Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne,
Or looſe mine Arme for't: Thou haſt beate mee out
Twelue ſeuerall times, and I haue nightly ſince
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy ſelfe and me:
We haue beene downe together in my ſleepe,
Vnbuckling Helmes, fiſting each others Throat,
And wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius*,
Had we no other quarrell elſe to Rome, but that *omitte m.c.*
Thou art thence Baniſh'd, we would muſter all
From twelue, to ſeuentie: and powring Warre
Into the bowels of vngratefull Rome,
Like a bold Flood o're-beate. Oh come, go in,
And take our Friendly Senators by'th'hands
Who now are heere, taking their leaues of mee,
Who am prepar'd againſt your Territories,
Though not for Rome it ſelfe.

Corio. You bleſſe me Gods.

Auf. Therefore moſt abſolute Sir, if thou wilt haue
The leading of thine owne Reuenges, take
Th'one halfe of my Commiſſion, and ſet downe
As beſt thou art experienc'd, ſince thou know'ſt
Thy Countries ſtrength and weakneſſe, thine own waies
Whether to knocke againſt the Gates of Rome,
Or rudely viſit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere deſtroy. But come in,
Let me commend thee firſt, to thoſe that ſhall
Say yea to thy deſires. A thouſand welcomes,
And more a Friend, then ere an Enemie,
Yet *Martius* that was much. Your hand: moſt welcome.

Exeunt

Enter two of the Seruingmen. *aduancing m. ed*

1 Heere's a ſtrange alteration?

2 By my hand, I had thoght to haue ſtroken him with a Cudgell, and yet my minde gaue me, his cloathes made a falſe report of him.

1 What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumbe, as one would ſet vp a Top.

2 Nay, I knew by his face that there was ſome-thing in him. He had ſir, a kinde of face me thought, I cannot tell

tell how to tearme it.

1 He had ſo, looking as it were, would I were hang'd but I thought there was more in him, then I could think.

2 So did I, Ile be ſworne: He is ſimply the rareſt man i'th'world.

1 I thinke he is: but a greater ſoldier then he, You wot one.

2 Who my Maſter?

1 Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Worth ſix on him.

1 Nay not ſo neither: but I take him to be the greater Souldiour.

2 Faith looke you, one cannot tell how to ſay that: for the Defence of a Towne, our Generall is excellent.

1 I, and for an aſſault too.

Enter the third Seruingman.

3 Oh Slaues, I can tell you Newes, News you Raſcals

Both. What, what, what? Let's partake.

3 I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as liue be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? Wherefore?

3 Why here's he that was wont to thwacke our Generall, *Caius Martius.*

1 Why do you ſay, thwacke our Generall?

3 I do not ſay thwacke our Generall, but he was alwayes good enough for him

2 Come we are fellowes and friends: he was euer too hard for him, I haue heard him ſay ſo himſelfe.

1 He was too hard for him directly, to ſay the Troth on't before *Corioles*, he ſcotcht him, and notcht him like a Carbinado.

2 And hee had bin Cannibally giuen, hee might haue boyld and eaten him too. *broild* m.c. Pope

1 But more of thy Newes.

3 Why he is ſo made on heere within, as if hee were Son and Heire to Mars, ſet at vpper end o'th'Table: No queſtion askt him by any of the Senators, but they ſtand bald before him. Our Generall himſelfe makes a Miſtris of him, Sanctifies himſelfe with's hand, and turnes vp the white o'th'eye to his Diſcourſe. But the bottome of the Newes is, our Generall is cut i'th'middle, & but one halfe of what he was yeſterday. For the other ha's halfe, by the intreaty and graunt of the whole Table. Hee'l go he ſayes, and ſole the Porter of Rome Gates by th'eares. He will mowe all downe before him, and leaue his paſſage poul'd.

2 And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 Doo't? he will doo't: for look you ſir, he has as many Friends as Enemies: which Friends ſir as it were, durſt not (looke you ſir) ſhew themſelues (as we terme it) his Friends, whileſt he's in Directitude.

1 Directitude? What's that?

3 But when they ſhall ſee ſir, his Creſt vp againe, and the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like Conies after Raine) and reuell all with him.

1 But when goes this forward:

3 To morrow, to day, preſently, yon ſhall haue the Drum ſtrooke vp this afternoone: 'Tis as it were a parcel of their Feaſt, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Why then wee ſhall haue a ſtirring World againe: This peace is nothing, but to ruſt Iron, encreaſe Taylors, and breed Ballad-makers. *Walking* m.c. Pope

1 Let me haue Warre ſay I, it exceeds peace as farre as day do's night: It's ſprightly walking, audible, and full of Vent. Peace, is a very Apoplexy, Lethargie, mull'd, deafe, ſleepe, inſenſible, a getter of more baſtard Children, then warres a deſtroyer of men.

2 'Tis ſo, and as warres in ſome fort may be ſaide to be a Rauiſher, ſo it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of Cuckolds.

1 I, and it makes men hate one another.

3 Reaſon, becauſe they then leſſe neede one another: The Warres for my money. I hope to ſee Romanes as cheape as Volcians. They are riſing, they are riſing.

Both. In, in, in, in. *Act IV. Scene V. The Place a publik Exeunt* m.c.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus.

Sicin. We heare not of him, neither need we fear him, His remedies are tame, the preſent peace, *i'th'* m.c. And quietneſſe of the people, which before Were in wilde hurry. Heere do we make his Friends Bluſh, that the world goes well: who rather had, Though they themſelues did ſuffer by't, behold Diſſentious numbers peſtring ſtreets, then ſee Our Tradeſmen ſinging in their ſhops, and going About their Functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We ſtood too't in good time. Is this *Menenius*?

Sicin. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown moſt kind of late: Haile Sir. *Mene.* Haile to you both.

Sicin. Your *Coriolanus* is not much miſt, but with his Friends: the Commonwealth doth ſtand, and ſo would do, were he more angry at it.

Mene. All's well, and might haue bene much better, if he could haue temporiz'd.

Sicin. Where is he, heare you?

Mene. Nay I heare nothing: His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him.

Enter three or foure Citizens.

All. The Gods preſerue you both.

Sicin. Gooden our Neighbours.

Bru. Gooden to you all, gooden to you all.

1 Our ſelues, our wiues, and children, on our knees, Are bound to pray for you both.

Sicin. Liue, and thriue.

Bru. Farewell kinde Neighbours: We wiſht *Coriolanus* had lou'd you as we did.

All. Now the Gods keepe you.

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. *Exeunt Citizens*

Sicin. This is a happier and more comely time, Then when theſe Fellowes ran about the ſtreets, Crying Confuſion.

Bru. *Caius Martius* was A worthy Officer i'th'Warre, but Inſolent, O'recome with Pride, Ambitious, paſt all thinking Selfe-louing.

Sicin. And affecting one ſole Throne, without aſſiſtāce

Mene. I thinke not ſo.

Sicin. We ſhould by this, to all our Lamention, If he had gone forth Conſull, found it ſo.

Bru. The Gods haue well preuented it, and Rome Sits ſafe and ſtill, without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy Tribunes, There is a Slaue whom we haue put in priſon, Reports the Volces with two ſeuerall Powers Are entred in the Roman Territories, And with the deepeſt malice of the Warre, Deſtroy, what lies before 'em.

Mene. 'Tis *Auffidius*, Who hearing of our *Martius* Baniſhment, Thruſts forth his hornes againe into the world Which were In-ſhell'd, when *Martius* ſtood for Rome,

And

And durſt not once peepe out.
Sicin. Come, what talke you of *Martius.*
Bru. Go ſee this Rumorer whipt, it cannot be,
The Volces dare breake with vs.
Mene. Cannot be?
We haue Record, that very well it can,
And three examples of the like, hath beene
Within my Age. But reaſon with the fellow
Before you puniſh him, where he heard this,
Leaſt you ſhall chance to whip your Information,
And beate the Meſſenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sicin. Tell not me: I know this cannot be.
Bru. Not poſſible.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Nobles in great earneſtneſſe are going
All to the Senate-houſe: ſome newes is comming
That turnes their Countenances.
Sicin. 'Tis this Slaue:
Go whip him fore the peoples eyes: His raiſing,
Nothing but his report.
Meſ. Yes worthy Sir,
The Slaues report is ſeconded, and more
More fearfull is deliuer'd.
Sicin. What more fearefull?
Meſ. It is ſpoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*
Ioyn'd with *Auffidius*, leads a power 'gainſt Rome,
And vowes Reuenge as ſpacious, as betweene
The yong'ſt and oldeſt thing.
Sicin. This is moſt likely.
Bru. Rais'd onely, that the weaker ſort may wiſh
Good *Martius* home againe.
Sicin. The very tricke on't.
Mene. This is vnlikely,
He, and *Auffidius* can no more attone
Then violent'ſt Contrariety.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. You are ſent for to the Senate:
A fearefull Army, led by *Caius Martius*,
Aſſociated with *Auffidius*, Rages
Vpon our Territories, and haue already
O're-borne their way, conſum'd with fire, and tooke
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh you haue made good worke.
Mene. What newes? What newes?
Com. You haue holp to rauiſh your owne daughters, &
To melt the Citty Leades vpon your pates,
To ſee your Wiues diſhonour'd to your Noſes.
Mene. What's the newes? What's the newes?
Com. Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and
Your Franchiſes, whereon you ſtood, confin'd
Into an Augors boare.
Mene. Pray now, your Newes:
You haue made faire worke I feare me: pray your newes,
If *Martius* ſhould be ioyn'd with Volceans.
Com. If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by ſome other Deity then Nature,
That ſhapes man Better: and they follow him
Againſt vs Brats, with no leſſe Confidence,
Then Boyes purſuing Summer Butter-flies,
Or Butchers killing Flyes.
Mene. You haue made good worke,
You and your Apron men: you, that ſtood ſo much
Vpon the voyce of occupation, and
The breath of Garlicke-eaters.
Com. Hee'l ſhake your Rome about your eares.
Mene. As *Hercules* did ſhake downe Mellow Fruite:
You haue made faire worke.
Brut. But is this true ſir?
Com. I, and you'l looke pale
Before you finde it other. All the Regions
Do ſmilingly Reuolt, and who reſiſts
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And periſh conſtant Fooles: who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his, finde ſomething in him.
Mene. We are all vndone, vnleſſe
The Noble man haue mercy.
Com. Who ſhall aske it?
The Tribunes cannot doo't for ſhame; the people
Deſerue ſuch pitty of him, as the Wolfe
Doe's of the Shepheards: For his beſt Friends, if they
Should ſay be good to Rome, they charg'd him, euen
As thoſe ſhould do that had deſeru'd his hate,
And therein ſhew'd like Enemies.
Mene. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my houſe, the brand
That ſhould conſume it, I haue not the face
To ſay, beſeech you ceaſe. You haue made faire hands,
You and your Crafts, you haue crafted faire.
Com. You haue brought
A Trembling vpon Rome, ſuch as was neuer
S'incapeable of helpe.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Mene. How? Was't we? We lou'd him,
But like Beaſts, and Cowardly Nobles,
Gaue way vnto your Cluſters, who did hoote
Him out o'th'Citty.
Com. But I feare
They'l roare him in againe. *Tullus Auffidius*,
The ſecond name of men, obeyes his points
As if he were his Officer: Deſperation,
Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence
That Rome can make againſt them.

Enter a Troope of Citizens.

Mene. Heere come the Cluſters.
And is *Auffidius* with him? You are they
That made the Ayre vnwholſome, when you caſt
Your ſtinking, greaſie Caps, in hooting
At *Coriolanus* Exile. Now he's comming,
And not a haire vpon a Souldiers head
Which will not proue a whip: As many Coxcombes
As you threw Caps vp, will he tumble downe,
And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter,
If he could burne vs all into oue coale,
We haue deſeru'd it.
Omnes. Faith, we heare fearfull Newes.
1 *Cit.* For mine owne part,
When I ſaid baniſh him, I ſaid 'twas pitty.
2 And ſo did I.
3 And ſo did I: and to ſay the truth, ſo did very many of vs, that we did we did for the beſt, and though wee willingly conſented to his Baniſhment, yet it was againſt our will.
Com. Y'are goodly things, you Voyces.
Mene. You haue made good worke
You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?
Com. Oh I, what elſe? *Exeunt both.*
Sicin. Go Maſters get you home, be not diſmaid,
Theſe are a Side, that would be glad to haue
This true, which they ſo ſeeme to feare. Go home,
And ſhew no ſigne of Feare.

1. *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* The Gods bee good to vs: Come Maſters let's home, I euer ſaid we were i'th wrong, when we baniſh'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home. *Exit Cit.*

Bru. I do not like this Newes.

Sicin. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitoll: would halfe my wealth Would buy this for a lye.

Sicin. Pray let's go.

Exeunt Tribunes.

Enter Auffidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they ſtill flye to'th'Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what Witchcraft's in him: but Your Soldiers vſe him as the Grace 'fore meate, Their talke at Table, and their Thankes at end, And you are darkned in this action Sir, Euen by your owne.

Auf. I cannot helpe it now, Vnleſſe by vſing meanes I lame the foote Of our deſigne. He beares himſelfe more proudlier, Euen to my perſon, then I thought he would When firſt I did embrace him. Yet his Nature In that's no Changeling, and I muſt excuſe What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wiſh Sir, (I meane for your particular) you had not Ioyn'd in Commiſſion with him: but either haue borne The action of your ſelfe, or elſe to him, had left it ſoly.

Auf. I vnderſtand thee well, and be thou ſure When he ſhall come to his account, he knowes not What I can vrge againſt him, although it ſeemes And ſo he thinkes, and is no leſſe apparant To th'vulgar eye, that he beares all things fairely: And ſhewes good Husbandry for the Volcian State, Fights Dragon-like, and does atcheeue as ſoone As draw his Sword: yet he hath left vndone That which ſhall breake his necke, or hazard mine, When ere we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beſeech you, think you he'l carry Rome?

Auf. All places yeelds to him ere he ſits downe, And the Nobility of Rome are his: The Senators and Patricians loue him too: The Tribunes are no Soldiers: and their people Will be as raſh in the repeale, as haſty To expell him thence. I thinke hee'l be to Rome As is the Aſpray to the Fiſh, who takes it By Soueraignty of Nature. Firſt, he was A Noble ſeruant to them, but he could not Carry his Honors euen: whether 'was Pride Which out of dayly Fortune euer taints The happy man; whether defect of iudgement, To faile in the diſpoſing of thoſe chances Which he was Lord of: or whether Nature, Not to be other then one thing, not mooving From th'Caske to th'Cuſhion: but commanding peace Euen with the ſame auſterity and garbe, As he controll'd the warre. But one of theſe (As he hath ſpices of them all) not all, For I dare ſo farre free him, made him fear'd, So hated, and ſo baniſh'd: but he ha's a Merit To choake it in the vtt'rance: So our Vertue, Lie in th'interpretation of the time, And power vnto it ſelfe moſt commendable, Hath not a Tombe ſo euident as a Chaire T'extoll what it hath done. One fire driues out one fire; one Naile, one Naile; Rights by rights fouler, ſtrengths by ſtrengths do faile. Come let's away: when *Caius* Rome is thine, Thou art poor'ſt of all; then ſhortly art thou mine. *exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others.

Menen. No, Ile not go: you heare what he hath ſaid Which was ſometime his Generall: who loued him In a moſt deere particular. He call'd me Father: But what o'that? Go you that baniſh'd him A Mile before his Tent, fall downe, and knee The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd To heare *Cominius* ſpeake, Ile keepe at home.

Com. He would not ſeeme to know me.

Menen. Do you heare?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name: I vrg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops That we haue bled together. *Coriolanus* He would not anſwer too: Forbad all Names, He was a kinde of Nothing, Titleleſſe, Till he had forg'd himſelfe a name a'th'fire Of burning Rome.

Menen. Why ſo: you haue made good worke: A paire of Tribunes, that haue wrack'd for Rome, To make Coales cheape: A Noble memory.

Com. I minded him, how Royall 'twas to pardon When it was leſſe expected. He replyed It was a bare petition of a State To one whom they had puniſh'd.

Menen. Very well, could he ſay leſſe.

Com. I offered to awaken his regard For's priuate Friends. His anſwer to me was He could not ſtay to picke them, in a pile Of noyſome muſty Chaffe. He ſaid, 'twas folly For one poore graine or two, to leaue vnburnt And ſtill to noſe th'offence.

Menen. For one poore graine or two? I am one of thoſe: his Mother, Wife, his Childe, And this braue Fellow too: we are the Graines, You are the muſty Chaffe, and you are ſmelt Aboue the Moone. We muſt be burnt for you.

Sicin. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuſe your ayde In this ſo neuer-needed helpe, yet do not Vpbraid's with our diſtreſſe. But ſure if you Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue More then the inſtant Armie we can make Might ſtop our Countryman.

Mene. No: Ile not meddle.

Sicin. Pray you go to him.

Mene. What ſhould I do?

Bru. Onely make triall what your Loue can do, For Rome, towards *Martius.*

Mene. Well, and ſay that *Martius* returne mee, As *Cominius* is return'd, vnheard: what then? But as a diſcontented Friend, greefe-ſhot With his vnkindneſſe. Say't be ſo?

Sicin. Yet your good will Muſt haue that thankes from Rome, after the meaſure As you intended well.

Mene. Ile vndertak't: I thinke hee'l heare me. Yet to bite his lip, And humme at good *Cominius*, much vnhearts mee.

He was not taken well, he had not din'd,
The Veines vnfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt vpon the Morning, are vnapt
To giue or to forgiue ; but when we haue ſtufft
Theſe Pipes, and theſe Conueyances of our blood
With Wine and Feeding, we haue ſuppler Soules
Then in our Prieſt-like Faſts : therefore Ile watch him
Till he be dieted to my requeſt,
And then Ile ſet vpon him.

Bru. You know the very rode into his kindneſſe,
And cannot loſe your way.

Mene. Good faith Ile proue him,
Speed how it will. I ſhall ere long, haue knowledge
Of my ſucceſſe. *Exit.*

Com. Hee'l neuer heare him.

Sicin. Not.

Com. I tell you, he doe's ſit in Gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burne Rome : and his Iniury
The Gaoler to his pitty. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he ſaid Riſe : diſmiſt me
Thus with his ſpeechleſſe hand. What he would do
He ſent in writing after me : what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions :
So that all hope is vaine, vnleſſe his Noble Mother,
And his Wife, who (as I heare) meane to ſolicite him
For mercy to his Countrey : therefore let's hence,
And with our faire intreaties haſt them on. *Exeunt*

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1.*Wat.* Stay : whence are you.

2.*Wat.* Stand, and go backe.

Me. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leaue,
I am an Officer of State, & come to ſpeak with *Coriolanus*

1 From whence ? *Mene.* From Rome.

1 You may not paſſe, you muſt returne : our Generall will no more heare from thence.

2 You'l ſee your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'l ſpeake with *Coriolanus.*

Mene. Good my Friends,
If you haue heard your Generall talke of Rome,
And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blankes,
My name hath touch't your eares : it is *Menenius.*

1 Be it ſo, go back : the vertue of your name,
Is not heere paſſable.

Mene. I tell thee Fellow,
Thy Generall is my Louer : I haue beene
The booke of his good Acts, whence men haue read
His Fame vnparalell'd, happely amplified :
For I haue euer verified my Friends,
(Of whom hee's cheefe) with all the ſize that verity
Would without lapſing ſuffer : Nay, ſometimes,
Like to a Bowle vpon a ſubtle ground
I haue tumbled paſt the throw : and in his praiſe
Haue (almoſt) ſtampt the Leaſing. Therefore Fellow,
I muſt haue leaue to paſſe.

1 Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalfe, as you haue vttered words in your owne, you ſhould not paſſe heere : no, though it were as vertuous to lye, as to liue chaſtly. Therefore go backe.

Men. Prythee fellow, remember my name is *Menenius,* alwayes factionary on the party of your Generall.

2 Howſoeuer you haue bin his Lier, as you ſay you haue, I am one that telling true vnder him, muſt ſay you cannot paſſe. Therefore go backe.

Mene. Ha's he din'd can'ſt thou tell ? For I would not ſpeake with him, till after dinner.

1 You are a Roman, are you ?

Mene. I am as thy Generall is.

1 Then you ſhould hate Rome, as he do's. Can you, when you haue puſht out your gates, the very Defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, giuen your enemy your ſhield, thinke to front his reuenges with the eaſie groanes of old women, the Virginall Palms of your daughters, or with the palſied interceſſion of ſuch a decay'd Dotant as you ſeeme to be ? Can you think to blow out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with ſuch weake breath as this? No, you are deceiu'd, therfore backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution : you are condemn'd, our Generall has ſworne you out of repreeue and pardon.

Mene. Sirra, if thy Captaine knew I were heere,
He would vſe me with eſtimation.

1 Come, my Captaine knowes you not.

Mene. I meane thy Generall.

1 My Generall cares not for you. Back I ſay, go : leaſt I let forth your halfe pinte of blood. Backe, that's the vtmoſt of your hauing, backe.

Mene. Nay but Fellow, Fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Auffidius.

Corio. What's the matter ?

Mene. Now you Companion : Ile ſay an arrant for you : you ſhall know now that I am in eſtimation : you ſhall perceiue, that a Iacke gardant cannot office me from my Son *Coriolanus,* gueſſe but my entertainment with him : if thou ſtand'ſt not i'th ſtate of hanging, or of ſome death more long in Spectatorſhip, and crueller in ſuffering, behold now preſently, and ſwoond for what's to come vpon thee. The glorious Gods ſit in hourely Synod about thy particular proſperity, and loue thee no worſe then thy old Father *Menenius* do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art preparing fire for vs : looke thee, heere's water to quench it. I was hardly moued to come to thee : but beeing aſſured none but my ſelfe could moue thee ,I haue bene blowne out of your Gates with ſighes : and coniure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary Countrimen. The good Gods aſſwage thy wrath, and turne the dregs of it, vpon this Varlet heere : This, who like a blocke hath denyed my acceſſe to thee.

Corio. Away.

Mene. How ? Away ?

Corio. Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affaires
Are Seruanted to others : Though I owe
My Reuenge properly, my remiſſion lies
In Volcean breſts. That we haue beene familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulneſſe ſhall poiſon rather
Then pitty : Note how much, therefore be gone.
Mine eares againſt your ſuites, are ſtronger then
Your gates againſt my force. Yet for I loued thee,
Take this along, I writ it for thy ſake,
And would haue ſent it. Another word *Menenius,*
I will not heare thee ſpeake. This man *Auffidius*
Was my belou'd in Rome : yet thou behold'ſt.

Auffid. You keepe a conſtant temper. *Exeunt*

Manet the Guard and Menenius.

1 Now ſir, is your name *Menenius* ?

2 'Tis a ſpell you ſee of much power :
You know the way home againe.

1 Do you heare how wee are ſhent for keeping your greatneſſe backe ?

2 What cauſe do you thinke I haue to ſwoond ?

Menen. I neither care for th'world, nor your General: for ſuch things as you, I can ſcarſe thinke ther's any, y'are ſo ſlight. He that hath a will to die by himſelfe, feares it not

Act 6. CORIOLANUS. Scene 3.

Burney del.t Thornthwaite, Sculp.t

Mrs YATES in the Character of VOLUMNIA.

——— So we will home to Rome,
and die among our Neighbours.

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not from another: Let your Generall do his worſt. For you, bee that you are, long; and your miſery encreaſe with your age. I ſay to you, as I was ſaid to, Away. *Exit*

1 A Noble Fellow I warrant him.

2 The worthy Fellow is our General. He's the Rock, The Oake not to be winde-ſhaken. *Exit Watch.*

Enter Coriolanus and Auffidius.

Corio. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow Set downe our Hoaſt. My partner in this Action, You muſt report to th'Volcian Lords, how plainly I haue borne this Buſineſſe.

Auf. Onely their ends you haue reſpected, Stopt your eares againſt the generall ſuite of Rome: Neuer admitted a priuat whiſper, no not with ſuch frends That thought them ſure of you.

Corio. This laſt old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I haue ſent to Rome, Lou'd me, aboue the meaſure of a Father, Nay godded me indeed. Their lateſt refuge Was to ſend him: for whoſe old Loue I haue (Though I ſhew'd ſowrely to him) once more offer'd The firſt Conditions which they did refuſe, And cannot now accept, to grace him onely, That thought he could do more: A very little I haue yeelded too. Freſh *Embaſſes*, and Suites, Nor from the State, nor priuate friends hereafter Will I lend eare to. Ha? what ſhout is this? *Shout within* Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow In the ſame time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter, Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, yong Martius, in Mourning Habits with Attendants.

My wife comes formoſt, then the honour'd mould Wherein this Trunke was fram'd, and in her hand The Grandchilde to her blood. But out affection, All bond and priuiledge of Nature breake; Let it be Vertuous to be Obſtinate. What is that Curt'ſie worth? Or thoſe Doues eyes, Which can make Gods forſworne? I melt, and am not Of ſtronger earth than others: my Mother bowes, As if Olympus to a Mole-hill ſhould In ſupplication Nod: and my yong Boy Hath an Aſpect of interceſsion, which Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, Ile neuer Be ſuch a Goſling to obey inſtinct; but ſtand As if a man were Author of himſelf, & knew no other kin

Virgil. My Lord and Husband.

Corio. Theſe eyes are not the ſame I wore in Rome.

Virg. The ſorrow that deliuers vs thus chang'd, Makes you thinke ſo.

Corio. Like a dull Actor now, I haue forgot my part, And I am out, euen to a full Diſgrace. Beſt of my Fleſh, Forgiue my Tyranny: but do not ſay, For that forgiue our Romanes. O a kiſſe Long as my Exile, ſweet as my Reuenge! Now by the iealous Queene of Heauen, that kiſſe I carried from thee deare; and my true Lippe Hath Virgin'd it ere ſince. You Gods, I pray, And the moſt noble Mother of the world Leaue vnſaluted: Sinke my knee i'th'earth, *Kneeles* Of thy deepe duty, more impreſsion ſhew Then that of common Sonnes.

Volum. Oh ſtand vp bleſt! Whil'ſt with no ſofter Cuſhion then the Flint I kneele before thee, and vnproperly Shew duty as miſtaken, all this while, Betweene the Childe, and Parent.

Corio. What's this? your knees to me? To your Corrected Sonne? Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach Fillop the Starres: Then, let the mutinous windes Strike the proud Cedars 'gainſt the fiery Sun: Murd'ring Impoſſibility, to make What cannot be, ſlight worke.

Volum. Thou art my Warriour, I hope to frame thee Do you know this Lady?

Corio. The Noble Siſter of *Publicola*; The Moone of Rome: Chaſte as the Iſicle That's curdied by the Froſt, from pureſt Snow, And hangs on *Dians* Temple: Deere *Valeria*.

Volum. This is a poore Epitome of yours, Which by th'interpretation of full time, May ſhew like all your ſelfe.

Corio. The God of Souldiers: With the conſent of ſupreame Ioue, informe Thy thoughts with Nobleneſſe, that thou mayſt proue To ſhame vnvulnerable, and ſticke i'th Warres Like a great Sea-marke ſtanding euery flaw, And ſauing thoſe that eye thee.

Volum. Your knee, Sirrah.

Corio. That's my braue Boy.

Volum. Euen he, your wife, this Ladie, and my ſelfe, Are Sutors to you.

Corio. I beſeech you peace: Or if you'ld aske, remember this before; The thing I haue forſworne to graunt, may neuer Be held by you denials. Do not bid me Diſmiſſe my Soldiers, or capitulate Againe, with Romes Mechanickes. Tell me not Wherein I ſeeme vnnaturall: Deſire not t'allay My Rages and Reuenges, with your colder reaſons.

Volum. Oh no more, no more: You haue ſaid you will not grant vs any thing: For we haue nothing elſe to aske, but that Which you deny already: yet we will aske, That if you faile in our requeſt, the blame May hang vpon your hardneſſe, therefore heare vs.

Corio. Auffidius, and you Volces marke, for wee'l Heare nought from Rome in priuate. Your requeſt?

Volum. Should we be ſilent & not ſpeak, our Raiment And ſtate of Bodies would bewray what life We haue led ſince thy Exile. Thinke with thy ſelfe, How more vnfortunate then all liuing women Are we come hither; ſince that thy ſight, which ſhould Make our eies flow with ioy, harts dance with comforts, Conſtraines them weepe, and ſhake with feare & ſorow, Making the Mother, wife, and Childe to ſee, The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father tearing His Countries Bowels out; and to poore we Thine enmities moſt capitall: Thou barr'ſt vs Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort That all but we enioy. For how can we? Alas! how can we, for our Country pray? Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory: Whereto we are bound: Alacke, or we muſt looſe The Countrie our deere Nurſe, or elſe thy perſon Our comfort in the Country. We muſt finde An euident Calamity, though we had Our wiſh, which ſide ſhould win. For either thou Muſt as a Forraine Recreant be led With Manacles through our ſtreets, or elſe Triumphantly treade on thy Countries ruine,

And beare the Palme, for hauing bruely ſhed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my ſelfe, Sonne,
I purpoſe not to waite on Fortune, till
Theſe warres determine: If I cannot perſwade thee,
Rather to ſhew a Noble grace to both parts,
Then ſeeke the end of one; thou ſhalt no ſooner
March to aſſault thy Country, then to treade
(Truſt too't, thou ſhalt not) on thy Mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. I, and mine, that brought you forth this boy,
To keepe your name liuing to time.

Boy. A ſhall not tread on me: Ile run away
Till I am bigger, but then Ile fight.

Corio. Not of a womans tenderneſſe to be,
Requires nor Childe, nor womans face to ſee:
I haue ſate too long.

Volum. Nay, go not from vs thus:
If it were ſo, that our requeſt did tend
To ſaue the Romanes, thereby to deſtroy
The Volces whom you ſerue, you might condemne vs
As poyſonous of your Honour. No, our ſuite
Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces
May ſay, this mercy we haue ſhew'd: the Romanes,
This we receiu'd, and each in either ſide
Giue the All-haile to thee, and cry be Bleſt
For making vp this peace. Thou know'ſt (great Sonne)
The end of Warres vncertaine: but this certaine,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou ſhalt thereby reape, is ſuch a name
Whoſe repetition will be dogg'd with Curſes:
Whoſe Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
But with his laſt Attempt, he wip'd it out:
Deſtroy'd his Country, and his name remaines
To th'inſuing Age, abhorr'd. Speake to me Son:
Thou haſt affected the fiue ſtraines of Honor, *fine/m.c.*
To imitate the graces of the Gods.
To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th'Ayre,
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boult
That ſhould but riue an Oake. Why do'ſt not ſpeake?
Think'ſt thou it Honourable for a Nobleman
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, ſpeake you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,
Perhaps thy childiſhneſſe will moue him more
Then can our Reaſons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me prate
Like one i'th'Stockes. Thou haſt neuer in thy life,
Shew'd thy deere Mother any curteſie,
When ſhe (poore Hen) fond of no ſecond brood,
Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and ſafelie home
Loden with Honor. Say my Requeſt's vniuſt,
And ſpurne me backe: But, if it be not ſo
Thou art not honeſt, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou reſtrain'ſt from me the Duty, which
To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away: *omitted 32*
Down Ladies: let vs ſhame him with his with our knees
To his ſur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride
Then pitty to our Prayers. Downe: an end,
This is the laſt. So, we will home to Rome,
And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,
This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue,
But kneeles, and holds vp hands for fellowſhip,
Doe's reaſon our Petition with more ſtrength
Then thou haſt to deny't. Come, let vs go:
This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:
His Wife is in *Corioles*, and his Childe
Like him by chance: yet giue vs our diſpatch:
I am huſht vntill our City be afire, & then Ile ſpeak a litle

Holds her by the hand ſilent.

Corio. O Mother, Mother!
What haue you done? Behold, the Heauens do ope,
The Gods looke downe, and this vnnaturall Scene
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!
You haue wonne a happy Victory to Rome.
But for your Sonne, beleeue it: Oh beleeue it,
Moſt dangerouſly you haue with him preuail'd,
If not moſt mortall to him. But let it come:
Auffidius, though I cannot make true Warres,
Ile frame conuenient peace. Now good *Auffidius*,
Were you in my ſteed, ſay me, would you haue heard
A Mother leſſe? or granted leſſe *Auffidius*?

Auf. I was mou'd withall.

Corio. I dare be ſworne you were:
And ſir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to ſweat compaſſion. But (good ſir)
What peace you'l make, aduiſe me: For my part,
Ile not to Rome, Ile backe with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cauſe. Oh Mother! Wife!

Auf. I am glad thou haſt ſet thy mercy, & thy Honor
At difference in thee: Out of that Ile worke
My ſelfe a former Fortune. [*The Ladies make ſignes to Coriolanus.*
Corio. I by and by; But we will drinke together:
And you ſhall beare
A better witneſſe backe then words, which we
On like conditions, will haue Counter-ſeal'd.
Come enter with vs: Ladies you deſerue
To haue a Temple built you: All the Swords
In Italy, and her Confederate Armes
Could not haue made this peace. *Exeunt.*

Actus Sext. Enter Menenius and Sicinius. (ſtone?
Mene. See you yond Coin a'th Capitol, yon'd corner

Scæna a publike place.

Sicin. Why what of that?

Mene. If it be poſſible for you to diſplace it with your little finger, there is ſome hope the Ladies of Rome, eſpecially his Mother, may preuaile with him. But I ſay, there is no hope in't, our throats are ſentenc'd, and ſtay vppon execution.

Sicin. Is't poſsible, that ſo ſhort a time can alter the condition of a man.

Mene. There is differency between a Grub & a Butterfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub: this *Martius*, is growne from Man to Dragon: He has wings, hee's more then a creeping thing.

Sicin. He lou'd his Mother deerely.

Mene. So did he mee: and he no more remembers his Mother now, then an eight yeare old horſe. The tartneſſe of his face, ſowres ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moues like an Engine, and the ground ſhrinkes before his Treading. He is able to pierce a Corſlet with his eye: Talkes like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He ſits in his State, as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids bee done, is finiſht with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but Eternity, and a Heauen to Throne in.

Sicin. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Mene. I paint him in the Character. Mark what mercy his Mother ſhall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, then there is milke in a male-Tyger, that ſhall our poore City finde: and all this is long of you.

Sicin. The Gods be good vnto vs.

Mene. No, in ſuch a caſe the Gods will not bee good vnto vs. When we baniſh'd him, we reſpected not them: and he returning to breake our necks, they reſpect not vs.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ.

Meſ. Sir, if you'ld ſaue your life, flye to your Houſe,
The Plebeians haue got your Fellow Tribune,
And hale him vp and downe; all ſwearing, if
The Romane Ladies bring not comfort home,
They'l giue him death by Inches.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Sicin. What's the Newes? (preuayl'd,

Meſſ. Good Newes, good newes, the Ladies haue
The Volcians are diſlodg'd, and *Martius* gone:
A merrier day did neuer yet greet Rome,
No, not th'expulſion of the *Tarquins.*

Sicin. Friend, art thou certaine this is true?
Is't moſt certaine.

Meſ. As certaine as I know the Sun is fire:
Where haue you lurk'd that you make doubt of it:
Ne're through an Arch ſo hurried the blowne Tide,
As the recomforted through th'gates. Why harke you:

Trumpets, Hoboyes, Drums beate, altogether.

The Trumpets, Sack-buts, Pſalteries, and Fifes,
Tabors, and Symboles, and the ſhowting Romans
Make the Sunne dance. Hearke you. *A ſhout within*

Mene. This is good Newes:
I will go meete the Ladies. This *Volumnia,*
Is worth of Conſuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full: Of Tribunes ſuch as you,
A Sea and Land full: you haue pray'd well to day:
This Morning, for ten thouſand of your throates,
I'de not haue giuen a doit. Harke, how they ioy.

Sound ſtill with the Shouts.

Sicin. Firſt, the Gods bleſſe you for your tydings:
Next, accept my thankefulneſſe.

Meſſ. Sir, we haue all great cauſe to giue great thanks.

Sicin. They are neere the City.

Meſ. Almoſt at point to enter.

Sicin. Wee'l meet them, and helpe the ioy. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Senators, with Ladies, paſsing ouer the Stage, with other Lords.

Sena. Behold our Patronneſſe, the life of Rome:
Call all your Tribes together, praiſe the Gods,
And make triumphant fires, ſtrew Flowers before them:
Vnſhoot the noiſe that Baniſh'd *Martius*;
Repeale him, with the welcome of his Mother:
Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.

All. Welcome Ladies, welcome.

A Flouriſh with Drummes & Trumpets.

Enter Tullus Auffidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the Lords a'th'City, I am heere:
Deliuer them this Paper: hauing read it,
Bid them repayre to th'Market place, where I
Euen in theirs, and in the Commons eares
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuſe:
The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t'appeare before the People, hoping
To purge himſelfe with words. Diſpatch.

Enter 3 or 4 Conſpirators of Auffidius Faction.

Moſt Welcome.

1.*Con.* How is it with our Generall?

Auf. Euen ſo, as with a man by his owne Almes impoyſon'd, and with his Charity ſlaine.

2.*Con.* Moſt Noble Sir, If you do hold the ſame intent
Wherein you wiſht vs parties: Wee'l deliuer you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell,
We muſt proceed as we do finde the People.

3.*Con.* The People will remaine vncertaine, whil'ſt
'Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the Suruiuor heyre of all.

Auf. I know it:
And my pretext to ſtrike at him, admits
A good conſtruction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine Honor for his truth: who being ſo heighten'd,
He watered his new Plants with dewes of Flattery,
Seducing ſo my Friends: and to this end,
He bow'd his Nature, neuer knowne before,
But to be rough, vnſwayable, and free.

3.*Conſp.* Sir, his ſtoutneſſe
When he did ſtand for Conſull, which he loſt
By lacke of ſtooping.

Auf. That I would haue ſpoke of:
Being baniſh'd for't, he came vnto my Harth,
Preſented to my knife his Throat: I tooke him,
Made him ioynt-ſeruant with me: Gaue him way
In all his owne deſires: Nay, let him chooſe
Out of my Files, his proiects, to accompliſh
My beſt and freſheſt men, ſeru'd his deſignements
In mine-owne perſon: holpe to reape the Fame
Which he did end all his; and tooke ſome pride
To do my ſelfe this wrong: Till at the laſt
I ſeem'd his Follower, not Partner; and
He wadg'd me with his Countenance, as if
I had bin Mercenary.

1.*Con.* So he did my Lord:
The Army marueyl'd at it, and in the laſt,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no leſſe Spoile, then Glory.

Auf. There was it:
For which my ſinewes ſhall be ſtretcht vpon him,
At a few drops of Womens rhewme, which are
As cheape as Lies; he ſold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action; therefore ſhall he dye,
And Ile renew me in his fall. But hearke.

Drummes and Trumpets ſounds, with great ſhowts of the people.

1.*Con.* Your Natiue Towne you enter'd like a Poſte,
And had no welcomes home, but he returnes
Splitting the Ayre with noyſe.

2.*Con.* And patient Fooles,
Whoſe children he hath ſlaine, their baſe throats teare
With giuing him glory.

3.*Con.* Therefore at your vantage,
Ere he expreſſe himſelfe, or moue the people
With what he would ſay, let him feele your Sword:
Which we will ſecond, when he lies along
After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, ſhall bury
His Reaſons, with his Body.

Auf. Say no more. Heere come the Lords,

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are moſt welcome home.

Auff. I haue not deſeru'd it.
But worthy Lords, haue you with heede peruſed
What I haue written to you?

All. We haue.

1.*Lord.* And greeue to heare't:
What faults he made before the laſt, I thinke
Might haue found eaſie Fines: But there to end
Where he was to begin, and giue away
The benefit of our Leuies, anſwering vs
With our owne charge: making a Treatie, where
There was a yeelding; this admits no excuſe.

Auf. He approaches, you ſhall heare him.
Enter Coriolanus marching with Drumme, and Colours. The Commoners being with him.
Corio. Haile Lords, I am return'd your Souldier:
No more infected with my Countries loue
Then when I parted hence: but ſtill ſubſiſting
Vnder your great Command. You are to know,
That proſperouſly I haue attempted, and
With bloody paſſage led your Warres, euen to
The gates of Rome: Our ſpoiles we haue brought home
Doth more then counterpoize a full third part
The charges of the Action. We haue made peace
With no leſſe Honor to the *Antiates*
Then ſhame to th'Romaines. And we heere deliuer
Subſcrib'd by'th'Conſuls, and Patricians,
Together with the Seale a'th Senat, what
We haue compounded on.
Auf. Read it not Noble Lords,
But tell the Traitor in the higheſt degree
He hath abus'd your Powers.
Corio. Traitor? How now?
Auf. I Traitor, *Martius.*
Corio. Martius?
Auf. I *Martius, Caius Martius*: Do'ſt thou thinke
Ile grace thee with that Robbery, thy ſtolne name
Coriolanus in *Corioles?*
You Lords and Heads a'th'State, perfidiouſly
He ha's betray'd your buſineſſe, and giuen vp
For certaine drops of Salt, your City Rome:
I ſay your City to his Wife and Mother,
Breaking his Oath and Reſolution, like
A twiſt of rotten Silke, neuer admitting
Counſaile a'th'warre: But at his Nurſes teares
He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory,
That Pages bluſh'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at others.
Corio. Hear'ſt thou Mars?
Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of Teares.
Corio. Ha?
Aufid. No more.
Corio. Meaſureleſſe Lyar, thou haſt made my heart
Too great for what containes it. Boy? Oh Slaue,
Pardon me Lords, 'tis the firſt time that euer
I was forc'd to ſcoul'd. Your iudgments my graue Lords
Muſt giue this Curre the Lye: and his owne Notion,
Who weares my ſtripes impreſt vpon him, that
Muſt beare my beating to his Graue, ſhall ioyne
To thruſt the Lye vnto him.
1 *Lord.* Peace both, and heare me ſpeake.
Corio. Cut me to peeces Volces men and Lads,
Staine all your edges on me. Boy, falſe Hound:
If you haue writ your Annales true, 'tis there,
That like an Eagle in a Doue-coat, I
Flatter'd your Volcians in *Corioles.*
Alone I did it, Boy.
Auf. Why Noble Lords,
Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune,
Which was your ſhame, by this vnholy Braggart?
'Fore your owne eyes, and eares?
All Conſp. Let him dye for't.
All People. Teare him to peeces, do it preſently:
He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Coſine
Marcus, he kill'd my Father.
2 *Lord.* Peace hoe: no outrage, peace:
The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in
This Orbe o'th'earth: His laſt offences to vs
Shall haue Iudicious hearing. Stand *Auffidius*,
And trouble not the peace.
Corio. O that I had him, with ſix *Auffidiuſſes*, or more:
His Tribe, to vſe my lawfull Sword.
Auf. Inſolent Villaine.
All Conſp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.
Draw both the Conſpirators, and kils Martius, who falles, Auffidius ſtands on him.
Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.
Auf. My Noble Maſters, heare me ſpeake.
1.*Lord.* O *Tullus.*
2.*Lord.* Thou haſt done a deed, whereat
Valour will weepe.
3.*Lord.* Tread not vpon him Maſters, all be quiet,
Put vp your Swords.
Auf. My Lords,
When you ſhall know (as in this Rage
Prouok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this mans life did owe you, you'l reioyce
That he is thus cut off. Pleaſe it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, Ile deliuer
My ſelfe your loyall Seruant, or endure
Your heauieſt Cenſure.
1.*Lord.* Beare from hence his body,
And mourne you for him. Let him be regarded
As the moſt Noble Coarſe, that euer Herald
Did follow to his Vrne.
2.*Lord.* His owne impatience,
Takes from *Auffidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the Beſt of it.
Auf. My Rage is gone,
And I am ſtrucke with ſorrow. Take him vp:
Helpe three a'th'cheefeſt Souldiers, Ile be one.
Beate thou the Drumme that it ſpeake mournfully:
Traile your ſteele Pikes. Though in this City hee
Hath widdowed and vnchilded many a one,
Which to this houre bewaile the Iniury,
Yet he ſhall haue a Noble Memory. Aſſiſt.
Exeunt bearing the Body of Martius. A dead March Sounded.

FINIS.

The Lamentable Tragedy of

Titus Andronicus.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Rome – before the Capitol. m.c.

The tomb of the Andronici appearing – m.c
Flouriſh. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft And then enter Saturninus and his Followers at one doore, and Baſsianus and his Followers at the other, with Drum & Colours.

Saturninus.

NOble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the iuſtice of my Cauſe with Armes.
And Countrey-men, my louing Followers,
Pleade my Succeſſiue Title with your Swords.
I was the firſt borne Sonne, that was the laſt
That wore the Imperiall Diadem of Rome:
Then let my Fathers Honours liue in me,
Nor wrong mine Age with this indignitie.

Baſsianus. Romaines, Friends, Followers,
Fauourers of my Right:
If euer *Baſsianus*, *Cæſars* Sonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,
Keepe then this paſſage to the Capitoll:
And ſuffer not Diſhonour to approach
Th'Imperiall Seate to Vertue: conſecrate
To Iuſtice, Continence, and Nobility:
But let Deſert in pure Election ſhine;
And Romanes, fight for Freedome in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crowne.

Princes, that ſtriue by Factions, and by Friends, by m.c
Ambitiouſly for Rule and Empery:
Know, that the people of Rome for whom we ſtand
A ſpeciall Party, haue by Common voyce
In Election for the Romane Emperie,
Choſen *Andronicus*, Sur-named *Pius*, *not in 32*
For many good and great deſerts to Rome.
A Nobler man, a brauer Warriour,
Liues not this day within the City Walles:
He by the Senate is accited home
From weary Warres againſt the barbarous Gothes,
That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes)
Hath yoak'd a Nation ſtrong, train'd vp in Armes.
Ten yeares are ſpent, ſince firſt he vndertooke
This Cauſe of Rome, and chaſticed with Armes
Our Enemies pride. Fiue times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes
In Coffins from the Field.
And now at laſt, laden with Honours Spoyles,
Returnes the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus*, flouriſhing in Armes.
Let vs intreat, by Honour of his Name,
Whom (worthily) you would haue now ſucceede,
And in the Capitoll and Senates right,
Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,
Diſmiſſe your Followers, and as Suters ſhould,
Pleade your Deſerts in Peace and Humbleneſſe.

Saturnine. How fayre the Tribune ſpeakes,
To calme my thoughts.

Baſsia. *Marcus Andronicus*, ſo I do affie
In thy vprightneſſe and Integrity:
And ſo I Loue and Honor thee, and thine,
Thy Noble Brother *Titus*, and his Sonnes,
And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious *Lauinia*, Romes rich Ornament,
That I will heere diſmiſſe my louing Friends:
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Fauour,
Commit my Cauſe in ballance to be weigh'd. *Exeunt 32 / Exit Souldiours.*

Saturnine. Friends, that haue beene
Thus forward in my Right,
I thanke you all, and heere Diſmiſſe you all,
And to the Loue and Fauour of my Countrey,
Commit my Selfe, my Perſon, and the Cauſe:
Rome, be as iuſt and gracious vnto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the Gates, and let me in.

Baſsia. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor.

not in 32 Flouriſh. *They go vp into the Senat houſe.*

Act. 1. Scene 2.

The ſame m.c Enter a Captaine, and others m.c

Cap. Romanes make way: the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of Vertue, Romes beſt Champion,
Succeſſefull in the Battailes that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumſcribed with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets. And then enter two of Titus Sonnes; After them, two men bearing a Coffin couered with blacke, then two other Sonnes. After them, Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queene of Gothes, & her two Sonnes Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moore, and others, as many as can bee: They ſet downe the Coffin, and Titus ſpeakes.

Andronicus. Haile Rome:
Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes:

Loe.

Loe as the Barke that hath diſcharg'd his fraught,
Returnes with precious lading to the Bay,
From whence at firſt ſhe wegih'd her Anchorage:
Commeth *Andronicus* bound with Lawrell bowes,
To reſalute his Country with his teares,
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.
Romaines, of fiue and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Halfe of the number that King *Priam* had,
Behold the poore remaines aliue and dead!
Theſe that Suruiue, let Rome reward with Loue:
Theſe that I bring vnto their lateſt home,
With buriall amongſt their Aunceſtors.
Heere Gothes haue giuen me leaue to ſheath my Sword:
Titus vnkinde, and careleſſe of thine owne,
Why ſuffer'ſt thou thy Sonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull ſhore of Stix?
Make way to lay them by their Bretheren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in ſilence as the dead are wont,
And ſleepe in peace, ſlaine in your Countries warres:
O ſacred receptacle of my ioyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Noblitie,
How many Sonnes of mine haſt thou in ſtore,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more?

Luc. Giue vs the proudeſt priſoner of the Gothes,
That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, ſacrifice his fleſh:
Before this earthly priſon of their bones,
That ſo the ſhadowes be not vnappeas'd,
Nor we diſturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I giue him you, the Nobleſt that Suruiues,
The eldeſt Son of this diſtreſſed Queene.

Tam. Stay Romaine Bretheren, gracious Conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I ſhed,
A Mothers teares in paſſion for her ſonne:
And if thy Sonnes were euer deere to thee,
Oh thinke my ſonnes to be as deere to mee.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy Triumphs, and returne
Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,
But muſt my Sonnes be ſlaughtred in the ſtreetes,
For Valiant doings in their Countries cauſe?
O! If to fight for King and Common-weale,
Were piety in thine, it is in theſe:
Andronicus, ſtaine not thy Tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being mercifull.
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice Noble *Titus*, ſpare my firſt borne ſonne.

Tit. Patient your ſelfe Madam, and pardon me.
Theſe are the Brethren, whom you Gothes beheld
Aliue and dead, and for their Bretheren ſlaine,
Religiouſly they aske a ſacrifice:
To this your ſonne is markt, and die he muſt,
T'appeaſe their groaning ſhadowes that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire ſtraight,
And with our Swords vpon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane conſum'd.

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamo. O cruell irreligious piety.

Chi. Was euer Scythia halfe ſo barbarous?

Dem. Oppoſe me Scythia to ambitious Rome,
Alarbus goes to reſt, andwe ſuruiue,
To tremble vnder *Titus* threatning lookes,
Then Madam ſtand reſolu'd, but hope withall,
The ſelfe ſame Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy
With opportunitie of ſharpe reuenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Luci. See Lord and Father, how we haue perform'd
Our Romaine rightes, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the ſacrifiſing fire,
Whoſe ſmoke like in cenſe doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren,
And with low'd Larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be ſo, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his lateſt farewell to their ſoules.

Flouriſh.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tombe.

In peace and Honour reſt you heere my Sonnes,
Romes readieſt Champions, repoſe you heere in reſt,
Secure from worldly chaunces and miſhaps:
Heere lurks no Treaſon, heere no enuie ſwels,
Heere grow no damned grudges, heere are no ſtormes,
No noyſe, but ſilence and Eternall ſleepe,
In peace and Honour reſt you heere my Sonnes.

Enter Lauinia.

Laui. In peace and Honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,
My Noble Lord and Father, liue in Fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my Bretherens Obſequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
O bleſſe me heere with thy victorious hand,
Whoſe Fortune Romes beſt Citizens applau'd.

Ti. Kind Rome,
That haſt thus louingly reſeru'd
The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lauinia liue, out-liue thy Fathers dayes:
And Fames eternall date for vertues praiſe.

Marc. Long liue Lord *Titus*, my beloued brother,
Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome.

Tit. Thankes Gentle Tribune,
Noble brother *Marcus*.

Mar. And welcome Nephews from ſucceſſull wars,
You that ſuruiue and you that ſleepe in Fame:
Faire Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,
That in your Countries ſeruice drew your Swords.
But ſafer Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,
That hath aſpir'd to *Solons* Happines,
And Triumphs ouer chaunce in honours bed.
Titus Andronicus, thepeople of Rome,
Whoſe friend in iuſtice thou haſt euer bene,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their truſt,
This Palliament of white and ſpotleſſe Hue,
And name thee in Election for the Empire,
With theſe our late deceaſed Emperours Sonnes:
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And helpe to ſet a head on headleſſe Rome.

Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits,
Then his that ſhakes for age and feebleneſſe:

What

What ſhould I d'on this Robe and trouble you,
Be choſen with proclamations to day,
To morrow yeeld vp rule, reſigne my life,
And ſet abroad new buſineſſe for you all.
Rome I haue bene thy Souldier forty yeares,
And led my Countries ſtrength ſucceſſefully,
And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Knighted in Field, ſlaine manfully in Armes,
In right and Seruice of their Noble Countrie:
Giue me a ſtaffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a Scepter to controule the world,
Vpright he held it Lords, that held it laſt.
Mar. Titus, thou ſhalt obtaine and aske the Emperie.
Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune can'ſt thou tell?
Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus*. *Saturnine*
Sat. Romaines do me right. *Ed^m 1600 X m.c.*
Patricians draw your Swords, and ſheath them not
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour:
Andronicus would thou wert ſhipt to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.
Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That Noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.
Tit. Content thee Prince, I will reſtore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themſelues.
Baſs. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee
But Honour thee, and will doe till I die:
My Faction if thou ſtrengthen with thy Friend?
I will moſt thankefull be, and thankes to men
Of Noble mindes, is Honourable Meede.
Tit, People of Rome, and Noble Tribunes heere,
I aske your voyces and your Suffrages,
Will you beſtow them friendly on *Andronicus*?
Tribunes. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And Gratulate his ſafe returne to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.
Tit. Tribunes I thanke you, and this ſure I make,
That you Create your Emperours eldeſt ſonne,
Lord *Saturnine*, whoſe Vertues will I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth,
And ripen Iuſtice in this Common-weale:
Then if you will elect by my aduiſe,
Crowne him, and ſay: Long liue our Emperour.
Mar. An. With Voyces and applauſe of euery ſort,
Patricians and Plebeans we Create
Lord *Saturninus* Romes Great Emperour.
And ſay, *Long liue our Emperour Saturnine.*
A long Flouriſh till they come downe.
Satu. Titus Andronicus, for thy Fauours done,
To vs in our Election this day,
I giue thee thankes in part of thy Deſerts,
And will with Deeds requite thy gentleneſſe:
And for an Onſet *Titus* to aduance
Thy Name, and Honorable Familie,
Lauinia will I make my Empreſſe,
Rome sRoyall Miſtris, Miſtris of my hart *Hearth 32*
And in the Sacred *Pathan* her eſpouſe: *Pantheon 32*
Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion pleaſe thee?
Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace,
And heere in ſight of Rome, to *Saturnine*,
King and Commander of our Common-weale,
The Wide-worlds Emperour, do I Conſecrate,
My Sword, my Chariot, and my Priſonerss, *omitted 32*
Preſents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord: *your Gods*
Receiue them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honours Enſignes humbled at my feete.

Satu. Thankes Noble *Titus*, Father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts
Rome ſhall record, and when I do forget
The leaſt of theſe vnſpeakable Deſerts,
Romans forget your Fealtie to me.
Tit. Now Madam are *your* priſoner to an Emperour,
To him that for *your* Honour and your State,
Will vſe you Nobly and your followers.
Satu. A goodly Lady, truſt me of the Hue
That I would chooſe, were I to chooſe a new:
Cleere vp Faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of warre
Hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou com'ſt not to be made a ſcorne in Rome:
Princely ſhall be thy vſage euery way.
Reſt on my word, and let not diſcontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you,
Can make your Greater then the Queene of Gothes?
Lauinia you are not diſpleaſ'd with this?
Lau. Not I my Lord, ſith true Nobilitie,
Warrants theſe words in Princely curteſie.
Sat. Thankes ſweete *Lauinia*, Romans let vs goe:
Ranſomleſſe heere we ſet our Priſoners free,
Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpe and Drum.
Baſs. Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this Maid is mine.
Tit. How ſir? Are you in earneſt then my Lord?
Baſs. I Noble *Titus*, and reſolu'd withall,
To doe my ſelfe this reaſon, and this right.
Marc. Suum cuiquam, is our Romane Iuſtice, *giue m.c*
This Prince in Iuſtice ceazeth but his owne.
Luc. And that he will and ſhall, if *Lucius* liue.
Tit. Traytors auant, where is the Emperours Guarde?
Treaſon my Lord, *Lauinia* is ſurpriſ'd.
Sat. Surpriſ'd, by whom?
Baſs. By him that iuſtly may
Beare his Betroth'd, from all the world away.
Muti. Brothers helpe to conuey her hence away,
And with my Sword Ile keepe this doore ſafe.
Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ile ſoone bring her backe.
Mut. My Lord you paſſe not heere.
Tit. What villaine Boy, bar'ſt me my way in Rome?
Mut. Helpe *Lucius* helpe. *He kils him.*
Luc. My Lord you are vniuſt, and more then ſo,
In wrongfull quarrell, you haue ſlaine your ſon.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he are any ſonnes of mine,
My ſonnes would neuer ſo diſhonour me.
Traytor reſtore *Lauinia* to the Emperour.
Luc. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promiſt Loue.

Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two ſonnes, and Aaron the Moore.

Empe. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy ſtocke: *not m.c.*
Ile truſt by Leiſure him that mocks me once. *nor God*
Thee neuer: nor thy Trayterous haughty ſonnes,
Confederates all, thus to diſhonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a ſtale
But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*
Agree theſe Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That ſaid'ſt, I beg'd the Empire at thy hands.
Tit. O monſtrous, what reproachfull words are theſe?
Sat. But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,
To him that flouriſht for her with his Sword:
A Valliant ſonne in-law thou ſhalt enioy:
One, fit to bandy with thy lawleſſe Sonnes,

To

To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.
Tit. Theſe words are Razors to my wounded hart.
Sat. And therefore louely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,
That like the ſtately *Thebe* mong'ſt her Nimphs
Doſt ouer-ſhine the Gallant'ſt Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleaſ'd with this my ſodaine choyſe,
Behold I chooſe thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
And will Create thee Empreſſe of Rome.
Speake Queene of Goths doſt thou applau'd my choyſe?
And heere I ſweare by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Prieſt and Holy-water are ſo neere,
And Tapers burne ſo bright, and euery thing
In readines for *Hymeneus* ſtand,
I will not reſalute the ſtreets of Rome,
Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,
I leade eſpouſ'd my Bride along with me,
Tamo. And heere in ſight of heauen to Rome I ſweare,
If *Saturnine* aduance the Queen of Gothes,
Shee will a Hand-maid be to his deſires,
A louing Nurſe, a Mother to his youth.
Satur. Aſcend Faire Qeene,
Panthean Lords, accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his lonely Bride,
Sent by the heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whoſe wiſedome hath her Fortune Conquered,
There ſhall we Conſummate our Spouſall rites.
Exeuntomnes.
Tit. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride:
Titus when wer't thou wont to walke alone,
Diſhonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus Sonnes.

Mar O *Titus* ſee! O ſee what thou haſt done!
In a bad quarrell, ſlaine a Vertuous ſonne.
Tit. No fooliſh Tribune, no: No ſonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor theſe Confedrates in the deed,
That hath diſhonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy Sonnes.
Luci. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes:
Giue *Mutius* buriall with our Bretheren.
Tit. Traytors away, he reſt's not in this Tombe:
This Monument fiue hundreth yeares hath ſtood,
Which I haue Sumptuouſly re-edified:
Heere none but Souldiers, and Romes Seruitors,
Repoſe in Fame: None baſely ſlaine in braules,
Bury him where you can, he comes not heere.
Mar. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds do plead for him,
He muſt be buried with his bretheren.
Titus two Sonnes ſpeakes.
And ſhall, or him we will accompany.
Ti. And ſhall! What villaine was it ſpake that word?
Titus ſonne ſpeakes.
He that would vouch'd it in any place but heere.
Tit. What would you bury him in my deſpight?
Mar. No Noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.
Tit. Marcus, Euen thou haſt ſtroke vpon my Creſt,
And with theſe Boyes mine Honour thou haſt wounded,
My foes I doe repute you euery one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
1.*Sonne.* He is not himſelfe, let vs withdraw.
2.*Sonne.* Not I tell *Mutius* bones be buried.
The Brother and the ſonnes kneele.
Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd.
2.*Sonne.* Father, and in that name doth nature ſpeake.
Tit. Speake thou no more if all the reſt will ſpeede.
Mar. Renowned *Titus* more then halfe my ſoule.
Luc. Deare Father, ſoule and ſubſtance of vs all.
Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre
His Noble Nephew heere in vertues neſt,
That died in Honour and *Lauinia's* cauſe.
Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:
The Greekes vpon aduiſe did bury *Aiax*
That ſlew himſelfe: And *Laertes* ſonne,
Did graciouſly plead for his Funerals:
Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy ioy,
Be bar'd his entrance heere.
Tit. Riſe *Marcus*, riſe,
The diſmall'ſt day is this that ere I ſaw,
To be diſhonored by my Sonnes in Rome:
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
They put him in the Tombe.
Luc. There lie thy bones ſweet *Mutius* with thy friends
Till we with Trophees do adorne thy Tombe.
They all kneele and ſay.
No man ſhed teares for Noble *Mutius*,
He liues in Fame, that di'd in vertues cauſe. *Exit.*
Mar. My Lord to ſtep out of theſe ſudden dumps,
How comes it that the ſubtile Queene of Gothes,
Is of a ſodaine thus aduanc'd in Rome?
Ti. I know not *Marcus*: but I know it is,
(Whether by deuiſe or no) the heauens can tell,
Is ſhe not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne ſo farre?
Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

Flouriſh.
Enter the Emperor, Tamora, and her two ſons, with the Moore at one doore. Enter at the other doore Baſsianus and Lauinia with others.
Sat. So *Baſsianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
God giue you ioy ſir of your Gallant Bride.
Baſs. And you of yours my Lord: I ſay no more,
Nor wiſh no leſſe, and ſo I take my leaue.
Sat. Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
Thou and thy Faction ſhall repent this Rape.
Baſs. Rape call you it my Lord, to ceaſe my owne,
My true betrothed Loue, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while I am poſſeſt of that is mine.
Sat. 'Tis good ſir: you are very ſhort with vs,
But if we liue, weele be as ſharpe with you.
Baſs. My Lord, what I haue done as beſt I may,
Anſwere I muſt, and ſhall do with my life,
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* heere,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the reſcue of *Lauinia*,
With his owne hand did ſlay his youngeſt Son,
In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.
To be controul'd in that he frankly gaue:
Receiue him then to fauour *Saturnine*,
That hath expre'ſt himſelfe in all his deeds,
A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome.
Tit. Prince *Baſsianus* leaue to plead my Deeds,
'Tis thou, and thoſe, that haue diſhonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
How I haue lou'd and Honour'd *Saturnine*.
Tam. My worthy Lord if euer *Tamora*,

Were

Were gracious in thoſe Princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me ſpeake indifferently for all:
And at my ſute (ſweet) pardon what is paſt.
Satu. What Madam, be diſhonoured openly,
And baſely put it vp without reuenge?
Tam. Not ſo my Lord,
The Gods of Rome for-fend,
I ſhould be Authour to diſhonouryou.
But on mine honour dare, I vndertake
For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all:
Whoſe fury not diſſembled ſpeakes his griefes:
Then at my ſute looke graciouſly on him,
Looſe not ſo noble a friend on vaine ſuppoſe,
Nor with ſowre lookes afflict his gentle heart.
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at laſt,
Diſſemble all your griefes and diſcontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Leaſt then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a iuſt ſuruey take *Titus* part,
And ſo ſupplant vs for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a hainous ſin ne.
Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone:
Ile finde a day to maſſacre them all,
And race their faction, and their familie,
The cruell Father, and his trayt'rous ſonnes,
To whom I ſued for my deare ſonnes life.
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queene,
Kneele in the ſtreetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, ſweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*)
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempeſt of thy angry frowne.
King. Riſe *Titus*, riſe,
My Empreſſe hath preuail'd.
Titus. I thanke your Maieſtie,
And her my Lord.
Theſe words, theſe lookes,
Infuſe new life in me.
Tamo. Titus, I am incorparate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily.
And muſt aduiſe the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*.
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you Prince *Baſsianus*, I haue paſt
My word and promiſe to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords:
And you *Lauinia*,
By my aduiſe all humbled on your knees,
You ſhall aske pardon of his Maieſtie.
Son. We doe,
And vow to heauen, and to his Highnes,
That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tendring our ſiſters honour and our owne.
Mar. That on mine honour heere I do proteſt.
King. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.
Tamora. Nay, nay,
Sweet Emperour, we muſt all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, ſweet hart looke back.
King. Marcus,
For thy ſake and thy brothers heere,
And at my louely *Tamora's* intreats,
I doe remit theſe young mens haynous faults.
Stand vp: *Lauinia*, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and ſure as death I ſware,
I would not part a Batchellour from the Prieſt.
Come, if the Emperours Court can feaſt two Brides,
You are my gueſt *Lauinia*, and your friends:
This dayſhall be a Loue-day *Tamora*.
Tit. To morrow and it pleaſe your Maieſtie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and Hound,
Weele giue your Grace *Bon iour*.
Satur. Be it ſo *Titus*, and Gramercy to. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secunda.

Flouriſh. *Enter Aaron alone.*

Aron. Now climbeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes ſhot, and ſits aloft,
Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flaſh,
Aduanc'd about pale enuies threatning reach: above 32
As when the goldenSunne ſalutes the morne,
And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his gliſtering Coach,
And ouer-lookes the higheſt piering hills:
So *Tamora*!
Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue ſtoopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aaron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts, the 32
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Miſtris,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in ttiumph long
Haſt priſoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,
And faſter bound to *Aarons* charming eyes,
Then is *Prometheus* ti'de to *Caucaſus*.
Away with ſlauiſh weedes, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and ſhine in Pearle and Gold,
To waite vpon this new made Empreſſe.
To waite ſaid I? To wanton with this Queene,
This Goddeſſe, this *Semerimis*, this Queene, Samirami
This Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturnine*, 32
And ſee his ſhipwracke, and his Common weales.
Hollo, what ſtorme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauing.

Dem. Chiron thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intru'd where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou know'ſt affected be.
Chi. Demetrius, thou doo'ſt ouer-weene in all,
And ſo in this, to beare me downe with braues,
'Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
Makes me leſſe gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To ſerue, and to deſerue my Miſtris grace,
Andthat my ſword vpon thee ſhall approue,
And plead my paſſions for *Lauinia's* loue.
Aron. Clubs, clubs, theſe louers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (vnaduiſed)
Gaue you a daunſing Rapier by your ſide,
Are you ſo deſperate growne to threat your friends?
Goe too: haue your Lath glued within your ſheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Meane while ſir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well ſhalt thou perceiue how much I dare.
Deme. I Boy, grow ye ſo braue? *They drawe.*
Aron. Why how now Lords?
So nere the Emperours Pallace dare you draw,

And

And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of Gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome:
For shame put vp.
Deme. Not I, till I haue sheath'd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour heere.
Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolu'd,
Foule spoken Coward,
That thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st performe.
Aron. A way I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,
This pretty brabble will vndoo vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to set vpon a Princes right?
What is *Lauinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her loue such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulement, Iustice, or reuenge?
Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,
This discord ground, the musicke would not please.
Chi. I care not I, knew she and all the world,
I loue *Lauinia* more then all the world.
Demet. Youngling,
Learne thou to make some meaner choise,
Lauinia is thine elder brothers hope.
Aron. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this deuise.
Chi. *Aaron*, a thousand deaths would I propose
To atchieue her whom I do loue.
Aron. To atchieue her, how?
Deme. Why, mak'st thou it so strange? "These are the words of Shak. in Rich. III. or some other Play. And this is in the tone Spirit of Shakspeare and ille outh
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therfore may be wonne,
Shee is *Lauinia* therefore must be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the Mill
Then wots the Miller of, and easie it is
Of a cut loafe to steale a shiue we know:
Though *Bassianus* be the Emperours brother, Diabolus,
Better then he haue worne *Vulcans* badge. Shewin
Aron. I, and as good as *Saturnius* may.
Deme. Then why should he dispaire that knowes to
With words, faire lookes, and liberality: (court it
What hast not thou full often strucke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose? ×
Aron. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so
Would serue your turnes.
Chi. I so the turne were serued.
Deme. *Aaron* thou hast hit it.
Aron. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this adoo:
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,
To square for this? Would it offend you then?
Chi. Faith not me.
Deme. Nor me, so I were one.
Aron. For shame be friends, & ioyne for that you iar:
'Tis pollicie, and stratageme must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolue,
That what you cannot as you would atcheiue,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chast
Then this *Lauinia*, *Bassianus* loue,
A speedier course this lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand.
There will the louely Roman Ladies troope:
The Forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit
To villainie and vengance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with aduise,
That will not suffer you to square your selues,
But to your wishes height aduance you both.
The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:
The Woods are ruthlesse, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
There speake, and strike braue Boyes, & take your turnes.
There serue your lusts, shadow'd from heauens eye,
And reuell in *Lauinia's* Treasurie.
Chi. Thy counsell Lad smells of no cowardise.
Deme. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I finde the streames,
To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits,
Per Stigia per manes Vehor. *Exeunt.*

Act II. Scene II. *A Forest near Rome. A Lodge at a distance.*

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sonnes, making a noyse with hounds and hornes, and Marcus.

Tit. The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are greene,
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,
That all the Court may eccho with the noyse.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully:
I haue bene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Winde Hornes.

Heere a cry of houndes, and winde hornes in a peale, then Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lauinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their Attendants.

Ti. Many good morrowes to your Maiestie,
Madam to you as many and as good.
I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale.
Satur. And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat to earely for new married Ladies.
Bass. *Lauinia*, how say you?
Laui. I say no:
I haue bene awake two houres and more.
Satur. Come on then, horse and Chariots letvs haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Romaine hunting.
Mar. I haue dogges my Lord,
Will rouze the proudest Panther in the Chase,
And clime the highest P omontary top.
Tit. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes likes Swallowes ore the plaine

Deme. Chiron

× "Deer stealing of which so much has been said in the History of Shakespeare's early life was considered a mere youthful frolic not very disgraceful" Shewin

Act II TITUS ANDRONICUS. Scene 3.

Thornthwaite sculpt.

Mrs WELLS as the Character of LAVINIA.

"Under your patience, gentle Emperess."

Printed for John Bell British Library Strand London Augst 1st 1785.

Deme. *Chiron* we hunt not we, with Horſe nor Hound
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt*

Enter Aaron alone.

Aron. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
To bury ſo much Gold vnder a Tree,
And neuer after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me ſo abiectly,
Know that this Gold muſt coine a ſtratageme,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent peece of villany:
And ſo repoſe ſweet Gold for their vnreſt,
That haue their Almes out of the Empreſſe Cheſt.

Enter Tamora to the Moore.

Tamo. My louely *Aaron*,
Wherefore look'ſt thou ſad,
When euery thing doth make a Gleefull boaſt?
The Birds chaunt melody on euery buſh,
The Snake lies rolled in the chearefull Sunne,
The greene leaues quiuer, with the cooling winde,
And make a cheker'd ſhadow on the ground:
Vnder their ſweete ſhade, *Aaron* let vs ſit,
And whil'ſt the babling Eccho mock's the Hounds,
Replying ſhrilly to the well tun'd-Hornes,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs ſit downe, and marke their yelping noyſe:
And after conflict, ſuch as was ſuppos'd.
The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enioy'd,
When with a happy ſtorme they were ſurpris'd,
And Curtain'd with a Counſaile-keeping Caue,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our paſtimes done) poſſeſſe a Golden ſlumber,
Whiles Hounds and Hornes, and ſweet Melodious Birds
Be vnto vs, as is a Nurſes Song
Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe aſleepe.
Aron. Madame,
Though *Venus* gouerne your deſires,
Saturne is Dominator ouer mine:
What ſignifies my deadly ſtanding eye,
My ſilence, and my Cloudy Melancholie,
My fleece of Woolly haire, that now vncurles,
Euen as an Adder when ſhe doth vnrowle
To do ſome fatall execution?
No Madam, theſe are no Veneriall ſignes,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood, and reuenge, are Hammering in my head.
Harke *Tamora*, the Empreſſe of my Soule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen, then reſts in thee,
This is the day of Doome for *Baſsianus*;
His *Philomel* muſt looſe her tongue to day,
Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chaſtity,
And waſh their hands in *Baſſianus* blood.
Seeſt thou this Letter, take it vp I pray thee,
And giue the King this fatall plotted Scrowle,
Now queſtion me no more, we are eſpied,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty,
Which dreads not yet their liues deſtruction.

Enter Baſſianus and Lauinia.

Tamo. Ah my ſweet *Moore*:
Sweeter to me then life.
Aron. No more great Empreſſe, *Baſſianus* comes,
Be croſſe with him, and Ile goe fetch thy Sonnes
To backe thy quarrell what ſo ere they be.
Baſſi. Whom haue we heere?
Romes Royall Empreſſe,
Vnfurniſht of her well beſeeming troope?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,
To ſee the generall Hunting in this Forreſt?
Tamo. Sawcie controuler of our priuate ſteps:
Had I the power, that ſome ſay *Dian* had,
Thy Temples ſhould be planted preſently.
With Hornes, as was *Actæons*, and the Hounds
Should driue vpon his new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly Intruder as thou art.
Laui. Vnder your patience gentle Empreſſe,
'Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in Horning,
And to be doubted, that your *Moore* and you
Are ſingled forth to try experiments:
Iove ſheild your husband from his Hounds to day,
'Tis pitty they ſhould take him for a Stag.
Baſſi. Beleeue me Queene, your ſwarth Cymerion,
Doth make your Honour of his bodies Hue,
Spotted, deteſted, and abhominable.
Why are you ſequeſtred from all your traine?
Diſmounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,
And wandred hither to an obſcure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moore*,
If foule deſire had not conducted you?
Laui. And being intercepted in your ſport,
Great reaſon that my Noble Lord, be rated
For Saucineſſe, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her ioy her Rauen coloured loue,
This valley fits the purpoſe paſſing well.
Baſſi. The King my Brother ſhall haue notice of this.
Laui. I, for theſe ſlips haue made him noted long,
Good King, to be ſo mightily abuſed.
Tamora. Why I haue patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now deere Soueraigne
And our gracious Mother,
Why doth your Highnes looke ſo pale and wan?
Tamo. Haue I not reaſon thinke you to looke pale.
Theſe two haue tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren, deteſted vale you ſee it is.
The Trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,
Ore-come with Moſſe, and balefull Miſſelto.
Here neuer ſhines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds,
Vnleſſe the nightly Owle, or fatall Rauen:
And when they ſhew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me heere at dead time of the night,
A thouſand Fiends, a thouſand hiſſing Snakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling Toades, as many Vrchins,
Would make ſuch fearefull and confuſed cries,
As any mortall body hearing it,
Should ſtraite fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.
No ſooner had they told this helliſh tale,
But ſtrait they told me they would binde me heere,
Vnto the body of a dimall yew,
And leaue me to this miſerable death.
And then they call'd me foule Adultereſſe,
Laſciuious Goth, and all the bittereſt tearmes
That euer eare did heare to ſuch effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Reuenge it, as you loue your Mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth cal'd my Children.
Dem. This is a witneſſe that I am thy Sonne. *Stab him.*
Chi. And this for me,
Strook home to ſhew my ſtrength.
Laui. I come *Semeramis*, nay Barbarous *Tamora*.

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.
Tam. Giue me thy poyniard, you ſhal know my boyes
Your Mothers hand ſhall right your Mothers wrong.
Deme. Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,
Firſt th.aſh the Corne, then after burne the ſtraw:
This Minion ſtood vpon her chaſtity,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie,
And with that painted hope, braues your Mightineſſe,
And ſhall ſhe carry this vnto her graue?
Chi. And if ſhe doe,
I would I were an Eunuch,
Drag hence her husband to ſome ſecret hole,
And make his dead Trunke-Pillow to our luſt.
Tamo. But when ye haue the hony we deſire,
Let not this Waſpe out-liue vs both to ſting.
Chir. I warrant you Madam we will make that ſure:
Come Miſtris, now perforce we will enioy,
That nice-preſerued honeſty of yours.
Laui. Oh *Tamora*, thou bear'ſt a woman face,
Tamo. I will not heare her ſpeake, away with her.
Laui. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.
Demet. Liſten faire Madam, let it be your glory
To ſee her teares, but be your hart to them, heart 32
As vnrelenting flint to drops of raine.
Laui. When did the Tigers young-ones teach the dam?
O doe not learne her wrath, ſhe taught it thee,
The milke thou ſuck'ſt from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy Teat thou had'ſt thy Tyranny,
Yet euery Mother breeds not Sonnes alike,
Do thou intreat her ſhew a woman pitty.
Chiro. What,
Would'ſt thou haue me proue my ſelfe a baſtard?
Laui. 'Tis true,
The Rauen doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion mou'd with pitty, did indure
To haue his Princely pawes par'd all away.
Some ſay, that Rauens foſter forlorne children,
The whil'ſt their owne birds famiſh in their neſts:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart ſay no,
Nothing ſo kind but ſomething pittifull.
Tamo. I know not what it meanes, away with her.
Lauin. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers ſake,
That gaue thee life when well he might haue ſlaine thee:
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares.
Tamo. Had'ſt thou in perſon nere offended me.
Euen for his ſake am I pittileſſe: grow /32
Remember Boyes I pôwr'd forth teares in vaine,
To ſaue your brother from the ſacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vſe her as you will,
The worſe to her, the better lou'd of me.
Laui. Oh *Tamora*,
Be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For 'tis not life that I haue beg'd ſo long,
Poore I was ſlaine, when *Baſſianus* dy'd.
Tam. What beg'ſt thou then? fond woman let me go?
Laui. 'Tis preſent death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
Oh keepe me from their worſe then killing luſt,
And tumble me into ſome loathſome pit,
Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this, and be a charitable murderer.
Tam. So ſhould I rob my ſweet Sonnes of their fee,
No let them ſatiſfie their luſt on thee.
Deme. Away,
For thou haſt ſtaid vs heere too long.
Lauinia. No Garace, 2 Act 32
No womanhood? Ah beaſtly creature,
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confuſion fall——
Chi. Nay then Ile ſtop your mouth
Bring thou her husband,
This is the Hole where *Aaron* bid vs hide him.
Tam. Farewell my Sonnes, ſee that you make her ſure,
Nere let my heart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the *Andronici* be made away:
Now will I hence to ſeeke my louely *Moore*,
And let my ſpleenefull Sonnes this Trull defloure. *Exit.*
Act II ? The ſame m.e.
Scene IV.) *Enter Aaron with two of Titus Sonnes.*
Aron. Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothſome pit,
Where I eſpied the Panther faſt aſleepe.
Quin. My ſight is very dull what ere it bodes.
Marti. And mine I promiſe you, were it not for ſhame,
Well could I leaue our ſport to ſleepe a while. Martius
Quin. What art thou fallen? falls into the
What ſubtile Hole is this, 87 m.e.
Whoſe mouth is couered with Rude growing Briers,
Vpon whoſe leaues are drops of new-ſhed-blood,
As freſh as mornings dew diſtil'd on flowers,
A very fatall place it ſeemes to me:
Speake Brother haſt thou hurt thee with the fall?
Martius. Oh Brother,
With the diſmal'ſt obiect
That euer eye with ſight made heart lament.
Aron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere,
That he thereby may haue a likely geſſe,
How theſe were they that made away his Brother.
Exit Aaron.
Marti. Why doſt not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this vnhallow'd and blood-ſtained Hole?
Quintus. I am ſurpriſed with an vncouth feare,
A chilling ſweat ore-runs my trembling ioynts,
My heart ſuſpects more then mine eie can ſee.
Marti. To proue thou haſt a true diuining heart,
Aaron and thou looke downe into this den,
And ſee a fearefull ſight of blood and death.
Quintus. *Aaron* is gone,
And my compaſſionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing where at it trembles by ſurmiſe:
Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.
Marti. Lord *Baſſianus* lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to the ſlaughtred Lambe,
In this deteſted, darke, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be darke, how dooſt thou know 'tis he?
Mart. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole: This
Which like a Taper in ſome Monument, 1600
Doth ſhine vpon the dead mans earthly cheekes,
And ſhewes the ragged intrailes of the pit:
So pale did ſhine the Moone on *Piramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood:
O Brother helpe me with thy fainting hand.
If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,
Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,
As hatefull as *Ocitus* miſtie mouth. C 32
Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,
Or

Act II. TITUS ANDRONICUS. Scene 3.

J. K. Sherwin, Inv.t et Sculp.

'Tis present Death I beg and one thing more that
Womanhood denies my tongue to tell.

Publish'd Nov.r 8th 1771 by J. Bell in the Strand London

Or wanting ſtrength to doe thee ſo much good,
I may be pluckt into the ſwallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore *Baſsianus* graue:
I haue no ſtrength to plucke thee to the brinke.
Martius. Nor I no ſtrength to clime without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not looſe againe,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,
Thou can'ſt not come to me, I come to thee. *Both fall in.*

Enter the Emperour, Aaron the Moore.

Satur. Along with me, Ile ſee what hole is heere,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately did'ſt deſcend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Marti. The vnhappie ſonne of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a moſt vnluckie houre,
To finde thy brother *Baſsianus* dead.
Satur. My brother dead? I know thou doſt but ieſt,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Vpon the North-ſide of this pleaſant Chaſe,
'Tis not an houre ſince I left him there.
Marti. We know not where you left him all aliue,
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tamo. Where is my Lord the King?
King. Heere *Tamora*, though grieu'd with killing griefe.
Tam. Where is thy brother *Baſsianus?*
King. Now to the bottome doſt thou ſearch my wound,
Poore *Baſsianus* heere lies murthered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ,
The complot of this timeleſſe Tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleaſing ſmiles ſuch murderous Tyrannie.
She giueth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter.
And if we miſſe to meete him hanſomely,
Sweet huntſman, Baſſianus 'tis we meane,
Doe thou ſo much as dig the graue for him,
Thou know'ſt our meaning, looke for thy reward
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree:
Which ouer-ſhades the mouth of that ſame pit:
Where we decreed to bury Baſſianuss
Doe this and purchaſe vs thy laſting friends.

King. Oh *Tamora*, was euer heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke ſirs, if you can finde the huntſman out,
That ſhould haue murthered *Baſsianus* heere.
Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold.
King. Two of thy whelpes, fell Curs of bloody kind
Haue heere bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the priſon,
There let them bide vntill we haue deuis'd
Some neuer heard-of tortering paine for them.
Tamo. What are they in this pit,
Oh wondrous thing!
How eaſily murder is diſcouered?
Tit. High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,
Ib eg this boone, with teares, not lightly ſhed,
That this fell fault of my accurſed Sonnes,
Accurſed, if the faults be prou'd in them.
King. If it be prou'd? you ſee it is apparant,
Who found this Letter, *Tamora* was it you?
Tamora. Andronicus himſelfe did take it vp.
Tit. I did my Lord,
Yet let me be their baile,
For by my Fathers reuerent Tombe I vow
They ſhall be ready at yout Highnes will,
To anſwere their ſuſpition with their liues.
King. Thou ſhalt not baile them, ſee thou follow me:
Some bring the murthered body, ſome the murtherers,
Let them not ſpeake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my ſoule, were there worſe end then death,
That end vpon them ſhould be executed.
Tamo. Andronicus I will entreat the King,
Feare not thy Sonnes, they ſhall do well enough.
Tit. Come *Lucius* come,
Stay not to talke with them. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Empreſſe Sonnes, with Lauinia, her hands cut off and her tongue cut out, and rauiſht.

Deme. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can ſpeake,
Who t'was that cut thy tongue and rauiſht thee.
Chi. Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning ſo,
And if thy ſtumpes will let thee play the Scribe.
Dem. See how with ſignes and tokens ſhe can ſcowle.
Chi. Goe home,
Call for ſweet water, waſh thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to waſh.
And ſo let's leaue her to her ſilent walkes.
Chi. And t'were my cauſe, I ſhould goe hang my ſelfe.
Dem. If thou had'ſt hands to helpe thee knit the cord.
Exeunt.

Winde Hornes.
Enter Marcus from hunting, to Lauinia.
Who is this, my Neece that flies away ſo faſt?
Coſen a word, where is your husband?
If I do dreame, would all my wealth would wake me;
If I doe wake, ſome Planet ſtrike me downe,
That I may ſlumber in eternall ſleepe.
Speake gentle Neece, what ſterne vngentle hands
Hath lopt, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, thoſe ſweet Ornaments
Whoſe circkling ſhadowes, Kings haue ſought to ſleep in
And might not gaine ſo great a happines
As halfe thy Loue: Why dooſt not ſpeake to me?
Alas, a Crimſon riuer of warme blood,
Like to a bubling fountaine ſtir'd with winde,
Doth riſe and fall betweene thy Roſed lips,
Comming and going with thy hony breath.
But ſure ſome *Tereus* hath defloured thee,
And leaſt thou ſhould'ſt detect them, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'ſt away thy face for ſhame:
And notwithſtanding all this loſſe of blood,
As from a Conduit with their iſſuing Spouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,
Bluſhing to be encountred with a Cloud,
Shall I ſpeake for thee? ſhall I ſay 'tis ſo?
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beaſt
That I might raile at him to eaſe my mind.
Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen ſtopt,
Doth burne the hart to Cinders where it is.
Faire *Philomela* ſhe but loſt her tongue,
And in a tedious Sampler ſowed her minde.
But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus* haſt thou met withall,
And he hath cut thoſe pretty fingers off,

That could haue better ſowed then *Philomel.*
Oh had the monſter ſeene thoſe Lilly hands,
Tremble like Aſpen leaues vpon a Lute,
And make the ſilken ſtrings delight to kiſſe them,
He would not then haue toucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,
Which that ſweet tongue hath made:
He would haue dropt his knife and fell aſleepe,
As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come, let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,
For ſuch a ſight will blinde a fathers eye.
One houres ſtorme will drowne the fragrant meades,
What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee:
Oh could our mourning eaſe thy miſery. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius.

Rome - a Street m e

Enter the Iudges and Senatours with Titus two ſonnes bound, paſſing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before pleading.

Ti. Heare me graue fathers, noble Tribunes ſtay,
For pitty of mine age, whoſe youth was ſpent
In dangerous warres, whilſt you ſecurely ſlept:
For all my blood in Romes great quarrell ſhed,
For all the frоſty nights that I haue watcht,
And for theſe bitter teares, which now you ſee,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
Whoſe ſoules is not corrupted as 'tis thought:
For two and twenty ſonnes I neuer wept,
Becauſe they died in honours lofty bed.
Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Iudges paſſe by him.
For theſe, Tribunes, in the duſt I write
My harts deepe languor, and my ſoules ſad teares:
Let my teares ſtanch the earths drie appetite.
My ſonnes ſweet blood, will make it ſhame and bluſh:
O earth! I will befriend thee more with raine *Exeunt*
That ſhall diſtill from theſe two ancient ruines,
Then youthfull Aprill ſhall with all his ſhowres
In ſummers drought: Ile drop vpon thee ſtill,
In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the ſnow,
And keepe eternall ſpring time on thy face,
So thou refuſe to drinke my deare ſonnes blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Vnbinde my ſonnes, reuerſe the doome of death,
And let me ſay (that neuer wept before)
My teares are now preualing Oratours.
Lu. Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare not, no man is by,
And you recount your ſorrowes to a ſtone.
Ti. Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue Tribunes, once more I intreat of you.
Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you ſpeake.
Ti. Why 'tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me: oh if they did heare
They would not pitty me.
Therefore I tell my ſorrowes bootles to the ſtones.
Who though they cannot anſwere my diſtreſſe,
Yet in ſome ſort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete
Receiue my teares, and ſeeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to theſe.
A ſtone is as ſoft waxe,
Tribunes more hard then ſtones:
A ſtone is ſilent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore ſtand'ſt thou with thy weapon drawne?
Lu. To reſcue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounc'ſt
My euerlaſting doome of baniſhment.
Ti. O happy man, they haue befriended thee:
Why fooliſh *Lucius*, doſt thou not perceiue
That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers?
Tigers muſt pray, and Rome affords no prey
But me and and mine: how happy art thou then,
From theſe deuourers to be baniſhed?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?

Enter Marcus and Lauinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,
Or if not ſo, thy noble heart to breake:
I bring conſuming ſorrow to thine age.
Ti. Will it conſume me? Let me ſee it then.
Mar. This was thy daughter.
Ti. Why *Marcus* ſo ſhe is.
Luc. Aye me this obiect kils me.
Ti. Faint-harted boy, ariſe and looke vpon her,
Speake *Lauinia*, what accurſed hand
Hath made thee handleſſe in thy Fathers ſight?
What foole hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My griefe was at the height before thou cam'ſt,
And now like *Nylus* it diſdaineth bounds:
Giue me a ſword, Ile chop off my hands too,
For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine:
And they haue nur'ſt this woe,
In feeding life:
In booteleſſe prayer haue they bene held vp,
And they haue ſeru'd me to effectleſſe vſe.
Now all the ſeruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other:
'Tis well *Lauinia*, that thou haſt no hands,
For hands to do Rome ſeruice, is but vaine.
Luci. Speake gentle ſiſter, who hath martyr'd thee?
Mar. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with ſuch pleaſing eloquence,
Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a ſweet mellodius bird it ſung,
Sweet varied notes inchanting euery eare.
Luci. Oh ſay thou for her,
Who hath done this deed?
Marc. Oh thus I found her ſtraying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herſelfe as doth the Deare
That hath receiude ſome vnrecuring wound.
Tit. It was my Deare,
And he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead:
For now I ſtand as one vpon a Rocke,
Inuiron'd with a wilderneſſe of Sea.
Who markes the waxing tide,
Grow waue by waue,

Expecting

London Printed for J.Bell British Library Strand Aug.t 6.th 1785.

Expecting euer when ſome enuious ſurge,
Will in his briniſh bowels ſwallow him.
This way to death my wretched ſonnes are gone:
Heere ſtands my other ſonne, a baniſht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes.
But that which giues my ſoule the greateſt ſpurne,
Is deere *Lauinia*, deerer then my ſoule.
Had I but ſeene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me. What ſhall I doe?
Now I behold thy liuely body ſo?
Thou haſt no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, ah ſonne *Lucius* looke on her:
When I did name her brothers, then freſh teares
Stood on her cheekes, as doth the hony dew,
Vpon a gathred Lillie almoſt withered.,
Mar. Perchance ſhe weepes becauſe they kil'd her husband,
Perchance becauſe ſhe knowes him innocent.
Ti. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
Becauſe the law hath tane reuenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe ſo foule a deede,
Witnes the ſorrow that their ſiſter makes.
Gentle *Lauinia* let me kiſſe thy lips,
Or make ſome ſignes how I may do thee eaſe:
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I ſit round about ſome Fountaine,
Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes
How they are ſtain'd like meadowes, yet not dry
With miery ſlime left on them by a flood:
And in the Fountaine ſhall we gaze ſo long,
Till the freſh taſte be taken from that cleerenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
Or ſhall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or ſhall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe ſhewes
Paſſe the remainder of our hatefull dayes?
What ſhall we doe? Let vs that haue our tongues
Plot ſome deuiſe of further miſeries
To make vs wondred at in time to come.
Lu. Sweet Father ceaſe your teares, for at your griefe
See how my wretched ſiſter ſobs and weeps.
Mar. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* drie thine eyes.
Ti. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man haſt drown'd it with thine owne.
Lu. Ah my *Lauinia* I will wipe thy cheekes.
Ti Marke *Marcus* marke, I vnderſtand her ſignes,
Had ſhe a tongue to ſpeake, now would ſhe ſay
That to her brother which I ſaid to thee.
His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,
Can do no ſeruice on her ſorrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a ſimpathy of woe is this!
As farre from helpe as Limbo is from bliſſe,

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy ſonnes,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy ſelfe old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And ſend it to the King: he for the ſame,
Will ſend thee hither both thy ſonnes aliue,
And that ſhall be the ranſome for their fault.

Ti. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aaron*.
Did euer Rauen ſing ſo like a Larke,
That giues ſweet tydings of the Sunnes vpriſe?
With all my heart, Ile ſend the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aron* wilt thou help to chop it off?
Lu. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe ſo many enemies,
Shall not be ſent: my hand will ſerue the turne,
My youth can better ſpare my blood then you,
And therfore mine ſhall ſaue my brothers liues.
Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
Writing deſtruction on the enemies Caſtle?
Oh none of both but are of high deſert:
My hand hath bin but idle, let it ſerue
To ranſome my two nephewes from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.
Moore. Nay come agree, whoſe hand ſhall goealong
For feare they die before their pardon come.
Mar. My hand ſhall goe.
Lu. By heauen it ſhall not goe.
Ti. Sirs ſtriue no more, ſuch withered hearbs as theſe
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.
Lu. Sweet Father, if I ſhall be thought thy ſonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.
Mar. And for our fathers ſake, and mothers care,
Now let me ſhew a brothers loue to thee.
Ti. Agree betweene you, I will ſpare my hand.
Lu. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.
Mar. But I will vſe the Axe. *Exeunt*
Ti. Come hither *Aaron*, Ile deceiue them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine,
Moore. If that be cal'd deceit, I will be honeſt,
And neuer whil'ſt I liue deceiue men ſo:
But Ile deceiue you in another ſort,
And that you'l ſay ere halfe an houre paſſe. [*aside*]

He cuts off Titus hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.

Ti. Now ſtay you ſtrife, what ſhall be, is diſpatcht:
Good *Aron* giue his Maieſtie me hand,
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thouſand dangers: bid him bury it:
More hath it merited: That let it haue.
As for for my ſonnes, ſay I account of them,
As iewells purchaſt at an eaſie price,
And yet deere too, becauſe I bought mine owne.
Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy ſonnes with thee:
Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany [*aside*]
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.
Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aron will haue his ſoule blacke like his face. *Exit.*
Ti. O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me?
Doe then deare heart, for heauen ſhall heare our prayers,
Or with our ſighs weele breath the welkin dimme,
And ſtaine the Sun with fogge as ſomtime cloudes,
When they do hug him in their melting bofomes.
Mar. O brother ſpeake with poſſibilities,
And do not breake into theſe deepe extreames.
Ti. Is not my ſorrow deepe, hauing no bottome?

Then be my paſſions bottomleſſe with them.
Mar. But yet let reaſon gouerne thy lament.
Titus. If there were reaſon for theſe miſeries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?
If the windes rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-ſwolne face?
And wilt thou haue a reaſon for this coile?
I am the Sea. Harke how her ſighes doe flow: *Blow* 32
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth: *flow* o.e.
Then muſt my Sea be moued with her ſighes,
Then muſt my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge: ouerflow'd and drown'd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard muſt I vomit them:
Then giue me leaue, for looſers will haue leaue,
To eaſe their ſtomackes with their bitter tongues,

Enter a meſſenger with two heads and a hand.

Meſſ. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou ſentſt the Emperour:
Heere are the heads of thy two noble ſonnes.
And heeres thy hand in ſcorne to thee ſent backe:
Thy griefes, their ſports: Thy reſolution mockt,
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
More then remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*
Marc. Now let hot Ætna coole in Cicilie,
And be my heart an euer-burning hell:
Theſe miſeries are more then may be borne.
To weepe with them that weepe, doth eaſe ſome deale,
But ſorrow flouted at, is double death.
Luci. Ah that this ſight ſhould make ſo deep a wound,
And yet deteſted life not ſhrinke thereat:
That euer death ſhould let life beare his name,
Where life hath no more intereſt but to breath. *Lauins a kisses him* m.c.
Mar. Alas poore hart that kiſſe is comfortleſſe,
As frozen water to a ſtarued ſnake. *Shakespeare*
Titus. When will this fearefull ſlumber haue an end?
Mar. Now farwell flatterie, die *Andronicus*,
Thou doſt not ſlumber, ſee thy two ſons heads,
Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here:
Thy other baniſht ſonnes with this deere ſight
Strucke pale and bloodleſſe, and thy brother I,
Euen like a ſtony Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controule my griefes, *thy* m.c.
Rent off thy ſiluer haire, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this diſmall ſight
The cloſing vp of our moſt wretched eyes:
Now is a time to ſtorme, why art thou ſtill?
Titus. Ha, ha, ha,
Mar. Why doſt thou laugh? it fits not with this houre.
Ti. Why I haue not another teare to ſhed:
Beſides, this ſorrow is an enemy,
And would vſurpe vpon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way ſhall I finde Reuenges Caue?
For theſe two heads doe ſeeme to ſpeake to me,
And threat me, I ſhall neuer come to bliſſe,
Till all theſe miſchiefes be returned againe,
Euen in their throats that haue committed them.
Come let me ſee what taske I haue to doe,
You heauie people, circle me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And ſweare vnto my ſoule to right your wrongs.
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare.
And *Lauinia* thou ſhalt be employd in theſe things: *omitted in m.c.*
Beare thou my hand ſweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my ſight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou muſt not ſtay,
Hie to the *Gothes*, and raiſe an army there,
And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
Let's kiſſe and part, for we haue much to doe. *Exeunt.*

Manet Lucius.

Luci. Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father:
The woful'ſt man that euer liu'd in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome, til *Lucius* come againe,
He loues his pledges dearer then his life: *Leaues* m.c. *Rom*
Farewell *Lauinia* my noble ſiſter,
O would thou wert as thou to fore haſt beene,
But now, nor *Lucius* nor *Lauinia* liues
But in obliuion and hateful griefes:
If *Lucius* liue, he will requit your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturnine* and his Empreſſe *nus* 32
Beg at the gates likes *Tarquin* and his Queene.
Now will I to the Gothes, and raiſe a power,
To be reueng'd on Rome and *Saturnine*. *Exit Lucius*

Act III. *Scene* 1ª. *Banquet* 32
A room in Titus House. A Bnaket. *Set out* m.e.
Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lauinia, and the Boy.
"This whole scene wanting in 4ᵗᵒ Eᵈˢ of 1600. & 1611." J.
An. So, ſo, now ſit, and looke you eate no more
Then will preſerue iuſt ſo much ſtrength in vs
As will reuenge theſe bitter woes of ours.
Marcus vnknit that ſorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy Neece and I (poore Creatures) want our hands
And cannot paſſionate our ten-fold griefe,
With foulded Armes. This poore right hand of mine,
Is left to tirranize vppon my breaſt.
Who when my hart all mad with miſery, *And* m.c. *Rom*
Beats in this hollow priſon of my fleſh,
Then thus I thumpe it downe.
Thou Map of woe, that thus doſt talk in ſignes,
When thy poore hart beates without ragious beating,
Thou canſt not ſtrike it thus to make it ſtill?
Wound it with ſighing girle, kil it with grones:
Or get ſome little knife betweene thy teeth,
And iuſt againſt thy hart make thou a hole,
That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall
May run into that ſinke, and ſoaking in,
Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea ſalt teares.
Mar. Fy brother fy, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands vppon her tender life.
An. How now! Has ſorrow made thee doate already?
Why *Marcus*, no man ſhould be mad but I:
What violent hands can ſhe lay on her life:
Ah, wherefore doſt thou vrge the name of hands,
To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice ore
How Troy was burnt, and he made miſerable?
O handle not the theame, to talke of hands,
Leaſt we remember ſtill that we haue none,
Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I ſquare my talke
As if we ſhould forget we had no hands:
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands.
Come, lets fall too, and gentle girle eate this,
Heere is no drinke? Harke *Marcus* what ſhe ſaies,
I can interpret all her martir'd ſignes,
She ſaies, ſhe drinkes no other drinke but teares
Breu'd with her ſorrow: meſh'd vppon her cheekes,
Brew'd 32

Speech-

Speechleſſe complaynet, I will learne thy thought:
In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect
As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou ſhalt not ſighe nor hold thy ſtumps to heauen,
Nor winke, nor nod, nor kneele, nor make a ſigne,
But I (of theſe) will wreſt an Alphabet,
And by ſtill practice, learne to know thy meaning.
Boy. Good grandſire leaue theſe bitter deepe laments,
Make my Aunt merry, with ſome pleaſing tale.
Mar. Alas, the tender boy in paſſion mou'd,
Doth weepe to ſee his grandſires heauineſſe.
An. Peace tender Sapling, thou art made of teares,
And teares will quickly melt thy life away.
Marcus ſtrikes the diſh with a knife.
What doeſt thou ſtrike at *Marcus* with knife.
Mar. At that that I haue kil'd my Lord, a Flye.
An. Out on the murderour: thou kil'ſt my hart,
Mine eyes cloi'd with view of Tirranie:
A deed of death done on the Innocent
Becoms not *Titus* broher: get thee gone,
I ſee thou art not for my company.
Mar. Alas (my Lord) I haue but kild a flie.
An. But? How: if that Flie had a father and mother?
How would he hang his ſlender gilded wings
And buz lamenting doings in the ayer,
Poore harmeleſſe Fly,
That with his pretty buzing melody,
Came heere to make vs merry,
And thou haſt kil'd him.
Mar. Pardon me ſir,
It was a blacke illfauour'd Fly,
Like to the Empreſſe Moore, therefore I kild him.
An. O, o, o,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou haſt done a Charitable deed:
Giue me thy knife, I will inſult on him,
Flattering my ſelfes, as if it were the Moore,
Come hither purpoſely to poyſon me.
There's for thy ſelfe, and thats for *Tamira*: Ah ſirra,
Yet I thinke we are not brought ſo low,
But that betweene vs, we can kill a Fly,
That comes in likeneſſe of a Cole-blacke Moore.
Mar. Alas poore man, griefe ha's ſo wrought on him,
He takes falſe ſhadowes, for true ſubſtances.
An. Come, take away: *Lauinia*, goe with me,
Ile to thy cloſſet, and goe read with thee
Sad ſtories, chanced in the times of old.
Come boy, and goe with me, thy ſight is young,
And thou ſhalt read, when mine begin to dazell. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus.

Enter young Lucius and Lauinia running after him, and the Boy flies from her with his bookes vnder his arme.

Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Helpe Grandſier helpe, my Aunt *Lauinia*,
Followes me euery where I know not why.
Good Vncle *Marcus* ſee how ſwift ſhe comes,
Alas ſweet Aunt, I know not what you meane.
Mar. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thy Aunt.
Titus. She loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme
Boy. I when my father was in Rome ſhe did.
Mar. What meanes my Neece *Lauinia* by theſe ſignes?
Ti. Feare not *Lucius*, ſomewhat doth ſhe meane:
See *Lucius* ſee, how much ſhe makes of thee:
Some whether would ſhe haue thee goe with her:
Ah boy, *Cornelia* neuer with more care
Read to her ſonnes, then ſhe hath read to thee,
Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour:
Canſt thou not geſſe wherefore ſhe plies thee thus?
Boy. My Lord I know not I, nor can I geſſe,
Vnleſſe ſome fit or frenzie do poſſeſſe her:
For I haue heard my Grandſier ſay full oft,
Extremitie of griefes would make men mad.
And I haue read that *Hecubæ* of Troy,
Ran mad through ſorrow, that made me to feare,
Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,
And would not but in fury fright my youth,
Which made me downe to throw my bookes, and flie
Cauſles perhaps, but pardon me ſweet Aunt,
And Madam, if my Vncle *Marcus* goe,
I will moſt willingly attend your Ladyſhip.
Mar. Lucius I will.
Ti. How now *Lauinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?
Some booke there is that ſhe deſires to ſee,
Which is it girle of theſe? Open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choyſe of all my Library,
And ſo beguile thy ſorrow, till the heauens
Reueale the damn'd contriuer of this deed.
What booke?
Why lifts ſhe vp her armes in ſequence thus?
Mar. I thinke ſhe meanes that ther was more then one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:
Or elſe to heauen ſhe heaues them to reuenge.
Ti. Lucius what booke is that ſhe toſſeth ſo?
Boy. Grandſier 'tis Ouids Metamorphoſis,
My mother gaue it me.
Mar. For loue of her that's gone,
Perhaps ſhe culd it from among the reſt.
Ti. Soft, ſo buſily ſhe turnes the leaues,
Helpe her, what would ſhe finde? *Lauinia* ſhall I read?
This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel?*
And treates of *Tereus* treaſon and his rape,
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.
Mar. See brother ſee, note how ſhe quotes the leaues
Ti. Lauinia, wert thou thus ſurpriz'd ſweet girle,
Rauiſht and wrong'd as *Philomela* was?
Forc'd in the ruthleſſe, vaſt, and gloomy woods?
See, ſee, I ſuch a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)
Patern'd by that the Poet heere deſcribes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes.
Mar. O why ſhould nature build ſo foule a den,
Vnleſſe the Gods delight in tragedies?
Ti. Giue ſignes ſweet girle, for heere are none but friends
What Romaine Lord it was durſt do the deed?
Or ſlunke not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erſts,
That left the Campe to ſinne in *Lucrece* bed.
Mar. Sit downe ſweet Neece, brother ſit downe by me,
Appollo, *Pallas*, *Ioue*, or *Mercury*,
Inſpire me that I may this treaſon finde.
My Lord looke heere, looke heere *Lauinia.*

He writes his Name with his ſtaffe, and guides it with feete and mouth.

This ſandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canſt

Th

This after me, I haue writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all.
Curſt be that hart that forc'ſt vs to that ſhift:
Write thou good Neece, and heere diſplay at laſt,
What God will haue diſcouered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy ſorrowes plaine,
That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

She takes the ſtaffe in her mouth, and guides it with her ſtumps and writes.

Ti. Oh doe ye read my Lord what ſhe hath writs?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.
Mar. What, what, the luſtfull ſonnes of *Tamora*,
Performers of this hainous bloody deed?
Ti. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis ſcelera, tam lentus vides?
Mar. Oh calme thee gentle Lord: Although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To ſtirre a mutinie in the mildeſt thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaimes.
My Lord kneele downe with me: *Lauinia* kneele,
And kneele ſweet boy, the Romaine *Hectors* hope,
And ſweare with me, as with the wofull Feere
And father of that chaſt diſhonoured Dame,
Lord *Iunius Brutus* ſweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will proſecute (by good aduiſe)
Mortall reuenge vpon theſe traytorous Gothes,
And ſee their blood, or die with this reproach.
Ti. Tis ſure enough, and you knew how.
But if you hunt theſe Beare-whelpes, then beware
The Dam will wake, and if ſhe winde you once,
Shee's with the Lyon deepely ſtill in league.
And lulls him whilſt ſhe playeth on her backe,
And when he ſleepes will ſhe do what ſhe liſt.
You are a young huntſman *Marcus*, let it alone:
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braſſe,
And with a Gad of ſteele will write theſe words,
And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde
Will blow theſe ſands like *Sibels* leaues abroad,
And wheres your leſſon then. Boy what ſay you?
Boy. I ſay my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber ſhould not be ſafe,
For theſe bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome.
Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull country done the like.
Boy. And Vncle ſo will I, and if I liue.
Ti. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empreſſe ſonnes,
Preſents that I intend to ſend them both,
Come, come, thou'lt do thy meſſage, wilt thou not?
Boy. I with my dagger in their boſomes Grandſire:
Ti. No boy not ſo, Ile teach thee another courſe,
Lauinia come, *Marcus* looke to my houſe,
Lucius and Ile goe braue it at the Court,
I marry will we ſir, and weele be waited on. *Exeunt.*
Mar. O heauens! Can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compaſſion him?
Marcus attend him in his extaſie,
That hath more ſcars of ſorrow in his heart,
Then foe-mens markes vpon his batter'd ſhield,
But yet ſo iuſt, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus*. *Exit*

Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one dore: and at another dore young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verſes writ vpon them.

Chi. Demetrius heeres the ſonne of *Lucius*,
He hath ſome meſſage to deliuer vs.
Aron. I ſome mad meſſage from his mad Grandfather.
Boy. My Lords, with all the humbleneſſe I may,
I greete your honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both. *[aside]*
Deme. Gramercie louely *Lucius*, what's the newes?
For villanie's markt with rape. *[aside]* May it pleaſe you,
My Grandſire well aduiſ'd hath ſent by me,
The goodlieſt weapons of his Armorie,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome, for ſo he bad me ſay:
And ſo I do and with his gifts preſent
Your Lordſhips, when euer you haue need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And ſo I leaue you both: like bloody villaines. *[aside]* *Exit*
Deme. What's heere? a ſcrole, & written round about?
Let's ſee.
Integer vitæ ſceleriſque purus, non egit maury iaculis nec arcus.
Chi. O 'tis a verſe in *Horace*, I know it well.
I read it in the Grammer long agoe.
Moore. I iuſt, a verſe in *Horace*: right, you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Aſſe?
Heer's no ſound ieſt, the old man hath found their guilt,
And ſends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:
But were our witty Empreſſe well a foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit:
But let her reſt, in her vnreſt a while.
And now young Lords, wa's tnot a happy ſtarre
Led vs to Rome ſtrangers, and more then ſo;
Captiues, to be aduanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.
Deme. But me more good, to ſee ſo great a Lord
Baſely inſinuate, and ſend vs gifts.
Moore. Had he not reaſon Lord *Demetrius*?
Did you not vſe his daughter very friendly?
Deme. I would we had a thouſand Romane Dames
At ſuch a bay, by turne to ſerue our luſt.
Chi. A charitable wiſh, and full of loue.
Moore. Heere lack's but you mother for to ſay, Amen.
Chi. And that would ſhe for twenty thouſand more.
Deme. Come, let vs go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloued mother in her paines. *[aside]*
Moore. Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.

Flouriſh.

Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flouriſh thus?
Chi. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a ſonne.
Deme. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Nurſe with a blacke a Moore childe.

Nur. Good morrow Lords:
O tell me, did you ſee *Aaron* the Moore?
Aron. Well, more or leſſe, or nere a whit at all,
Heere *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?
Nurſe. Oh gentle *Aaron*, we are all vndone,
Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.
Aron. Why, what a catterwalling doſt thou keepe?
What doſt thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?
Nurſe. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empreſſe ſhame, andſtately Romes diſgrace,
She is deliuered Lords, ſhe is deliuered.
Aron To whom?
Nurſe. I meane ſhe is brought a bed?
Aron. Wel God giue her good reſt,

What

What hath he ſent her?
Nurſe. A deuill.
Aron. Why then ſhe is the Deuils Dam: a ioyfull iſſue.
Nurſe. A ioyleſſe, diſmall, blacke &, ſorrowfull iſſue,
Heere is the babe as loathſome as a toad,
Among'ſt the faireſt breeders of our clime,
The Empreſſe ſends it thee, thy ſtampe, thy ſeale,
And bids thee chriſten it with thy daggers point.
Aron. Out you whore, is black ſo baſe a hue?
Sweet blowſe, you are a beautious bloſſome ſure:
Deme. Villaine what haſt thou done?
Aron. That which thou canſt not vndoe.
Chi. Thou haſt vndone our mother.
Deme. And therein helliſh dog, thou haſt vndone,
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choyce,
Accur'ſt the off-ſpring of ſo foule a fiend.
Chi. It ſhall not liue.
Aron. It ſhall not die.
Nurſe. *Aaron* it muſt, the mother wils it ſo.
Aron. What, muſt it *Nurſe*? Then let no man but I
Doe execution on my fleſh and blood.
Deme. Ile broach the Tadpole on my Rapiers point:
Nurſe giue it me, my ſword ſhall ſoone diſpatch it.
Aron. Sooner this ſword ſhall plough thy bowels vp.
Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning Tapers of the skie,
That ſh'one ſo brightly when this Boy was got,
He dies vpon my Semitars ſharpe point,
That touches this my firſt borne ſonne and heire.
I tell you young-lings, not *Enceladus*
With all his threatning band of *Typhons* broode,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of warre,
Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:
What, what, ye ſanguine ſhallow harted Boyes,
Ye white-limb'd walls, ye Ale-houſe painted ſignes,
Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
In that it ſcornes to beare another hue:
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
Although ſhe laue them hourely in the flood:
Tell the Empreſſe from me, I am of age
To keepe mine owne, excuſe it how ſhe can.
Deme. Wilt thou betray thy noble miſtris thus?
Aron. My miſtris is my miſtris: this my ſelfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world do I preferre,
This mauger all the world will I keepe ſafe,
Or ſome of you ſhall ſmoake for it in Rome.
Deme. By this our mother is for euer ſham'd.
Chi. Rome will deſpiſe her for this foule eſcape.
Nur. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.
Chi. I bluſh to thinke vpon this ignominie.
Aron. Why ther's the priuiledge your beauty beares:
Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with bluſhing
The cloſe enacts and counſels of the hart:
Heer's a young Lad fram'd of another leere,
Looke how the blacke ſlaue ſmiles vpon the father;
As who ſhould ſay, old Lad I am thine owne.
He is your brother Lords, ſenſibly fed
Of that ſelfe blood that firſt gaue life to you,
And from that wombe where you impriſoned were
He is infranchiſed and come to light:
Nay he is your brother by the ſurer ſide,
Although my ſeale be ſtamped in his face.
Nurſe. *Aaron* what ſhall I ſay vnto the Empreſſe?
Dem. Aduiſe thee *Aaron*, what is to be done,
And we will all ſubſcribe to thy aduiſe:
Saue thou the child, ſo we may all be ſafe.
Aron. Then ſit we downe and let vs all conſult.
My ſonne and I will haue the winde of you:
Keepe there, now talke at pleaſure of your ſafety.
Deme. How many women ſaw this childe of his?
Aron. Why ſo braue Lords, when we ioyne in league
I am a Lambe: but if you braue the *Moore*,
The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyoneſſe,
The Ocean ſwells not ſo as *Aaron* ſtormes:
But ſay againe, how many ſaw the Childe?
Nurſe. *Cornelia*, the midwife, and my ſelfe,
And none elſe but the deliuered Empreſſe.
Aron. The Empreſſe, the Midwife, and your ſelfe,
Two may keepe counſell, when the third's away:
Goe to the Empreſſe, tell her this I ſaid, *He kils her*
Weeke, weeke, ſo cries a Pigge prepared to th'ſpit.
Deme. What mean'ſt thou *Aaron*?
Wherefore did'ſt thou this?
Aron. O Lord ſir, 'tis a deed of pollicie?
Shall ſhe liue to betray this guilt of our's:
A long tongu'd babling Goſſip? No Lords no:
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
Not farre, one *Muliteus* my Country-man
His wife but yeſternight was brought to bed,
His childe is like to her, faire as you are:
Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumſtance of all,
And how by this their Childe ſhall be aduaunc'd,
And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,
And ſubſtituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempeſt whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Harke ye Lords, ye ſee I haue giuen her phyſicke,
And you muſt needs beſtow her funerall,
The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
This done, ſee that you take no longer daies
But ſend the Midwife preſently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurſe well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they pleaſe.
Chi. *Aaron* I ſee thou wilt not ttuſt the ayre with ſe (crets.
Deme. For this care of *Tamora*,
Her ſelfe, and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt.*
Aron. Now to the Gothes, as ſwift as Swallow flies,
There to diſpoſe this treaſure in mine armes,
And ſecretly to greete the Empreſſe friends:
Come on you thick-lipt-ſlaue, Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts vs to our ſhifts:
Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,
And feed on curds and whay, and ſucke the Goate,
And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp
To be a warriour, and command a Campe. *Exit*

Act IV. Scene III. The ſame—A public Place.

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen with bowes, and Titus beares the arrowes with Letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come *Marcus*, come, kinſmen this is the way.
Sir Boy let me ſee your Archerie,
Looke yee draw home enough, and 'tis there ſtraight:
Terras Aſtrea reliquit, be you remembred *Marcus*.
She's gone, ſhe's fled, ſirs take you to your tooles,
You Coſens ſhall goe ſound the Ocean:
And caſt your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,
Yet ther's as little iuſtice as at Land:
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you muſt doe it,

'Ti

'Tis you muſt dig with Mattocke, and with Spade,
And pierce the inmoſt Center of the earth:
Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region,
I pray you deliuer him this petition,
Tell him it is for iuſtice, and for aide,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with ſorrowes in vngratefull Rome.
Ah Rome! Well, well, I made thee miſerable,
What time I threw the peoples ſuffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leaue you not a man of warre vnſearcht,
This wicked Emperour may haue ſhipt her hence,
And kinſmen then we may goe pipe for iuſtice.

Marc. O *Publius* is not this a heauie caſe
To ſee thy Noble Vncle thus diſtract?

Publ. Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
By day and night t'attend him carefully:
And feede his humour kindely as we may,
Till time beget ſome carefull remedie.

Marc. Kinſmen, his ſorrowes are paſt remedie.
Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the Traytor *Saturnine*.

Tit. *Publius* how now? how now my Maiſters?
What haue you met with her?

Publ. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* ſends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you ſhall,
Marrie for iuſtice ſhe is ſo imploy'd,
He thinkes with *Ioue* in heauen, or ſome where elſe:
So that perforce you muſt needs ſtay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,
Ile diue into the burning Lake below,
And pull her out of *Acaron* by the heeles.
Marcus we are but ſhrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bon'd-men, fram'd of the Cyclops ſize,
But mettall *Marcus*, ſteele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backe can beare:
And ſith there's no iuſtice in earth nor hell,
We will ſollicite heauen, and moue the Gods
To ſend downe Iuſtice for to wreake our wongs:
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*.

He giues them the Arrowes.

Ad Iouem, that's for you: here *ad Appollonem*,
Ad Martem, that's for my ſelfe,
Heere Boy to *Pallas*, heere to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to ſhoote againſt the winde.
Too it Boy, *Marcus* looſe when I bid:
Of my word, I haue written to effect,
Ther's not a God left vnſollicited.

Marc. Kinſmen, ſhoot all your ſhafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.

Tit. Now Maiſters draw, O well ſaid *Lucius*:
Good Boy in *Virgoes* lap, giue it *Pallas*.

Marc. My Lord, I aime a Mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what haſt thou done?
See, ſee, thou haſt ſhot off one of *Taurus* hornes.

Mar. This was the ſport my Lord, when *Publius* ſhot,
The Bull being gal'd, gaue *Aries* ſuch a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,
And who ſhould finde them but the Empreſſe villaine:
She laught, and told the Moore he ſhould not chooſe
But giue them to his Maiſter for a preſent.

Tit. Why there it goes, God giue your Lordſhip ioy.

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pigeons in it.

Titus. Newes, newes, from heauen,
Marcus the poaſt is come.
Sirrah, what tydings? haue you any letters?
Shall I haue Iuſtice, what ſayes *Iupiter*?

Clowne. Ho the Iibbetmaker, he ſayes that he hath taken them downe againe, for the man muſt not be hang'd till the next weeke.

Tit. But what ſayes *Iupiter* I aske thee?

Clowne. Alas ſir I know not *Iupiter*:
I neuer dranke with him in all my life.

Tit. Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?

Clowne. I of my Pigions ſir, nothing elſe.

Tit. Why, did'ſt thou not come from heauen?

Clowne. From heauen? Alas ſir, I neuer came there, God forbid I ſhould be ſo bold, to preſſe to heauen in my young dayes. Why I am going with my pigeons to the Tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt my Vncle, and one of the Emperialls men.

Mar. Why ſir, that is as fit as can be to ſerue for your Oration, and let him deliuer the Pigions to the Emperour from you.

Tit. Tell mee, can you deliuer an Oration to the Emperour with a Grace?

Clowne. Nay truely ſir, I could neuer ſay grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah come hither, make no more adoe,
But giue your Pigeons to the Emperour,
By me thou ſhalt haue Iuſtice at his hands.
Hold, hold, meane while her's money for thy charges.
Giue me pen and inke.
Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliuer a Supplication?

Clowne. I ſir

Titus. Then here is aSupplication for you, andwhen you come to him, at the firſt approach you muſt kneele, then kiſſe his foote, then deliuer vp your Pigeons, and then looke for your reward. Ile be at hand ſir, ſee you do it brauely.

Clowne. I warrant you ſir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrha haſt thou a knife? Come let me ſee it.
Heere *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,
For thou haſt made it like an humble Suppliant:
And when thou haſt giuen it the Emperour,
Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he ſayes.

Clowne. God be with you ſir, I will. *Exit.*

Tit. Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius* follow me.

Exeunt.

Enter Emperour and Empreſſe, and her two ſonnes, the Emperour brings the Arrowes in his hand that Titus ſhot at him.

Satur. Why Lords,
What wrongs are theſe? was euer ſeene
An Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne,
Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall iuſtice, vſ'd in ſuch contempt?
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,
(How euer theſe diſturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares) there nought hath paſt,
But euen with law againſt the willfull Sonnes
Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His ſorrowes haue ſo ouerwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitterneſſe?
And now he writes to heauen for his redreſſe.
See, heeres to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercury*,

This

This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:
Sweet ſcrowles to flie about the ſtreets of Rome:
What's this but Libelling againſt the Senate,
And blazoning our Iniuſtice euery where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who would ſay, in Rome no Iuſtice were.
But if I liue, his fained extaſies
Shall be no ſhelter to theſe outrages:
But he and his ſhall know, that Iuſtice liues
In *Saturninus* health; whom if he ſleepe,
Hee'l ſo awake, as he in fury ſhall
Cut off the proud'ſt Conſpirator that liues.
Tamo. My gracious Lord, my louely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
Th'effects of ſorrow for his valiant Sonnes,
Whoſe loſſe hath pier'ſt him deepe, and ſcar'd his heart;
And rather comfort his diſtreſſed plight,
Then proſecute the meaneſt or the beſt
For theſe contempts. Why thus it ſhall become
High witted *Tamora* to gloſe with all: *Aſide.*
But *Titus*, I haue touch'd thee to the quicke,
Thy life blood out: If *Aaron* now be wiſe,
Then is all ſafe, the Anchor's in the Port.
Enter Clowne.
How now good fellow, would'ſt thou ſpeake with vs?
Clow. Yea forſooth, and your Miſterſhip be Emperiall.
Tam. Empreſſe I am, but yonder ſits the Emperour.
Clo. 'Tis he; God & Saint Stephen giue you good den;
I haue brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pigions heere.
He reads the Letter.
Satu. Goe take him away, and hang him preſently.
Clowne. How much money muſt I haue?
Tam. Come ſirrah you muſt be hang'd.
Clow. Hang'd? ber Lady, then I haue brought vp a neck to a faire end. *Exit.*
Satu. Deſpightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monſtrous villany?
I know from whence this ſame deuiſe proceedes:
May this be borne? As if his traytrous Sonnes,
That dy'd by law for murther of our Brother,
Haue by my meanes beene butcher'd wrongfully?
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Nor Age, nor Honour, ſhall ſhape priuiledge:
For this proud mocke, Ile be thy ſlaughter man:
Sly franticke wretch, that holp'ſt to make me great,
In hope thy ſelfe ſhould gouerne Rome and me.
Enter Nuntius Emillius.
Satur. What newes with thee *Emillius?*
Emil. Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more cauſe,
The Gothes haue gather'd head, and with a power
Of high reſolued men, bent to the ſpoyle
They hither march amaine, vnder conduct
Of *Lucius*, Sonne to old *Andronicus*:
Who threats in courſe of this reuenge to do
As much as euer *Coriolanus* did.
King. Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the Gothes?
Theſe tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with froſt, or graſſe beat downe with ſtormes:
I, now begins our ſorrowes to approach,
'Tis he the common people loue ſo much,
My ſelfe hath often heard them ſay,
(When I haue walked like a priuate man)
That *Lucius* baniſhment was wrongfully,
And they haue wiſht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.
Tam. Why ſhould you feare? Is not our City ſtrong?
King. I, but the Cittizens fauour *Lucius*,
And will reuolt from me, to ſuccour him.
Tam. King, be thy thoughts Imperious like thy name.
Is the Sunne dim'd, that Gnats do flie in it?
The Eagle ſuffers little Birds to ſing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the ſhadow of his wings,
He can at pleaſure ſtint their melodie.
Euen ſo mayeſt thou, the giddy men of Rome,
Then cheare thy ſpirit, for know thou Emperour,
I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
With words more ſweet, and yet more dangerous
Then baites to fiſh, or hony ſtalkes to ſheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baite,
The other rotted with delicious foode.
King. But he will not entreat his Sonne for vs.
Tam. If *Tamora* entreat him, then he will,
For I can ſmooth and fill his aged eare,
With golden promiſes, that were his heart
Almoſt Impregnable, his old eares deafe,
Yet ſhould both eare and heart obey my tongue.
Goe thou before to our Embaſſadour,
Say, that the Emperour requeſts a parly
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.
King. Emillius do this meſſage Honourably,
And if he ſtand in Hoſtage for his ſafety,
Bid him demaund what pledge will pleaſe him beſt.
Emill. Your bidding ſhall I do effectually. *Exit.*
Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I haue,
To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike Gothes.
And now ſweet Emperour be blithe againe,
And bury all thy feare in my deuiſes.
Satu. Then goe ſucceſſantly and plead for him. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

Flouriſh. Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes, with Drum and Souldiers.

Luci. Approued warriours, and my faithfull Friends,
I haue receiued Letters from great Rome,
Which ſignifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how deſirous of our ſight they are.
Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles witneſſe,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any ſcathe,
Let him make treble ſatiſfaction.
Goth. Braue ſlip, ſprung from the Great *Andronicus*,
Whoſe name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
Whoſe high exploits, and honourable Deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt:
Behold in vs, weele follow where thou lead'ſt,
Like ſtinging Bees in hotteſt Sommers day,
Led by their Maiſter to the flowred fields,
And be aueng'd on curſed *Tamora*:
And as he ſaith, ſo ſay we all with him.
Luci. I humbly thanke him, and I thanke you all.
But who comes heere, led by a luſty *Goth*?
Enter a Goth leading of Aaron with his child in his armes.
Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troups I ſtraid,
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monaſterie,

And as I earneſtly did fixe mine eye
Vpon the waſted building, ſuddainely
I heard a childe cry vnderneath a wall:
I made vnto the noyſe, when ſoone I heard,
The crying babe control'd with this diſcourſe:
Peace Tawny ſlaue, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,
Did not thy Hue bewray whoſe brat thou art?
Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke,
Villaine thou might'ſt haue bene an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both milk-white,
They neuer do beget a cole-blacke-Calfe:
Peace, villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I muſt beare thee to a truſty Goth,
Who when he knowes thou art the Empreſſe babe,
Will hold thee dearely for thy Mothers ſake.
With this, my weapon drawne I ruſht vpon him,
Surpriz'd him ſuddainely, and brought him hither
To vſe, as you thinke neeedefull of the man.
Luci. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate deuill,
That rob'd *Andronicus* of his good hand:
This is the Pearle that pleaſ'd your Empreſſe eye,
And heere's the Baſe Fruit of his burning luſt.
Say wall-ey'd ſlaue, whether would'ſt thou conuay
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?
Why doſt not ſpeake? what deafe? Not a word?
A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,
And by his ſide his Fruite of Baſtardie.
Aron. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood.
Luci. Too like the Syre for euer being good.
Firſt hang the Child that he may ſee it ſprall,
A ſight to vexe the Fathers ſoule withall.
Aron. Get me a Ladder *Lucius*, ſaue the Childe,
And beare it from me to the Empreſſe:
If thou do this, Ile ſhew thee wondrous things,
That highly may aduantage thee to heare;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile ſpeake no more: but vengeance rot you all.
Luci. Say on, and if it pleaſe me which thou ſpeak'ſt,
Thy child ſhall liue, and I will ſee it Nouriſht.
Aron. And if it pleaſe thee? why aſſure thee *Lucius*,
'Twill vexe thy ſoule to heare what I ſhall ſpeake:
For I muſt talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Maſſacres,
Acts of Blacke-night, abhominable Deeds,
Complots of Miſchiefe, Treaſon, Villanies
Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiouſly preform'd,
And this ſhall all be buried by my death,
Vnleſſe thou ſweare to me my Childe ſhall liue.
Luci. Tell on thy minde,
I ſay thy Childe ſhall liue.
Aron. Sweare that he ſhall, and then I will begin.
Luci. Who ſhould I ſweare by,
Thou beleeueſt no God,
That graunted, how can'ſt thou beleeue an oath?
Aron. What if I do not, as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art Religious,
And haſt a thing within thee, called Conſcience,
With twenty Popiſh trickes and Ceremonies,
Which I haue ſeene thee carefull to obſerue:
Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know
An Ideot holds his Bauble for a God,
And keepes the oath which by that God he ſweares,
To that Ile vrge him: therefore thou ſhalt vow
By that ſame God, what God ſo ere it be
That thou adoreſt, and haſt in reuerence,
To ſaue my Boy, to nouriſh and bring him vp,
Ore elſe I will diſcouer nought to thee.
Luci. Euen by my God I ſweare to to thee I will.
Aron. Firſt know thou,
I be got him on the Empreſſe. *the* 32
Luci. Oh moſt Inſatiate luxurious woman!
Aron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deed of Charitie,
To that which thou ſhalt heare of me anon,
'Twas her two Sonnes that murdered *Baſſianus*,
They cut thy Sifters tongue, and rauiſht her,
And cut her hands off, and trim'd her as thou ſaw'ſt.
Lucius. Oh deteſtable villaine!
Call'ſt thou that Trimming?
Aron. Why ſhe was waſht, and cut, and trim'd,
And 'twas trim ſport for them that had the doing of it.
Luci. Oh barbarous beaſtly villaines like thy ſelfe!
Aron. Indeede, I was their Tutor to inſtruct them,
That Codding ſpirit had they from their Mother,
As ſure a Card as euer wonne the Set:
That bloody minde I thinke they learn'd of me,
As true a Dog as euer fought at head.
Well, let my Deeds be witneſſe of my worth:
I trayn'd thy Bretheren to that guilefull Hole,
Where the dead Corps of *Baſſianus* lay:
I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,
And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd.
Confederate with the Queene, and her two Sonnes,
And what not done, that thou haſt cauſe to rue,
Wherein I had no ſtroke of Miſcheife in it.
I play'd the Cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it, drew my ſelfe apart,
And almoſt broke my heart with extreame laughter.
I pried me through the Creuice of a Wall,
When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laught ſo hartily,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
And when I told the Empreſſe of this ſport,
She ſounded almoſt at my pleaſing tale,
And for my tydings, gaue me twenty kiſſes.
Goth. What canſt thou ſay all this, and neuer bluſh?
Aron. I, like a blacke Dogge, as the ſaying is.
Luci. Art thou not ſorry for theſe hainous deedes?
Aron. I, that I had not done a thouſand more:
Euen now I curſe the day, and yet I thinke
Few come within few compaſſe of my curſe,
Wherein I did not ſome Notorious ill,
As kill a man, or elſe deuiſe his death,
Rauiſh a Maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accuſe ſome Innocent, and forſweare my ſelfe,
Set deadly Enmity betweene two Friends,
Make poore mens Cattell breake their neckes,
Set fire on Barnes and Hayſtackes in the night,
And bid the Owners quench them with the teares: *their* 32
Oft haue I dig'd vp dead men from their graues,
And ſet them vpright at their deere Friends doore,
Euen when their ſorrowes almoſt was forgot,
And on their skinnes, as on the Barke of Trees,
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine Letters,
Let not your ſorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I haue done a thouſand dreadfull things
As willingly, as one would kill a Fly,
And nothing greeues me hartily indeede,
But that I cannot doe ten thouſand more.
Luci. Bring downe the diuell, for he muſt not die
So ſweet a death as hanging preſently.
Aron. If there be diuels, would I were a deuill,
To liue and burne in euerlaſting fire,
So I might haue your company in hell,

But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Luci. Sirs ſtop his mouth, & let him ſpeake no more.

Enter Emillius.

Goth. My Lord, there is a Meſſenger from Rome
Deſires to be admitted to your preſence.

Luc. Let him come neere.
Welcome *Emillius*, what the newes from Rome?

Emi. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me,
And for he vnderſtands you are in Armes,
He craues a parly at your Fathers houſe
Willing you to demand your Hoſtages,
And they ſhall be immediately deliuered.

Goth. What ſaies our Generall?

Luc. Emillius, let the Emperour giue his pledges
Vnto my Father, and my Vncle *Marcus*, *Flouriſh.*
And we will come: march away. *Exeunt.*

Actus. Scæna 1ª. Rome before Titus' House m.c.

Enter Tamora, and her two Sonnes diſguiſed.

Tam. Thus in this ſtrange and ſad Habilliament,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,
And ſay, I am Reuenge ſent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs:
Knocke at his ſtudy where they ſay he keepes,
To ruminate ſtrange plots of dire Reuenge,
Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confuſion on his Enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his ſtudy dore.

Tit. Who doth molleſt my Contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
That ſo my ſad decrees may flie away,
And all my ſtudie be to no effect?
You are deceiu'd, for what I meane to do,
See heere in bloody lines I haue ſet downe:
And what is written ſhall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talke with thee,

Tit. No not a word: how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to giue it action,
Thou haſt the ods of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'ſt know me,
Thou would'ſt talke with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witneſſe this wretched ſtump,
Witneſſe theſe crimſon lines; omitted m.c.
Witneſſe theſe Trenches made by griefe and care,
Witneſſe the tyring day, andheauie night,
Witneſſe all ſorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empreſſe, Mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand?

Tamo. Know thou ſad man, I am not *Tamora*,
She is thy Enemie, and I thy Friend,
I am Reuenge ſent from th'infernall Kingdome,
To eaſe the gnawing Vulture of the mind, thy 32
By working wreakefull vengeance on my Foes: thy 32
Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Conferre with me of Murder and of Death,
Ther's not a hollow Caue or lurking place,
No Vaſt obſcurity, or Miſty vale,
Where bloody Murther or deteſted Rape,
Can couch for feare, but I will finde them out,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Reuenge, which makes the foule offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Reuenge? and art thou ſent to me,
To be a torment to mine Enemies?

Tam. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.

Tit. Doe me ſome ſeruice ere I come to thee:
Loe bythy ſide where Rape and Murder ſtands,
Now giue ſome ſurance that thou art Reuenge,
Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheeles,
And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
Prouide thee two proper Palfries, as blacke as Iet, omitted 32
To hale thy vengefull Waggon ſwift away,
And finde out Murder in their guilty cares.
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will diſmount, and by the Waggon wheele,
Trot like a Seruile footeman all day long,
Euen from *Eptons* riſing in the Eaſt, Hiperions 32
Vntill his very downefall in the Sea. Eptons 1611 & 1600
And day by day Ile do this heauy taske,
So thou deſtroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. Theſe are my Miniſters, and come with me.

Tit. Are them thy Miniſters, what are they call'd? they 32

Tam. Rape and Murder, therefore called ſo,
Cauſe they take vengeance of ſuch kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord how like the Empreſſe Sons they are,
And you the Empreſſe: But we worldly men,
Haue miſerable mad miſtaking eyes:
Oh ſweet Reuenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by. Exit Titus from aboue m.c.

Tam. This cloſing with him, fits his Lunacie,
What ere I forge to feede his braine-ſicke fits,
Do you vphold, and maintaine in your ſpeeches,
For now he firmely takes me for Reuenge,
And being Credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him ſend for *Lucius* his Sonne,
And whil'ſt I at a Banquet hold him ſure,
Ile find ſome cunning practiſe out of hand
To ſcatter and diſperſe the giddie Gothes,
Or at the leaſt make them his Enemies:
See heere he comes, and I muſt play my theame.

Tit. Long haue I bene forlorne, and all for thee,
Welcome dread Fury to my woefull houſe,
Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too,
How like the Empreſſe and her Sonnes you are.
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell afford you ſuch a deuill?
For well I wote the Empreſſe neuer wags;
But in her company there is a Moore,
And would you repreſent our Queene aright
It were conuenient you had ſuch a deuill:
But welcome as you are, what ſhall we doe?

Tam. What would'ſt thou haue vs doe *Andronicus*?

Dem. Shew me a Murtherer, Ile deale with him.

Chi. Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape,
And I am ſent to be reueng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thouſand that haue done thee wrong,
And Ile be reuenged on them all.

Tit. Looke round about the wicked ſtreets of Rome,
And when thou find'ſt a man that's like thy ſelfe,
Good Murder ſtab him, hee's a Murtherer.
Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine ſtab him, he is a Rauiſher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
Well maiſt thou know her by thy owne proportion,
For vp and downe ſhe doth reſemble thee.
I pray thee doe on them ſome violent death,
They haue bene violent to me and mine.

× Boorde the proper Palfrie blacke as Iet m.c Tamora.

Tam. Well haſt thou leſſon'd vs, this ſhall we do.
But would it pleaſe thee good *Andronicus*,
To ſend for *Lucius* thy thrice Valiant Sonne,
Who leades towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy houſe.
When he is heere, euen at thy Solemne Feaſt,
I will bring in the Empreſſe and her Sonnes,
The Emperour himſelfe, and all thy Foes,
And at thy mercy ſhall they ſtoop, and kneele,
And on them ſhalt thou eaſe, thy angry heart:
What ſaies *Andronicus* to this deuiſe?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. *Marcus* my Brother, 'tis ſad *Titus* calls,
Go gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
Thou ſhalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefeſt Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour, and the Empreſſe too,
Feaſts at my houſe, and he ſhall Feaſt with them,
This do thou for my loue, and ſo let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.
Mar. This will I do, and ſoone returne againe. *Exit* 32
Tam. Now will I hence about thy buſineſſe,
And take my Miniſters along with me.
Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder ſtay with me,
Or els Ile call my Brother backe againe,
And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius*.
Tam. What ſay you Boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouern'd our determined ieſt?
Yeeld to his Humour, ſmooth and ſpeake him faire, *aside* m.c.
And tarry with him till I turne againe. *come* m.c.
Tit. I know them all, though they ſuppoſe me mad,
And will ore-reach them in their owne deuiſes,
A payre of curſed hell-hounds and their Dam. *aside* m.c.
Dem. Madam depart at pleaſure, leaue vs heere.
Tam. Farewell *Andronicus*, reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy Foes. *Exit Tamora* m.c.
Tit. I know thou doo'ſt, and ſweet reuenge farewell.
Chi. Tell vs old man, how ſhall we be imploy'd?
Tit. Tut, I haue worke enough for you to doe,
Publius come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine*.
Pub. What is your will?
Tit. Know you theſe two?
Pub. The Empreſſe Sonnes
I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*. *are* m.c.
Titus. Fie *Publius*, fie, thou art too much deceau'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore bind them gentle *Publius*,
Caius, and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft haue you heard me wiſh for ſuch an houre,
And now I find it, therefore binde them ſure,
Chi. Villaines forbeare, we are the Empreſſe Sonnes.
Pub. And therefore do we, what we are commanded.
Stop cloſe their mouthes, let them not ſpeake a word,
Is he ſure bound, looke that you binde them faſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lauinia
She with a Baſon. and he with a Knife m.c.

Tit. Come, come *Lauinia*, looke, thy Foes are bound,
Sirs ſtop their mouthes, let them not ſpeake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.
^ and stop their mouths if they begin to cry. m.c.
Oh Villaines, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*,
Here ſtands the ſpring whom you haue ſtain'd with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kil'd her husband, and for that vil'd fault,
Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry ieſt,
Both her ſweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more deere
Then Hands or tongue, her ſpotleſſe Chaſtity,
Inhumaine Traytors, you conſtrain'd and for'ſt.
What would you ſay, if I ſhould let you ſpeake?
Villaines for ſhame you could not beg for grace.
Harke Wretches, how I meane to martyr you,
This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats,
Whil'ſt that *Lauinia* tweene her ſtumps doth hold:
The Baſon that receiues your guilty blood.
You know your Mother meanes to feaſt with me,
And calls herſelfe Reuenge, and thinkes me mad.
Harke Villaines, I will grin'd your bones to duſt,
And with your blood and it, Ile make a Paſte,
And of the Paſte a Coffen I will reare,
And make two Paſties of your ſhamefull Heads,
And bid that ſtrumpet your vnhallowed Dam,
Like to the earth ſwallow her ~~increaſe~~. *owne* 32
This is the Feaſt, that I haue bid her to,
And this the Banquet ſhe ſhall ſurfet on,
For worſe then *Philomel* you vſ'd my Daughter,
And worſe then *Progne*, I will be reueng'd,
And now prepare your throats: *Lauinia* come.
Receiue the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grin'd their Bones to powder ſmall,
And with this hatefull Liquor temper it,
And in that Paſte let their vil'd Heads be bakte,
Come, come, be euery one officious,
To make this Banket, which I wiſh might proue,
More ſterne and bloody then the Centaures Feaſt.
He cuts their throats.
So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And ſee them ready, gainſt their Mother comes. *Exeunt.*

Actus. Scena iii.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

The ſame. A Pauilion with Tables &c m.c.
Luc. Vncle *Marcus*, ſince 'tis my Fathers minde
That I repair to Rome, I am content.
Goth. And ours with thine befall, what Fortune will.
Luc. Good Vncle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
This Rauenous Tiger, this accurſed deuill,
Let him receiue no ſuſtenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought vnto the Emperous face, *preſent* m.c.
For teſtimony of ~~her~~ *his* 32 foule proceedings.
And ſee the Ambuſh of our Friends be ſtrong,
If ere the Emperour meanes no good to vs.
Aron. Some deuill whiſper curſes in my eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may vtter for th,
The Venemous Mallice of my ſwelling heart.
Luc. Away Inhumaine Dogge, Vnhallowed Slaue,
Sirs, helpe our Vncle, to conuey him in, *Flouriſh.*
The Trumpets ſhew the Emperour is at hand.

Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empreſſe, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the Firemament more Suns then one? *omitted* 32
Luc. What bootes it thee to call thy ſelfe a Sunne?
Mar. Romes Emperour & Nephewe breake the parle
Theſe quarrels muſt be quietly debated,
The Feaſt is ready which the carefull *Titus*,

Hath

Hath ordained to an Honourable end,
For Peace, for Loue, for League, and good to Rome:
Pleaſe you therfore draw nie and take your places.
Satur. *Marcus* we will. *Hoboyes.*

A Table brought in.

Enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meat on the Table, and Lauinia with a vale ouer her face.

Titus. Welcome my gracious Lord,
Welcome Dread Queene,
Welcome ye Warlike Gothes, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all: although the cheere be poore,
'Twill fill your ſtomacks, pleaſe you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd *Andronicus*?
Tit. Becauſe I would be ſure to haue all well,
To entertaine your Highneſſe, and your Empreſſe.
Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus?*
Tit. And if your Highneſſe knew my heart, you were:
My Lord the Emperour reſolue me this,
Was it well done of raſh *Virginius*,
To ſlay his daughter with his owne right hand,
Becauſe ſhe was enfor'ſt, ſtain'd, and deflowr'd?
Satur. It was *Andronicus.*
Tit. Your reaſon, Mighty Lord?
Sat. Becauſe the Girle, ſhould not ſuruiue her ſhame,
And by her preſence ſtill renew his ſorrowes.
Tit. A reaſon mighty, ſtrong, and effectuall,
A patterne, preſident, and liuely warrant,
For me (moſt wretched) to performe the like:
Die, die, *Lauinia*, and thy ſhame with thee,
And with thy ſhame, thy Fathers ſorrow die.
He kils her.
Sat. What haſt done, vnnaturall and vnkinde?
Tit. Kil'd her for whom my teares haue made me blind.
I am as wofull as *Virginius* was,
And haue a thouſand times more cauſe then he.
Sat. What was ſhe rauiſht? tell who did the deed,
Tit. Wilt pleaſe you eat,
Wilt pleaſe your Higneſſe feed?
Tam. Why haſt thou ſlaine thine onely Daughter?
Titus. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
They rauiſht her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
Satu. Go fetch them hither to vs preſently.
Tit. Why there they are both, baked in that Pie,
Whereof their Mother dantily hath fed,
Eating the fleſh that ſhe herſelfe hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true, witneſſe my kniues ſharpe point.
He ſtabs the Empreſſe.
Satu. Die franticke wretch, for this accurſed deed.
Luc. Can the Sonnes eye, behold his Father bleed?
There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deed.
Mar. You ſad fac'd men, people and Sonnes of Rome,
By vprores ſeuer'd like a flight of Fowle,
Scattred by windes and high tempeſtuous guſts:
Oh let me teach you how, to knit againe
This ſcattred Corne, into one mutuall ſheafe,
Theſe broken limbs againe into one body.
Goth. Let Rome herſelfe be bane vnto herſelfe,
And ſhee whom mightie kingdomes curſie too,
Like a forlorne and deſperate caſtaway,
Doe ſhamefull execution on her ſelfe.
But if my froſtie ſignes and chaps of age,
Graue witneſſes of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Romes deere friend, as 'erſt our Auncеſtor
When with his ſolemne tongue he did diſcourſe,
To loue-ſicke *Didoes* ſad attending eare,
The ſtory of that balefull burning night,
When ſubtil Greekes ſurpriz'd King *Priams* Troy:
Tell vs what *Sinon* hath bewicht our eares,
Or who hath brought the fatall engine in,
That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor ſteele,
Nor can I vtter all our bitter griefe,
But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
And breake my very vttrance, euen in the time
When it ſhould moue you to attend me moſt,
Lending your kind hand Commiſeration.
Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,
Your hearts will throb and weepe to heare him ſpeake.
Luc. This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you,
That curſed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that murdred our Emperours Brother,
And they it were that rauiſhed our Siſter,
For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares deſpiſ'd, and baſely couſen'd,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And ſent her enemies vnto the graue.
Laſtly, my ſelfe vnkindly baniſhed,
The gates ſhut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg reliefe among Romes Enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true teares,
And op'd their armes to imbrace me as a Friend:
And I am turned forth, be it knowne to you,
That haue preſeru'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her boſome tooke the Enemies point,
Sheathing the ſteele in my aduentrous body.
Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I,
My ſcars can witneſſe, dumbe although they are,
That my report is iuſt and full of truth:
But ſoft, me thinkes I do digreſſe too much,
Cyting my worthleſſe praiſe: Oh pardon me,
For when no Friends are by, men praiſe themſelues,
Marc. Now is my turne to ſpeake: Behold this Child,
Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,
The iſſue of an Irreligious *Moore*,
Chiefe Architect and plotter of theſe woes,
The Villaine is aliue in *Titus* houſe,
And as he is, to witneſſe this is true.
Now iudge what courſe had *Titus* to reuenge
Theſe wrongs, vnſpeakeable paſt patience,
Or more then any liuing man could beare.
Now you haue heard the truth, what ſay you Romaines?
Haue we done ought amiſſe? ſhew vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of *Andronici*,
Will hand in hand all headlong caſt vs downe,
And on the ragged ſtones beat forth our braines,
And make a mutuall cloſure of our houſe:
Speake Romaines ſpeake, and if you ſay we ſhall,
Loe hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.
Emilli. Come come, thou reuerent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour: for well I know,
The common voyce do cry it ſhall be ſo.
Mar. *Lucius*, all haile Romes Royall Emperour,
Goe, goe into old *Titus* ſorrowfull houſe,
And hither hale that misbelieuing *Moore*,
To be adiudg'd ſome direfull ſlaughtering death,
As puniſhment for his moſt wicked life.
Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouernour.

Luc. Thankes gentle Romanes, may I gouerne ſo,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe.
But gentle people, giue me ayme a-while,
For Nature puts me to a heauy taske:
Stand all aloofe, but Vnckle draw you neere,
To ſhed obſequious teares vpon this Trunke:
Oh take this warme kiſſe on thy pale cold lips,
Theſe forrowfull drops vpon thy bloud-ſtaine face, Staine m.c.
The laſt true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.
Mar. Teare for teare, and louing kiſſe for kiſſe,
Thy Brother *Marcus* tenders on thy Lips:
O were the ſumme of theſe that I ſhould pay
Countleſſe, and infinit, yet would I pay them.
Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of vs
To melt in ſhowres: thy Grandſire lou'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee:
Sung thee aſleepe, his Louing Breſt, thy Pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete, and agreeing with thine Infancie:
In that reſpect then, like a louing Childe,
Shed yet ſome ſmall drops from thy tender Spring,
Becauſe kinde Nature doth require it ſo:
Friends, ſhould aſſociate Friends, in Greefe and Wo.
Bid him farwell, commit him to the Graue,
Do him that kindneſſe, and take leaue of him.
Boy. O Grandfire, Grandfire: euen with all my heart
Would I were Dead, ſo you did Liue againe.
O Lord, I cannot ſpeake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me, if I ope my mouth.

Romans. You ſad *Andronici*, haue done with woes,
Giue ſentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath beene breeder of theſe dire euents.
Luc. Set him breſt deepe in earth, and famiſh him:
There let him ſtand, and raue, and cry for foode:
If any one releeues, or pitties him,
For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome:
Some ſtay, to ſee him faſt'ned in the earth.
Aron. O why ſhould wrath be mute, & Fury dumbe?
I am no Baby I, that with baſe Prayers
I ſhould repent the Euils I haue done.
Ten thouſand worſe, than euer yet I did,
Would I performe if I might haue my will:
If one good Deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very Soule.
Lucius. Some louing Friends conuey the Emp. hence,
And giue him buriall in his Fathers graue.
My Father, and *Lauinia*, ſhall forthwith
Be cloſed in our Houſholds Monument:
As for that heynous Tyger *Tamora*,
No Funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds:
No mournfull Bell ſhall ring her Buriall:
But throw her foorth to Beaſts and Birds of prey:
Her life was Beaſt-like, and deuoid of pitty,
And being ſo, ſhall haue like want of pitty.
See Iuſtice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moore,
From whom, our heauy happes had their beginning:
Then afterwards, to Order well the State,
That like Euents, may ne're it Ruinate. *Exeunt omnes.*

"In 1724 this horrid Tragedy was acted for the benefit of Quin - producing the sum of 145.16.6 - The characters were as follow - -

Aaron - Mr Quin
Titus - Mr Boheme
Saturnius - Mr Leigh
Baſsianus - Mr Walker

Lucius - Mr Ryan
Marcus - Mr Egan
Demetrius - Mr Riggs
Chiron - Mr Ward
Tamora - Mrs Egleton
Lavinia - Mrs Horley

FINIS.

Act I. *ROMEO (and) JULIET* *Scene I.*

M^r. DOD, in the Character of MERCUTIO.

(See where he steals —

THE TRAGEDIE OF
ROMEO and IVLIET.

In the marginal M.S. remarks M.C. refers to the modern Ed. of J. Reed Vol. xx 1803 - 29 refers to the first folio 1623 - That folio is to be understood wherever there is an alteration without reference - Thus in "A Public Place" m.c.

Scæna Prima. Scene during the greater part of the Play in Verona - one in the 5th Act in Mantua - m. c.

Enter Sampſon and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers, of the Houſe of Capulet.

Sampſon.

Gregory: A my word wee'l not carry coales.

Greg. No, for then we ſhould be Colliars.

Samp. I mean, if we be in choller, wee'l draw.

Greg. I, While you liue, drawe your necke out o'th Collar.

Samp. I ſtrike quickly, being mou'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mou'd to ſtrike.

Samp. A dog of the houſe of *Mountague*, moues me.

Greg. To moue, is to ſtir: and to be valiant, is to ſtand: Therefore, if thou art mou'd, thou runſt away.

Samp. A dogge of that houſe ſhall moue me to ſtand. I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of *Mountagues*.

Greg. That ſhewes thee a weake ſlaue, for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

Samp. True, and therefore women being the weaker Veſſels, are euer thruſt to the wall: therefore I will puſh *Mountagues* men from the wall, and thruſt his Maides to the wall. (their men.

Greg. The Quarrell is betweene our Maſters, and vs

Samp. 'Tis all one, I will ſhew myſelfe a tyrant: when I haue fought with the men, I will bee ciuill with the Maids, and cut off their heads. cruel m.c. & so indeed

Greg. The heads of the Maids?

Sam. I, the heads of the Maids, or their Maiden-heads, Take it in what ſence thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it in ſence, that feele it.

Samp. Me they ſhall feele while I am able to ſtand: And 'tis knowne I am a pretty peece of fleſh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not Fiſh: If thou had'ſt, thou had'ſt beene poore Iohn. Draw thy Toole, here comes of the Houſe of the *Mountagues*.

Enter two other Seruingmen.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I wil back thee

Gre. How? Turne thy backe, and run.

Sam. Feare me not.

Gre. No marry: I feare thee.

Sam. Let vs take the Law of our ſides: let them begin.

Gr. I wil frown as I paſſe by, & let thē take it as they liſt

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I wil bite my Thumb at them, which is a diſgrace to them, if they beare it.

Abra. Do you bite your Thumbe at vs ſir?

Samp. I do bite my Thumbe, ſir.

Abra. Do you bite your Thumb at vs, ſir?

Sam. Is the Law of our ſide, if I ſay I? *Gre.* No.

Sam. No ſir, I do not bite my Thumbe at you ſir: but I bite my Thumbe ſir.

Greg. Do you quarrell ſir?

Abra. Quarrell ſir? no ſir. (as you

Sam. If you do ſir, I am for you, I ſerue as good a man

Abra. No better? *Samp.* Well ſir.

Enter Benuolio.

Gr. Say better: here comes one of my maſters kinſmen.

Samp. Yes, better.

Abra. You Lye.

Samp. Draw if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy waſhing blow. *They Fight.*

Ben. Part Fooles, put vp your Swords, you know not what you do. beats down their Swords m.c.

Enter Tibalt.

Tyb. What art thou drawne, among theſe heartleſſe Hindes? Turne thee *Benuolio*, looke vpon thy death.

Ben. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy Sword, Or manage it to part theſe men with me.

Tyb. What draw, and talke of peace? I hate the word As I hate hell, all *Mountagues*, and thee: Haue at thee Coward. omitted 32 *Fight.*

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs.

Offi Clubs, Bils, and Partiſons, ſtrike, beat them down Downe with the *Capulets*, downe with the *Mountagues*.

Enter old Capulet in his Gowne, and his wife.

Cap. What noiſe is this? Giue me my long Sword ho.

Wife. A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a Sword?

Cap. My Sword I ſay: Old *Mountague* is come, And flouriſhes his Blade in ſpight of me.

Enter old Mountague, & his wife.

Moun. Thou villaine *Capulet*. Hold me not, let me go

2. *Wife.* Thou ſhalt not ſtir a foote to ſeeke a Foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, with his Traine.

Prince. Rebellious Subiects, Enemies to peace, Prophaners of this Neighbor-ſtained Steele, Will they not heare? What hoe, you Men, you Beaſts, That quench the fire of your pernitious Rage, With purple Fountaines iſſuing from your Veines: On paine of Torture, from thoſe bloody hands Throw your miſtemper'd Weapons to the ground, And heare the Sentence of your mooued Prince. Three ciuill Broyles, bred of an Ayery word, By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*, Haue thrice diſturb'd the quiet of our ſtreets, And made *Verona*'s ancient Citizens Caſt by their Graue beſeeming Ornaments, To wield old Partizans, in hands as old,

Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,
Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You *Capulet* shall goe along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our Fathers pleasure in this case:
To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart. *Exeunt.*

Moun. Who set this auncient quarrell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began:

Ben. Heere were the seruants of your aduersarie,
And yours close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fiery *Tibalt*, with his sword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He swong about his head, and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hist him in scorne.
While we were enterchanging thrusts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

Wife. O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sun,
Peer'd forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind draue me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of Sycamour,
That West-ward rooteth from this City side: the m.c.
So earely walking did I see your Sonne:
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the couert of the wood,
I measuring his affections by my owne,
Which then most sought, wher most might not be found:
Being one too many by my weary selfe,
Pursued my Honour, not pursuing his her 32
And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

Mount. Many a morning hath he there beene seene,
With teares augmenting the fresh mornings deaw,
Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe sighes,
But all so soone as the all-cheering Sunne,
Should in the farthest East begin to draw
The shadie Curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light steales home my heauy Sonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificiall night:
Blacke and portendous must this humour proue,
Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.

Ben. My Noble Vncle doe you know the cause?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.

Ben. Haue you importun'd him by any meanes?

Moun. Both by my selfe and many others Friends,
But he his owne affections counseller,
Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So farre from sounding and discouery,
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same. Sun m.c. Theobald
Could we but learne from whence his sorrowes grow,
We would as willingly giue cure, as know.
Enter Romeo. at a distance m.c.

Ben. See where he comes, so please you step aside,
Ile know his greeuance, or be much denide.

Moun. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To heare true shrift. Come Madam let's away. *Exeunt.*

Ben. Good morrow Cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new strooke nine.

Rom. Aye me, sad houres seeme long:
Was that my Father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was: what sadnes lengthens *Romeo's* houres? 32

Ro. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes them short

Ben. In loue.

Romeo. Out.

Ben. Of loue.

Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.

Ben. Alas that loue so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proofe.

Rom. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see path-wayes to his will:
Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was heere?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Heere's much to do with hate, but more with loue:
Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O any thing, of nothing first created: create / 32 and m.c.
O heauie lightnesse, serious vanity,
Mishapen Chaos of welseeing formes, seeming 32
Feather of lead, bright smoake, cold fire, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good hearts oppression.

Rom. Why such is loues transgression.
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preast
With more of thine, this loue that thou hast showne,
Doth adde more griefe, to too much of mine owne.
Loue, is a smoake made with the fume of sighes,
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in Louers eyes,
Being vext, a Sea nourisht with louing teares,
What is it else? a madnesse, most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preseruing sweet:
Farewell my Coze. going m.c

Ben. Soft I will goe along.
And if you leaue me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hee's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue?

Rom. What shall I grone and tell thee?

Ben. Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who.

Rom. A sicke man in sadnesse makes his will: sad 32
A word ill vrg'd to one that is so ill:
In sadnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman.

Ben. I aym'd so neare, when I suppos'd you lou'd.

Rom. A right good marke man, and shee's faire I loue

Ben. A right faire marke, faire Coze, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well in that hit you misse, sheel not be hit
With Cupids arrow, she hath *Dians* wit:
And in strong proofe of chastity well arm'd:
From loues weake childish Bow, she liues vncharm'd.
Shee will not stay the siege of louing tearmes,
Nor bid th'incounter of assailing eyes.
Nor open her lap to Saint-seducing Gold: the 32 nor in 32
O she is rich in beautie, onely poore,
That when she dies, with beautie dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworne, that she will still liue chast?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing make huge wast?
For beauty steru'd with her seuerity,
Cuts beauty off from all posteritie.

She is too faire, too wiſewi: ſely too faire, wisely 32
To merit bliſſe by making me diſpaire:
She hath forſworne to loue, and in that vow
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to thinke of her.
Rom. O teach me how I ſhould forget to thinke.
Ben. By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties,
Ro. 'Tis the way to cal hers (exquiſit) in queſtion more,
Theſe happy maskes that kiſſe faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is ſtrooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt:
Shew me a Miſtreſſe that is paſſing faire,
What doth her beauty ſerue but as a note,
Where I may read who paſt that paſſing faire.
Farewell thou can'ſt not teach me to forget,
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt. *Exeunt*

Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.

Capu. Mountague is bound as well as I, Act I. Scene II.
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke, A Street
For men ſo old as wee, to keepe the peace. on. c. 44 to end ed.
Par. Of Honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie 'tis you liu'd at ods ſo long:
But now my Lord, what ſay you to my ſute?
Capu. But ſaying ore what I haue ſaid before,
My Child is yet a ſtranger in the world,
Shee hath not ſeene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.
Pari. Younger then ſhe, are happy mothers made.
Capu. And too ſoone mar'd are thoſe ſo early made:
Earth hath up 32 ſwallowed all my hopes but ſhe, of the m.c.
Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her conſent, is but a part,
And ſhee agree, within her ſcope of choiſe,
Lyes my conſent, and faire according voice:
This night I hold an old accuſtom'd Feaſt,
Whereto I haue inuited many a Gueſt,
Such as I loue, and you among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome makes my number more:
At my poore houſe, looke to behold this night,
Earth-treading ſtarres, that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort as do luſty young men feele,
When well apparrel'd Aprill on the heele
Of limping Winter treads, euen ſuch delight
Among freſh Fennell buds ſhall you this night Female
Inherit at my houſe: heare all, all ſee: 32
And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Which one more veiw, of many, mine being one, *
May 32 ſtand in number, though in reckning none.
Come, goe with me: goe ſirrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there, and to them ſay, gaues a Sheet m.c
My houſe and welcome, on their pleaſure ſtay. *Exit.*
Ser. Find them out whoſe names are written. Heere it is written, that the Shoo-maker ſhould meddle with his Yard, and the Tayler with his Laſt, the Fiſher with his Penſill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am ſent to find thoſe perſons whoſe names are writ, & can neuer find what names the writing perſon hath here writ (I muſt to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benuolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is leſned by anothers anguiſh:
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One deſparate greefe, cures with anothers languiſh:
Take thou ſome new infection to the eye,
And the rank poyſon of the old wil die.
Rom. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.
Ben. For what I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken ſhin.
Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in priſon, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow,
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray ſir can you read?
Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miſerie.
Ser. Perhaps you haue learn'd it without booke:
But I pray can you read any thing you ſee?
Rom. I, if I know the Letters and the Language.
Ser. Ye ſay honeſtly, reſt you merry.
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read. Reads m. c.

He reades the Letter.

SEigneur Martino, and his wife and daughter: County Anſelme and his beautious ſiſters: the Lady widdow of Vtruuio, Seigneur Placentio, and his louely Neeces: Mercutio and his brother Valentine: mine vncle Capulet his wife and daughters: my faire Neece Roſaline, Liuia, Seigneur Valentio, & his Coſen Tybalt: Lucio and the liuely Helena.
A faire aſſembly, whither ſhould they come?
Ser. Vp.
Rom. Whither? to ſupper?
Ser. To our houſe.
Rom. Whoſe houſe?
Ser. My Maiſters.
Rom. Indeed I ſhould haue askt you that before.
Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My maiſter is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the houſe of *Mountagues* I pray come and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merry. *Exit.*
Ben. At this ſame auncient Feaſt of *Capulets*
Sups the faire *Roſaline*, whom thou ſo loues: Louest
With all the admired Beauties of *Verona*, 32
Go thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee thinke thy Swan a Crow.
Rom. When the deuout religion of mine eye
Maintaines ſuch falſhood, then turne teares to fire:
And theſe who often drown'd could neuer die,
Tranſparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue: the all-ſeeing Sun
Nere ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.
Ben. Tut, you 32 ſaw her faire, none elſe being by,
Herſelfe poyſ'd with herſelfe in either eye:
But in that Chriſtall ſcales, let there be waid, Those m.c
Your Ladies loue againſt ſome other Maid
That I will ſhow you, ſhining at this Feaſt,
And ſhe ſhew ſcant ſhell, well, that now ſhewes beſt.
Rom. Ile goe along, no ſuch ſight to be ſhowne,
But to reioyce in ſplendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets Wife and Nurſe.

Wife Nurſe wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.
Nurſe. Now by my Maidenhead, at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb: what Ladi-bird, God forbid, Where's this Girle? what *Iuliet?*

Enter Iuliet..

Iuliet. How now, who calls?
Nur. Your Mother.
Iuliet. Madam I am heere, what is your will?
Wife. This is the matter: Nurſe giue leaue awhile, we muſt

* Such amongst view of many, mine, being one 163 m.c.

muſt take in ſecret. Nurſe come backe againe, I have remembred me, thou'ſe heare our counſell. Thou knoweſt my daughter's of a prety age.

Nurſe. Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurſe. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth,
And yet to my teene be it ſpoken,
I haue but foure, ſhee's not fourteene.
How long is it now to *Lammas* tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurſe. Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come *Lammas* Eue at night ſhall ſhe be fourteene. *Suſan* & ſhe, God reſt all Chriſtian ſoules, were of an age. Well *Suſan* is with God, ſhe was too good for me. But as I ſaid, on *Lammas* Eue at night ſhall ſhe be fourteene, that ſhall ſhe marie, I remember it well. 'Tis ſince the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and ſhe was wean'd I neuer ſhall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare, vpon that day: for I had then laide Worme-wood to my Dug ſitting in the Sunne vnder the Douehouſe wall, my Lord and you were then at *Mantua*, nay I doe beare a braine. But as I ſaid, when it did taſt the Worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to ſee it teachie, and fall out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Doue-houſe, 'twas no needo I trow to bid mee trudge: and ſince that time it is a eleuen yeares, for then ſhe could ſtand alone, nay bi'th' roode ſhe could haue runne, & wadled all about: for euen the day before ſhe broke her brow, & then my Husband God be with his ſoule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the Child, yea quoth hee, doeſt thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backeward when thou haſt more wit, wilt thou not *Iule?* And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch left crying, & ſaid I: to ſee now how a Ieſt ſhall come about. I warrant, & I ſhall liue a thouſand yeares, I neuer ſhould forget it: wilt thou not *Iulet* quoth he? and pretty foole it ſtinted, and ſaid I.

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurſe. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to thinke it ſhould leaue crying, & ſay I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bumpe as big as a young Cockrels ſtone? A perilous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fall'ſt vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commeſt to age: wilt thou not *Iule?* It ſtinted: and ſaid I.

Iule. And ſtint thou too, I pray thee *Nurſe*, ſay I.

Nur. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace thou waſt the prettieſt Babe that ere I nurſt, and I might liue to ſee thee married once, I haue my wiſh.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſition to be Married?

Iuli. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nur. An houre, were not I thine onely Nurſe, I would ſay thou had'ſt ſuckt wiſedome from thy teat.

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you
Heere in *Verona*, Ladies of eſteeme,
Are made already Mothers. By my count
I was your Mother, much vpon theſe yeares
That you are now a Maide, thus then in briefe:
The valiant *Paris* ſeekes you for his loue.

Nurſe. A man young Lady, Lady, ſuch a man as all he world. Why hee's a man of waxe.

Old La. Veronas Summer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurſe. Nay hee's a flower, infaith a very flower.

Old La: What ſay you, can you loue the Gentleman? This night you ſhall behold him at our Feaſt,
Read ore the volume of young *Paris* face,
And find delight, writ there with Beauties pen:
Examine euery ſeuerall liniament,
And ſee how one another lends content:
And what obſcur'd in this faire volume lies,
Find written in the Margent of his eyes.
This precious Booke of Loue, this vnbound Louer,
To Beautifie him, onely lacks a Couer.
The fiſh liues in the Sea, and 'tis much pride
For faire without, the faire within to hide:
That Booke in manies eyes doth ſhare the glorie,
That in Gold claſpes, Lockes in the Golden ſtorie:
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſſe,
By hauing him, making your ſelfe no leſſe.

Nurſe. No leſſe, nay bigger: women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* loue?

Iuli. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Then your conſent giues ſtrength to make flye.

Enter a Seruing man.

Ser. Madam, the gueſts are come, ſupper ſeru'd vp, you cal'd, my young Lady askt for, the Nurſe cur'ſt in the Pantery, and euery thing in extremitie: I muſt hence to wait, I beſeech you follow ſtraight. *Exit.*

Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet*, the Countie ſtaies.

Nurſe. Goe Gyrle, ſeeke happie nights to happy daies. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with fiue or ſixe other Maskers, Torch-bearers.

Rom. What ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without Apologie?

Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hood winkt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
But let them meaſure vs by what they will.
Weele meaſure them a Meaſure, and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a Torch, I am not for this ambling.
Being but heauy I will beare the light.

Mer. Nay gentle *Romeo*, we muſt haue you dance.

Rom. Not I beleeue me, you haue dancing ſhooes
With nimble ſoles, I haue a ſoale of Lead
So ſtakes me to the ground, I cannot moue.

Mer. You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And ſoare with them aboue a common bound.

Rom. I am too ſore enpearced with his ſhaft,
To ſoare with his light feathers, and to bound:
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauy burthen doe I ſinke.

Hora. And to ſinke in it ſhould you burthen loue,
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing.

Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boyſterous, and it pricks like thorne.

Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue,
Pricke loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe,
Giue me a Caſe to put my viſage in,
A Viſor for a Viſor, what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities:
Here are the Beetle-browes ſhall bluſh for me.

Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no ſooner in,
But euery man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A Torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the ſenceleſſe ruſhes with their heeles:
For I am prouerb'd with a Grandſier Phraſe,
Ile be a Candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere ſo faire, and I am done.

Mer. Tut.

Mer. Tut, dunsthe Mouſe, the Conſtables owne word,
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire.
Or ſaue your reuerence loue, wherein thou ſtickeſt
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.
Rom. Nay that's not ſo.
Mer. I meane ſir I delay,
We waſt our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day;
Take our good meaning, for our Iudgement ſits
Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits.
Rom. And we meane well in going to this Maske,
But 'tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why may one aske?
Rom. I dreampt a dreame to night.
Mer. And ſo did I.
Rom. Well what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lye.
Ro. In bed a ſleepe while they do dreame things true.
Mer. O then I ſee Queene Mab hath beene with you:
She is the Fairies Midwife, & ſhe comes in ſhape no bigger then Agat-ſtone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman, drawne with a teeme of little Atomies, ouer mens noſes as they lie aſleepe: her Waggon Spokes made of long Spinners legs: the Couer of the wings of Graſhoppers, her Traces of the ſmalleſt Spiders web, her coullers of the Moonſhines watry Beames, her Whip of Crickets bone, the Laſh of Philome, her Waggoner, a ſmall gray-coated Gnat, not halfe ſo bigge as a round little Worme, prickt from the Lazie-finger of a man. Her Chariot is an emptie Haſelnut, made by the Ioyner Squirrel or old Grub, time out a mind, the Faries Coach-makers: and in this ſtate ſhe gallops night by night, through Louers braines: and then they dreame of Loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curſies ſtrait: ore Lawyers fingers, who ſtrait dreamt on Fees, ore Ladies lips, who ſtrait on kiſſes dreame, which oft the angry Mab with bliſters plagues, becauſe their breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime ſhe gallops ore a Courtiers noſe, & then dreames he of ſmelling out a ſute: & ſomtime comes ſhe with Tith pigs tale, tickling a Parſons noſe as a lies aſleepe, then he dreames of another Benefice. Sometime ſhe driueth ore a Souldiers necke, & then dreames he of cutting Forraine throats, of Breaches, Ambuſcados, Spaniſh Blades: Of Healths fiue Fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eares, at which he ſtartes and wakes; and being thus frighted, ſweares a prayer or two & ſleepes againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of Horſes in the night: & bakes the Elklocks in foule ſluttiſh haires, which once vntangled, much misfortune bodes,
This is the hag, when Maides lie on their backs,
That preſſes them, and learnes them firſt to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is ſhe.
Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.
Mer. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing, but vaine phantaſie,
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the ayre,
And more inconſtant then the wind, who wooes
Euen now the frozen boſome of the North:
And being anger'd, puffes away from thence,
Turning his ſide to the dew dropping South.
Ben. This wind you talke of blowes vs from our ſelues,
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.
Rom. I feare too early, for my mind miſgiues,
Some conſequence yet hanging in the ſtarres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expire the tearme
Of a deſpiſed life cloſ'd in my breſt:
By ſome vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the ſtirrage of my courſe,
Direct my ſute: on luſtie Gentlemen.
Ben. Strike Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with their napkins.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Where's *Potpan*, that he helpes not to take away? He ſhift a Trencher? he ſcrape a Trencher?
1. When good manners, ſhall lie in one or two mens hands, and they vnwaſht too, 'tis a foule thing.
Ser. Away with the Ioynſtooles, remoue the Court-cubbord, looke to the Plate: good thou, ſaue mee a piece of Marchpane, and as thou loueſt me, let the Porter let in *Suſan Grindſtone* and *Nell*, *Anthonie* and *Potpan*.
2. I Boy readie.
Ser. You are lookt for, and cal'd for, askt for, & ſought for, in the great Chamber.
1 We cannot be here and there too, chearly Boyes,
Be brisk awhile, and the longer liuer take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the Gueſts and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagu'd with Cornes, will walke about with you:
Ah my Miſtreſſes, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She Ile ſweare hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I haue ſeene the day
That I haue worne a Viſor, and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would pleaſe: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,
You are welcome Gentlemen, come Muſitians play:

Muſicke plaies: and the dance.

A Hall, Hall, giue roome, and foote it Girles,
More light you knaues, and turne the Tables vp:
And quench the fire, the Roome is growne too hot.
Ah ſirrah, this vnlookt for ſport comes well:
Nay ſit, nay ſit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are paſt our dauncing daies:
How long 'iſt now ſince laſt your ſelfe and I
Were in a Maske?
2. *Capu.* Berlady thirty yeares.
1. *Capu.* What man: 'tis not ſo much, 'tis not ſo much,
'Tis ſince the Nuptiall of *Lucentio*,
Come Pentycoſt as quickely as it will,
Some fiue and twenty yeares, and then we Maskt.
2. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder ſir:
His Sonne is thirty.
3. *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.
Rom. What Ladie is that which doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
Ser. I know not ſir.
Rom. O ſhe doth teach the Torches to burne bright:
It ſeemes ſhe hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
As a rich Iewel in an Æthiops eare:
Beauty too rich for vſe, for earth too deare:
So ſhewes a Snowy Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes ſhowes;
The meaſure done, Ile watch her place of ſtand,
And touching hers, make bleſſed my rude hand.

Did

Did my heart loue till now, forſweare it ſight,
For I neuer ſaw true Beauty till this night.
Tib. This by his voice, ſhould be a *Mountague.*
Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the ſlaue
Come hither couer'd with an antique face,
To ſleere and ſcorne at our Solemnitie?
Now by the ſtocke and Honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.
Cap. Why how now kinſman,
Wherefore ſtorme you ſo?
Tib. Vncle this is a *Mountague*, our foe:
A Villaine that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorne at our Solemnitie this night.
Cap. Young *Romeo* is it? omitted in 32
Tib. 'Tis he, that Villaine *Romeo.*
Cap. Content thee gentle Coz, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the towne,
Here in my houſe do him diſparagement:
Therfore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a faire preſence, and put off theſe frownes,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance for a Feaſt.
Tib. It fits when ſuch a Villaine is a gueſt,
Ile not endure him.
Cap. He ſhall be endu'rd.
What goodman boy, I ſay he ſhall, go too,
Am I the Maiſter here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, God ſhall mend my ſoule,
Youle make a Mutinie among the Gueſts:
You will ſet cocke a hoope, youle be the man.
Tib. Why Vncle, 'tis a ſhame.
Cap. Go too, go too,
You are a ſawcy Boy, 'iſt ſo indeed? 'tis 32
This tricke may chance to ſcath you, I know what,
You muſt contrary me, marry 'tis time.
Well ſaid my hearts, you are a Princox, goe,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for ſhame, Nobin 32
Ile make you quiet. What, chearely my hearts.
Tib. Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting, making 32
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intruſion ſhall
Now ſeeming ſweet, conuert to bitter gall. *Exit.*
Rom. If I prophane with my vnworthieſt hand, unworthy m.c.
This holy ſhrine, the gentle ſin is this, fine me
My lips to bluſhing Pilgrims did ready ſtand, Nobin 32
To ſmooth that rough touch, with a tender kiſſe. Two 32
Iul. Good Pilgrime,
You do wrong your hand too much.
Which mannerly deuotion ſhewes in this,
For Saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kiſſe.
Rom. Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Iul. I Pilgrim, lips that they muſt vſe in prayer.
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray (grant thou) leaſt faith turne to diſpaire.
Iul. Saints do not moue,
Though grant for prayers ſake. Doe 32 not in m.c.
Rom. Then moue not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by yours mine ſin is purg'd.
Iul. Then haue my lips the ſin that they haue tooke.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O treſpaſſe ſweetly vrg'd:
Giue me my ſin againe.
Iul. You kiſſe by'th'booke.
Nur. Madam your Mother craues a word with you.
Rom. What is her Mother?
Nurſ. Marrie Batcheler,
Her Mother is the Lady of the houſe,
And a good Lady, and a wiſe, and Vertuous,
I Nur'ſt her Daughter that you talkt withall: e 32
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chincks. e 32
Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet?*
O deare account! My life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. I ſo I feare, the more is my vnreſt.
Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling fooliſh Banquet towards:
Is it e'ne ſo? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honeſt Gentlemen, good night:
More Torches here: come on, then let's to bed.
Ah ſirrah, by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my reſt. Exit all but Iuliet & Nurſe m.c. Exeunt 32
Iuli. Come hither Nurſe,
What is yond Gentleman:
Nur. The Sonne and Heire of old *Tyberio.*
Iuli. What's he that now is going out of doore?
Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio.*
Iul. What's he that follows here that would not dance?
Nur. I know not.
Iul. Go aske his name: if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedded bed. my 32
Nur. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely Sonne of your great Enemie. our 32
Iul. My onely Loue ſprung from my onely hate,
Too early ſeene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of Loue it is to me,
That I muſt loue a loathed Enemie.
Nur. What's this? whats this?
Iul. A rime, I learne euen now
Of one I dan'ſt withall.
One cals within, Iuliet.
Nur. Anon, anon:
Come let's away, the ſtrangers all are gone.
Exeunt.
Enter Chorus. m.c.
Now old deſire doth in his death bed lie,
And yong affection gapes to be his Heire,
That faire, for which Loue gron'd for and would die,
With tender *Iuliet* matcht, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and Loues againe,
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe ſuppos'd he muſt complaine,
And ſhe ſteale Loues ſweet bait from fearefull hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue acceſſe
To breath ſuch vowes as Louers vſe to ſweare,
And ſhe as much in Loue, her meanes much leſſe,
To meete her new Beloued any where:
But paſſion lends them Power, time, meanes to meete,
Temp'ring extremities with extreame ſweete.
Tempting 32 *Enter Romeo alone.* Actus Secundus. an open place nr
Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here? Capulets
Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out. Garden
Enter Benuolio, with Mercutio. m.c.
Ben. Romeo, my Cozen *Romeo, Romeo!* Center m.c
Merc. He is wiſe, omitted m.c.
And on my life hath ſtolne him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio:*
Nay, Ile coniure too.

Mer.

SHAKSPEARE
ROMEO & JULIET.

Mer. *Romeo*, Humours, Madman, Paſſion, Louer,
Appeare thou in the likeneſſe of a ſigh, ſighs 32
Speake but one rime, and I am ſatisfied:
Cry me but ay me, Prouant, but Loue and day, aymee
Speake to my goſſip *Venus* one faire word, Cupid 32
One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her Cupids m.c
Young *Abraham Cupid* he that ſhot ſo true, Adam m.c
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger Maid,
He heareth not, he ſtirreth not, he moueth not,
The Ape is dead, I muſt coniure him, and 32
I coniure thee by *Roſalines* bright eyes,
By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her Fine foote, Straight leg, and Quiuering thigh,
And the Demeanes, that there Adiacent lie,
That in thy likeneſſe thou appeare to vs.
Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him, t'would anger him
To raiſe a ſpirit in his Miſtreſſe circle,
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it ſtand There 32
Till ſhe had laid it, and coniured it downe,
That were ſome ſpight.
My inuocation is faire and honeſt, & in his Miſtris name,
I coniure onely but to raiſe vp him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelfe among theſe Trees
To be conſorted with the Humerous night:
Blind is his Loue, and beſt befits the darke.
Mer. If Loue be blind, Loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he ſit vnder a Medler tree,
And wiſh his Miſtreſſe were that kind of Fruite,
As Maides call Medlers when they laugh alone,
O *Romeo* that ſhe were, O that ſhe were Dr Johnson and Stevens
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare, have expreſſed
Romeo goodnight, Ile to my Truckle bed, themſelves very
This Field-bed is to cold for me to ſleepe, properly & appositely
Come ſhall we go? Then two Lines
Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vaine to ſeeke him here aside m.c
That meanes not to be found. Capulets Garden m.c. *Exeunt.*
Rom. He ieaſts at Scarres that neuer felt a wound,
But ſoft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the Eaſt, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne, Iuliet appears at a window above m.c
Ariſe faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is already ſicke and pale with griefe,
That thou her Maid art far more faire then ſhe:
Be not her Maid ſince ſhe is enuious,
Her Veſtal liuery is but ſicke and greene,
And none but fooles do weare it, caſt it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my Loue, O that ſhe knew ſhe were,
She ſpeakes, yet ſhe ſayes nothing, what of that?
Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwere it:
I am too bold 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeakes:
Two of the faireſt ſtarres in all the Heauen,
Hauing ſome buſineſſe do entreat her eyes,
To twinckle in their Spheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightneſſe of her cheeke would ſhame thoſe ſtarres,
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie Region ſtreame ſo bright,
That Birds would ſing, and thinke it were not night:
See how ſhe leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a Gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.
Iul. Ay me.
Rom. She ſpeakes.
Oh ſpeake againe bright Angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged meſſenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazie puffing Cloudes, pacing m.c.
And ſailes vpon the boſome of the ayre.
Iul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy Father and refuſe thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but ſworne my Loue,
And Ile no longer be a *Capulet*.
Rom. Shall I heare more, or ſhall I ſpeake at this? aside m.c
Iu. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:
Thou art thy ſelfe, though not a *Mountague*,
What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, O be ſome other name
Belonging to a man.
What? in a names that which we call a Roſe,
By any other word would ſmell as ſweete,
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cal'd,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title *Romeo*, doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my ſelfe. Take all I have All 4to
Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,
Hence foorth I neuer will be *Romeo*.
Iuli. What man art thou, that thus beſcreen'd in night
So ſtumbleſt on my counſell?
Rom. By a name,
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare Saint, is hatefull to my ſelfe,
Becauſe it is an Enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.
Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Montague*? That 4to m.c
Rom. Neither faire Maid, if either thee diſlike. Faire m.c
Iul. How cam'ſt thou hither.
Tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climbe,
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen find thee here,
Rom. With Loues light wings
Did I ore-perch theſe Walls,
For ſtony limits cannot hold Loue out,
And what Loue can do, that dares Loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.
Iul. If they do ſee thee, they will murther thee.
Rom. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twenty of their Swords, looke thou but ſweete,
And I am proofe againſt their enmity.
Iul. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.
Rom. I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes Night m.c
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy Loue.
Iul. By whoſe direction found'ſt thou out this place?
Rom. By Loue that firſt did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counſell, and I lent him eyes,
I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as far
As that vaſt-ſhore-waſhet with the fartheſt Sea,
I ſhould aduenture for ſuch Marchandiſe.
Iul. Thou knoweſt the maſke of night is on my face,
Elſe would a Maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue ſpoke, but farewell Complement,
Doeſt thou Loue? I know thou wilt ſay I, 0-32

And

* The variations of the different copies are given in this line —
one 4to reads pronounce — two others and the
first folio provant which last has been
supported by Stevens" —

And I will take thy word, yet if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou maieſt proue falſe: at Louers periuries
Then ſay *Ioue* laught, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt Loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkeſt I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe: But elſe not for the world.
In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maieſt thinke my behauiour light,
But truſt me Gentleman, I'll proue more true,
Then thoſe that haue coying to be ſtrange, Coyning 32
I ſhould haue beene more ſtrange, I muſt confeſſe Cunning m.c
But that thou ouerheard'ſt ere I was ware
My true Loues paſſion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light Loue,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder Moone I vow,
That tips with ſiluer all theſe Fruite tree tops.
Iul. O ſweare not by the Moone, th'inconſtant Moone,
That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,
Leaſt that thy Loue proue likewiſe variable.
Rom. What ſhall I ſweare by?
Iul. Do not ſweare at all:
Or if thou wilt ſweare by thy gratious ſelfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And Ile beleeue thee.
Rom. If my hearts deare loue.
Iuli. Well do not ſweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too raſh, too vnaduiſ'd, too ſudden,
Too like the lightning which doth ceaſe to be
Ere, one can ſay, it lightens, Sweete good night:
This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath,
May proue a beautious Flower when next we meete:
Goodnight, goodnight, as ſweete repoſe and reſt,
Come to thy heart, as that within my breſt.
Rom. O wilt thou leaue me ſo vnſatisfied?
Iuli. What ſatisfaction can'ſt thou haue to night? 32
Ro. Th' exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow for mine.
Iul. I gaue thee mine before thou did'ſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.
Rom. Would'ſt thou withdraw it,
For what purpoſe Loue?
Iul. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I haue,
My bounty is as boundleſſe as the Sea,
My Loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are Infinite:
I heare ſome noyſe within dear Loue adue:
Nurſe Cals within.
Anon good Nurſe, ſweet *Mountague* be true: m.c
Stay but alittle, I will come againe.
Rom. O bleſſed bleſſed night, I am afear'd
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering ſweet to be ſubſtantiall.
Iul. Three words deare *Romeo*, [Re-enter Iuliet above m.c.
And goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of Loue be Honourable,
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to morrow,
By one that Ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my Fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.
Within: Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meaneſt not well,
I do beſeech thee *Within:* Madam.
(By and by I come) Cuſ m.c. 32
To ceaſe thy ſtrife, and leaue me to my griefe,
To morrow will I ſend.
Rom. So thriue my ſoule.
Iu. A thouſand times goodnight. *Exit.*
Rome. A thouſand times the worſe to want thy light,
Loue goes toward Loue as ſchool-boyes frō thier books
But Loue frō Loue, towards ſchoole with heauie lookes.
returning slowly m.c
Enter Iuliet agaaine.

Iul. Hiſt *Romeo* hiſt: O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Taſſel gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeake aloud,
Elſe would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarſe, then
With repetition of my *Romeo*.
Rom. It is my ſoule that calls vpon my name.
How ſiluer ſweet, ſound Louers tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt Muſicke to attending eares.
Iul. *Romeo.* Sweet m.c.
Rom. My Neece.
Iul. What a clock to morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?
Rom. By the houre of nine.
Iul. I will not faile, 'tis twenty yeares till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.
Rom. Let me ſtand here till thou remember it.
Iul. I ſhall forget, to haue thee ſtill ſtand there,
Remembring how I Loue thy company.
Rom. And Ile ſtill ſtay, to haue thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this. Name 32
Iul. 'Tis almoſt morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no further then a wantons Bird,
That let's it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore priſoner in his twiſted Gyues,
And with a ſilken thred plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his liberty. Nothin 32
Rom. I would I were thy Bird.
Iul. Sweet ſo would I,
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing:
Good night, good night.
Rom. Parting is ſuch ſweete ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay goodnight, till it be morrow. [Exit 32
Iul. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breſt.
Rom. Would I were ſleepe and peace ſo ſweet to reſt,
The gray ey'd morne ſmiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Eaſterne Clouds with ſtreakes of light,
And darkneſſe fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes pathway, made by *Titans* wheeles.
Hence will I to my ghoſtly Fries cloſe Cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell. *Exit.*
good 4to 1597
Enter Frier alone with a baſket.
92 Error
Fri. The gray ey'd morne ſmiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Eaſterne Cloudes with ſtreaks of light:
And fleckled darkneſſe like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles:
Now ere the Sun aduance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I muſt vpfill this Oſier Cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious Iuiced flowers,
The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe,
What is her burying graue that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kind

We

We ſucking on her naturall boſome find:
Many for many vertues excellent:
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, Hearbs, ſtones, and their true qualities:
For nought ſo vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth ſome ſpeciall good doth giue:
Nor ought ſo good, but ſtrain'd from that faire vſe,
Reuolts from true birth, ſtumbling on abuſe.
Vertue it ſelfe turnes vice being miſapplied,
And vice ſometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rin'd of this weake flower,
Poyſon hath reſidence, and medicine power:
For this being ſmelt, with that part cheares each part,
Being taſted ſlayes all ſences with the heart.
Two ſuch oppoſed Kings encampe them ſtill,
In man as well as Hearbes grace and rude will:
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.

Rom. Good morrow Father.

Fri. Benedecite.
What early tongue ſo ſweet ſaluteth me? Young Sonne, it argues a diſtempered head,
So ſoone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed;
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where Care lodges, ſleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbruſed youth with vnſtuft braine
Doth couch his lims, there, golden ſleepe doth raigne;
Therefore thy earlineſſe doth me aſſure,
Thou art vprous'd with ſome diſtemprature;
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not beene in bed to night.

Rom. That laſt is true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.

Fri. God pardon ſin: waſt thou with *Roſaline?*

Rom. With *Roſaline*, my ghoſtly Father? No,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri. That's my good Son, but wher haſt thou bin then?

Rom. Ile tell thee ere thou aſke it me agen:
I haue beene feaſting with mine enemie,
Where on a ſudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phiſicke lies:
I beare no hatred, bleſſed man: for loe
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.

Fri. Be plaine good Son, reſt homely in thy drift,
Ridling confeſſion, findes but ridling ſhrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare Loue is ſet,
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet:*
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine;
And all combin'd, ſaue what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage: when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we paſſe, but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marrie vs to day.

Fri. Holy S. *Francis*, what a change is heere?
Is *Roſaline* that thou didſt Loue ſo deare
So ſoone forſaken? young mens Loue then lies
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Ieſu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheekes for *Roſaline?*
How much ſalt water throwne away in waſt,
To ſeaſon Loue that of it doth not taſt.
The Sun not yet thy ſighes, from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones yet ringing in my auncient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the ſtaine doth ſit,
Of an old teare that is not waſht off yet.
If ere thou waſt thy ſelfe, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes, were all for *Roſaline.*
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this ſentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'ſt me oft for louing *Roſaline.*

Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine.

Rom. And bad'ſt me bury Loue.

Fri. Not in a graue,
To lay one in, another out to haue.

Rom. I pray thee chide me not, her I Loue now
Doth grace for grace, and Loue for Loue allow:
The other did not ſo.

Fri. O ſhe knew well,
Thy Loue did read by rote, that could not ſpell:
But come young wauerer, come goe with me,
In one reſpect, Ile thy aſſiſtant be:
For this alliance may ſo happy proue,
To turne your houſhould rancor to pure Loue.

Rom. O let vs hence, I ſtand on ſudden haſt.

Fri. Wiſely and ſlow, they ſtumble that run faſt.

Exeunt

Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deule ſhould this *Romeo* be? came he not home to night?

Ben. Not to his Fathers, I ſpoke with his man.

Mer. Why that ſame pale hard-harted wench, that *Roſaline* torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.

Ben. Tibalt, the kinſman to old *Capulet*, hath ſent a Letter to his Fathers houſe.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. Romeo will anſwere it.

Mer. Any man that can write, may anſwere a Letter.

Ben. Nay, he will anſwere the Letters Maiſter how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poore *Romeo*, he is already dead ſtab'd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a Loue ſong, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blind Bowe-boyes but-ſhaft, and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt?*

Ben. Why what is *Tibalt?*

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hee's the Couragious Captaine of Complements: he fights as you ſing prickſong, keeps time, diſtance, and proportion, he reſts his minum, one, two, and the third in your boſom: the very butcher of a ſilk button, a Dualiſt, a Dualiſt: a Gentleman of the very firſt houſe of the firſt and ſecond cauſe: ah the immortall Paſſado, the Punto reuerſo, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of ſuch antique liſping affecting phantacies, theſe new tuners of accent: Ieſu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing Grandſire, that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies: theſe faſhion Mongers, theſe pardon-mee's, who ſtand ſo much on the new form, that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo.*

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering. O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchen wench, marrie ſhe had a better Loue to berime her: *Dido* a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a Gipſie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildinſgs and Harlots: *Thisbie* a gray eie or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo*, *Boniour*, there's a French ſalutation to your

French flop: you gaue vs the the counterfait fairely laſt night.

Romeo. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The ſlip ſir, the ſlip, can you not conceiue?

Rom. Pardon *Mercutio*, my buſineſſe was great, and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtraine curteſie.

Mer. That's as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to curſie.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt curteous expoſition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pinck of curteſie.

Rom. Pinke for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my Pump well flowr'd.

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this ieaſt, now till thou haſt worne out thy Pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worne, the ieaſt may remaine after the wearing, ſole-ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle ſol'd ieaſt,
Soly ſingular for the ſingleneſſe.

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

Rom. Swits and ſpurs,
Swits and ſpurs, or Ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Gooſe chaſe, I am done: For thou haſt more of the Wild-Gooſe in one of thy wits, then I am ſure I haue in my whole ſiue. Was I with you there for the Gooſe?

Rom. Thou waſt neuer with mee for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the Gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieſt.

Rom. Nay, good Gooſe bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very Bitter-ſweeting,
It is a moſt ſharpe ſawce.

Rom. And is it not well ſeru'd into a Sweet-Gooſe?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that ſtretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. I ſtretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the Gooſe, proues thee farre and wide, abroad Gooſe.

Mer. Why is not this better now, then groning for Loue, now art thou ſociable, now art thou *Romeo:* now art thou what thou art, by Art as well as by Nature, for this driueling Loue is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to hid his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſir'ſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the (haire.

Ben. Thou would'ſt elſe haue made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it ſhort, or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Enter Nurſe and her man.

Rom. Here's goodly geare.
A ſayle, a ſayle.

Mer. Two, two: a Shirt and a Smocke.

Nur. *Peter?*

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My Fan *Peter?*

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face?
For her Fans the fairer face?

Nur. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer. God ye gooden faire Gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it gooden?

Mer. 'Tis no leſſe I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the Dyall is now vpon the pricke of Noone.

Nur. Out vpon you: what a man are you?

Rom. One Gentlewoman,
That God hath made, himſelfe to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is ſaid, for himſelfe to mar quath a: Gentlemen, can any of you tel me where I may find the young *Romeo?*

Romeo. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

Nur. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea is the worſt well,
Very well tooke: Ifaith, wiſely, wiſely.

Nur. If you be he ſir,
I deſire ſome confidence with you?

Ben. She will endite him to ſome Supper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Rom. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No Hare ſir, vnleſſe a Hare ſir in a Lenten pie, that is ſomething ſtale and hoare ere it be ſpent.
An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.
But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a ſcore, when it hoares ere it be ſpent,
Romeo will you come to your Fathers? Weele to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady:
Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exit. Mercutio, Benuolio.

Nur. I pray you ſir, what ſawcie Merchant was this that was ſo full of his roperie?

Rom. A Gentleman Nurſe, that loues to heare himſelfe talke, and will ſpeake more in a minute, then he will ſtand to in a Moneth.

Nur. And a ſpeake any thing againſt me, Ile take him downe, & a were luſtier then he is, and twentie ſuch Iacks: and if I cannot, Ile finde thoſe that ſhall: ſcuruie knaue, I am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou muſt ſtand by too and ſuffer euery knaue to vſe me at his pleaſure.

Pet. I ſaw no man vſe you at his pleaſure: if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly haue beene out, I warrant you, I dare draw affoone as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrell, and the law on my ſide.

Nur. Now afore God, I am ſo vext, that euery part about me quiuers, skuruy knaue: pray you ſir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what ſhe bid me ſay, I will keepe to my ſelfe: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould leade her in a fooles paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſſe kind of behauiour, as they ſay: for the Gentlewoman is yong: & therefore, if you ſhould deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Nur. Nurſe commend me to thy Lady and Miſtreſſe, I proteſt vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord ſhe will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurſe? thou doeſt not marke me?

Nur. I will tell her ſir, that you do proteſt, which as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her deuiſe ſome meanes to come to ſhrift this (afternoone,
And there ſhe ſhall at Frier *Lawrence* Cell
Beſhriu'd and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly ſir not a penny.

Rom. Go too, I ſay you ſhall.

Nurſe

Nur. This afternoone sir? well she shall be there.
Ro. And stay thou good Nurse behind the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee Cords made like a tackled staire,
Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,
Must be my conuoy in the secret night.
Farewell, be trustie and Ile quite thy paines:
Farewell, commend me to thy Mistresse.
Nur. Now God in heauen blesse thee: harke you sir,
Rom. What saist thou my deare Nurse?
Nurse. Is your man secret, did you nere heare say two may keepe counsell putting one away.
Ro. Warrant thee my man as true as steele. *1. 32*
Nur. Well sir, my Mistresse is the sweetest Lady, Lord, Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble man in Towne one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboard: but she good soule had as leeue a see Toade, a very Toade as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but Ile warrant you, when I say so, shee lookes as pale as any clout in the versall world. Doth not Rosemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?
Rom. I Nurse, what of that? Both with an *R*
Nur. A mocker that's the dogsname. *R.* is for the no, I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemary, that it would do you good to heare it.
Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.
Nur. I a thousand times. *Peter?*
Pet. Anon.
Nur. Before and apace. *Exit Nurse and Peter.*
Enter Iuliet.
Iul. The clocke strook nine, when I did send the Nurse,
In halfe an houre she promised to returne,
Perchance she cannot meete him: that's not so:
Oh she is lame, Loues Herauld should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides than the Sunnes beames,
Driuing backe shadowes ouer lowring hils.
Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doues draw Loue,
And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill
Of this daies iourney, and from nine till twelue,
I three long houres, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warme youthfull blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my sweete Loue,
And his to me, but old folkes,
Many faine as they were dead,
Vnwieldie, slow, heauy, and pale as lead.
Enter Nurse. and Peter.
O God she comes, O hony Nurse what newes?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.
Nur. *Peter* stay at the gate. *Exit Peter.*
Iul. Now good sweet Nurse:
O Lord, why lookest thou sad? *omitted 32*
Though newes, be sad yet tell them merrily.
If good thou sham'st the musicke of sweet newes,
By playing it to me, with so sower a face.
Nur. I am a weary, giue me leaue awhile,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunt haue I had?
Iul. I would thou had'st my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee speake, good *omitted* Nurse speake.
Nur. Iesu what hast? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath? *omitted 32*
Iul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breth
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy newes good or bad? answere to that,
Say either, and Ile stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?
Nur. Well, you haue made a simple choice, you know not how to chuse a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face be better then any mans, yet his legs excels all mens, and for a hand, and a foote, and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of curtesie, but Ile warrant him as gentle a Lambe: go thy waies wench, serue God. What haue you din'd at home?
Iul. No no: but all this this did I know before
What saies he of our marriage? what of that?
Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?
It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.
My backe a tother side: o my backe, my backe:
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with iaunting vp and downe.
Iul. Ifaith: I am sorrie that that thou art so well. X
Sweet sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me what saies my Loue?
Nur. Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And I warrant a vertuous: where is your Mother?
Iul. Where is my Mother?
Why she is within, where should she be?
How odly thou repli'st:
Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman:
Where is your Mother? *my 32*
Nur. O Gods Lady deare,
Are you so hot? marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the Poultis for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your messages your selfe.
Iul. Heere's such a coile, come what saies *Romeo*?
Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to shrift to day?
Iul. I haue.
Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There staies a Husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
Thei'le be in Scarlet straight at any newes: *Thei'le 32*
Hie you to church, I must an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue
Must climde a birds nest Soone when it is darke:
I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:
But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.
Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.
Iul. Hie to high Fortune, honest Nurse, farewell. *Exeunt.*

Act II. Scene VI.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.
Rom. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy
That one short minute giues me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then Loue-deuouring death do what he dare,
It is inough. I may but call her mine.
Fri. These violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph: die like fire and powder;
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confoundes the appetite.
Therefore Loue moderately, long Loue doth so,
Too swift arriues as tardie as too slow.
Enter Iuliet.
Here comes the Lady. Oh so light a foot
Will nere weare out the euerlasting flint,

* And run more swift than hasty powder fired,
Doth hurry from the fearful cannons mouth,
What says my Love? "These lines I have no doubt
were left out from the 4to 1597 - by Shakspeare"
Sherwin

X In faith I am sorry that I am not well. 4to 1598.

A Louer may beſtride the Goſſamours,
That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre,
And yet not fall, ſo light is vanitie.

Iul. Good euen to my ghoſtly Confeſſor.

Fri. *Romeo* ſhall thanke thee Daughter for vs both.

Iul. As much to him, elſe in his thanks too much.

Fri. Ah *Iuliet*, if the meaſure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blaſon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich muſickes tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happineſſe that both
Receiue in either, by this deere encounter.

Iul. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of Ornament:
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true Loue is growne to ſuch excеſſe,
I cannot ſum vp ſome of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, & we will make ſhort worke,
For by your leaues, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad:
And if we meet, we ſhal not ſcape a brawle, for now theſe hot dayes, is the mad blood ſtirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of theſe fellowes, that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his Sword vpon the Table, and ſayes, God ſend me no need of thee: and by the operation of the ſecond cup, drawes him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a Fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy mood, as any in *Italie*: and affoone moued to be moodie, and affoone moodie to be mou'd.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two ſuch, we ſhould haue none ſhortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire leſſe in his beard, then thou haſt: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reaſon, but becauſe thou haſt hafell eyes: what eye, but ſuch an eye, would ſpie out ſuch a quarrell? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath bin beaten as addle as an egge for quarreling: thou haſt quarrel'd with a man for coffing in the ſtreet, becauſe he hath wakened thy Dog that hath laine aſleepe in the Sun. Did'ſt thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doublet before Eaſter? with another, for tying his new ſhooes with old Riband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quarrelling?

Ben. And I were ſo apt to quarell as thou art, any man ſhould buy the Fee-ſimple of my life, for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The Fee-ſimple? O ſimple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tyb. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeake to them. Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs? couple it with ſomething, make it a word and a blow.

Tib. You ſhall find me apt inough to that fir, and you will giue me occaſion.

Mercu. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giuing?

Tib. *Mercutio* thou conſort'ſt with *Romeo*.

Mer. Conſort? what doſt thou make vs Minſtrels? & thou make Minſtrels of vs, looke to heare nothing but diſcords: heere's my fiddleſticke, heere's that ſhall make you daunce. Come conſort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto ſome priuate place,
Or reaſon coldly of your greeuances:
Or elſe depart, here all eies gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleaſure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tib. Well peace be with you ſir, here comes my man.

Mer. But Ile be hang'd ſir if he weare your Liuery.
Marry go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worſhip in that ſenſe, may call him man.

Tib. *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can affoord
No better terme then this: Thou art a Villaine.

Rom. *Tibalt*, the reaſon that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting: Villaine am I none;
Therefore farewell, I ſee thou know'ſt me not.

Tib. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the iniuries
That thou haſt done me, therefore turne and draw.

Rom. I do proteſt I neuer iniur'd thee,
But lou'd thee better then thou can'ſt deuiſe:
Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my loue,
And ſo good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as my owne, be ſatisfied.

Mer. O calme, diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion:
Alla ſtucatho carries it away.
Tybalt, you Rat-catcher, will you walke?

Tib. What woulds thou haue with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you ſhall vſe me hereafter dry beate the reſt of the eight. Will you pluck your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? Make haſt, leaſt mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you.

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.

Mer. Come Sir, your Paſſado.

Rom. Draw *Benuolio*, beat downe their weapons:
Gentlemen for ſhame forbeare this outrage,
Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expreſly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* ſtreetes.
Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Exit Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague a both the Houſes, I am ſped:
Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a ſcratch, a ſcratch, marry 'tis inough,
Where is my Page? go Villaine fetch a Surgeon.

Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No: 'tis not ſo deepe as a well, nor ſo wide as a Church doore, but 'tis inough, 'twill ſerue: aſke for me to morrow, and you ſhall find me a graue man. I am pepper'd I warrant, for this world: a plague a both your houſes. What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mouſe, a Cat to ſcratch a man to death: a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villaine, that fights by the booke of Arithmeticke, why the deu'le came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Helpe me into ſome houſe *Benuolio*,
Or I ſhall faint: a plague a both your houſes.
They haue made wormes meat of me,

I

I haue it, and ſoundly to your Houſes. *Exit.*

Rom. This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie,
My very Friend hath got his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation ſtain'd
With *Tibalts* ſlaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath beene my Cozin: O Sweet *Iuliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me Effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftned Valours ſteele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio's* is dead,
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the Cloudes,
Which too vntimely here did ſcorne the earth.

Rom. This daies blacke Fate, on mo daies doth depend,
This but begins, the wo others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the Furious *Tybalt* backe againe.

Rom. He gon in triumph, and *Mercutio* ſlaine?
Away to heauen reſpectiue Lenitie,
And fire and Fury, be my conduct now.
Now *Tybalt* take the Villaine backe againe
That late thou gau'ſt me, for *Mercutios* ſoule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.

Tib. Thou wretched Boy that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tybalt falles.

Ben. *Romeo*, away be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt* ſlaine,
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Doome thee death
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O! Iam Fortunes foole.

Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio?*
Tibalt that Murtherer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that *Tybalt.*

Citi. Vp ſir go with me:
I charge thee in the Princes names obey.

Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their Wiues and all.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this Fray?

Ben. O Noble Prince, I can diſcouer all
The vnluckie Mannage of this fatall brall:
There lies the man ſlaine by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kinſman braue *Mercutio.*

Cap. Wi. *Tybalt*, my Cozin? O my Brothers Child,×
O Prince, O Cozin, Huſband, O the blood is ſpild
Of my deare kinſman. Prince as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, ſhed bloud of *Mountague.*
O Cozin, Cozin.

Prin. *Benuolio*, who began this Fray?

Ben. *Tybalt* here ſlaine, whom *Romeo's* hand did ſlay,
Romeo that ſpoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the Quarrell was, and vrg'd withall
Your high diſpleaſure: all this vttered,
With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bow'd
Could not take truce with the vnruly ſpleene
Of *Tybalts* deafe to peace, but that he Tilts
With Peircing ſteele at bold *Mercutio's* breast,
Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
And with a Martiall ſcorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to *Tybalt*, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold Friends, Friends part, and ſwifter then his tongue,
His aged arme, beats downe their fatall points,
And twixt them ruſhes, vnderneath whoſe arme,
An enuious thruſt from *Tybalt*, hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled.
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertained Reuenge,
And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tybalt* ſlaine:
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie:
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.

Cap. Wi. He is a kinſman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeakes not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this blacke ſtrife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for Iuſtice, which thou Prince muſt giue:
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* muſt not liue.

Prin. *Romeo* ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe.

Cap. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* Friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law ſhould end,
The life of *Tybalt.*

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we doe exile him hence:
I haue an intereſt in your hearts proceeding:
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding:
But Ile Amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſſe of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excuſes,
Nor teares, nor prayers ſhall purchaſe our abuſes.
Therefore vſe none, let *Romeo* hence in haſt,
Elſe when he is found, that houre is his last.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy not Murders, pardoning thoſe that kill.

Exeunt.

Enter Iuliet alone.

Iul. Gallop apace, you fiery footed ſteedes,
Towards *Phœbus* lodging, ſuch a Wagoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in Cloudie night immediately.
Spred thy cloſe Curtaine Loue-performing night,
That run-awayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to theſe armes, vntalkt of and vnſeene,
Louers can ſee to doe their Amorous rights,
And by their owne Beauties: or if Loue be blind,
It beſt agrees with night: come ciuill night,
Thou ſober ſuted Matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to looſe a winning match,
Plaid for a paire of ſtainleſſe Maidenhoods,
Hood my vnman'd blood bayting in my Cheekes,
With thy Blacke mantle, till ſtrange Loue grow bold,
Thinke true Loue acted ſimple modeſtie:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night
Whiter then new Snow vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing blackebrow'd night,
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little ſtarres,
And he will make the Face of heauen ſo fine,
That all the world will be in Loue with night,
And pay no worſhip to the Gariſh Sun.
O I haue bought the Manſion of a Loue,
Butnot poſſeſt it, and though I am ſold,
Not yet enioy'd, ſo tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome Feſtiuall,

× Unhappy Sight! Ah me the blood is ſpilld m.c.

To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my Nurſe:
Enter Nurſe with cords.
And ſhe brings newes and euery tongue that ſpeaks
But *Romeos*, name, ſpeakes heauenly eloquence:
Now Nurſe, what newes? what haſt thou there?
The Cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?
Nur. I, I, the Cords. *Throws down the cords.*
Iuli. Ay me, what newes?
Why doſt thou wring thy hands.
Nur. A welady, hee's dead, hee's dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.
Alacke the day, hee's gone, hee's kil'd, he's dead.
Iul. Can heauen be ſo enuious?
Nur. *Romeo* can,
Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo*.
Iuli. What diuell art thou,
That doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be roar'd in diſmall hell,
Hath *Romeo* ſlaine himſelfe? ſay thou but I,
And that bare vowell I ſhall poyſon more
Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be ſuch an I.
Or thoſe eyes ſhot, that makes thee anſwere I:
If he be ſlaine ſay I, or if not, no.
Briefe, ſounds, determine of my weale or wo.
Nur. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,
God ſaue the marke, here on his manly breſt,
A pitteous Coarſe, a bloody piteous Coarſe:
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood, I ſounded at the ſight.
Iul. O breake my heart,
Poore Banckrout breake at once,
To priſon eyes, nere looke on libertie.
Vile earth to earth reſigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſſe on heauie beere. *one m.c* [x]
Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beſt Friend I had:
O curteous *Tybalt* honeſt Gentleman,
That euer I ſhould liue to ſee thee dead.
Iul. What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrarie?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead? *My dear loved*
My deareſt Cozen, and my dearer Lord: *Cousin and my*
Then dreadful Trumpet ſound the generall doome, *Dearer lord m.c*
For who is liuing, if thoſe two are gone? *4 to.*
Nur. *Tybalt* is gone, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that kil'd him, he is baniſhed.
Iul. O God!
Did *Romeos* hand ſhed *Tybalts* blood
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.
Nur. O Serpent heart, hid with a flowring face.
Iul. Did euer Dragon keepe ſo faire a Caue?
Beautifull Tyrant, fiend Angelicall:
Rauenous Doue-feather'd Rauen,
Woluiſh-rauening Lambe,
Diſpiſed ſubſtance of Diuineſt ſhow:
Iuſt oppoſite to what thou iuſtly ſeem'ſt,
A dimne Saint, an Honourable Villaine:
O Nature! what had'ſt thou to doe in hell,
When thou did'ſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortall paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was euer booke containing ſuch vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous Pallace.
Nur. There's no truſt, no faith, no honeſtie in men,
All periur'd, all forſworne, all naught, all diſſemblers,
Ah where's my man? giue me ſome Aqua-vitæ?
Theſe griefes, theſe woes, theſe ſorrowes make me old:
Shame come to *Romeo*.
Iul. Bliſter'd be thy tongue
For ſuch a wiſh, he was not borne to ſhame:
Vpon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit;
For 'tis a throane where Honour may be Crown'd
Sole Monarch of the vniuerſall earth:
O what a beaſt was I to chide him?
Nur. Will you ſpeake well of him,
That kil'd your Cozen?
Iul. Shall I ſpeake ill of him that is my huſband?
Ah poore my Lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it.
But wherefore Villaine did'ſt thou kill my Cozin?
That Villaine Cozin would haue kil'd my huſband:
Backe fooliſh teares, backe to your natiue ſpring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
Which you miſtaking offer vp to ioy:
My huſband liues that *Tibalt* would haue ſlaine:
And *Tibalt* dead that would haue ſlaine my huſband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?
Some words there was worſer then *Tybalts* death
That murdered me, I would forget it feine,
But oh, it preſſes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deedes to ſinners minds,
Tybalt is dead and *Romeo* baniſhed:
That baniſhed, that one word baniſhed,
Hath ſlaine ten thouſand *Tibalts*: *Tibalts* death
Was woe inough if it had ended there:
Or if ſower woe delights in fellowſhip,
And needly will be rankt with other griefes,
Why followed not when ſhe ſaid *Tibalts* dead,
Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might haue mou'd.
But which a rere-ward following *Tybalts* death
Romeo is baniſhed to ſpeake that word,
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Iuliet*,
All ſlaine, all dead: *Romeo* is baniſhed,
There is no end, no limit, meaſure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe ſound.
Where is my Father and my Mother Nurſe?
Nur. Weeping and wailing ouer *Tybalts* Coarſe,
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Iu. Waſh they his wounds with tears: mine ſhal be ſpent
When theirs are drie for *Romeo's* baniſhment,
Take vp thoſe Cordes, poore ropes you are beguil'd,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild:
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a Maid, die Maiden widowed.
Come Cord, come Nurſe, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my Maiden head.
Nur. Hie to your Chamber, Ile find *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
Harke ye your *Romeo* will be heere at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.
Iul. O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight;
And bid him come, to take his laſt farewell.
Act III *Frier Lawrences Cell m.c.* *Exit.*
Scene III. *Enter Frier and Romeo.*

Fri. *Romeo* come forth,
Come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.
Rom. Father what newes?

What

damned 31

[x] On for one in the first folio is the old mode of writing one of which we have many instances in these plays and in Rowleys Poems
Steevens

What is the Princes Doome?
What ſorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare Sonne with ſuch ſowre Company:
I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome.
Rom. What leſſe then Doomeſday,
Is the Princes Doome?
Fri. A gentler iudgement vaniſht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies baniſhment.
Rom. Ha, baniſhment? be mercifull, ſay death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death: do not ſay baniſhment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without *Verona* walles,
But Purgatorie, Torture, hell it ſelfe:
Hence baniſhed, is baniſht from the world,
And worlds exile is death. Then baniſhed,
Is death, miſtearm'd, calling death baniſhed,
Thou cut'ſt my head off with a golden Axe,
And ſmileſt vpon the ſtroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly ſin, O rude vnthankefulneſſe!
Thy falt our Law calles death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath ruſht aſide the Law,
And turn'd that blacke word death, to baniſhment.
This is dearé mercy, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom. 'Tis Torture and not mercy, heauen is here
Where *Iuliet* liues, and euery Cat and Dog,
And little Mouſe, euery vnworthy thing
Liue here in Heauen and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More Validitie,
More Honourable ſtate, more Courtſhip liues
In carrion Flies, then *Romeo:* they may ſeaze
On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand,
And ſteale immortall bleſſing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and veſtall modeſtie
Still bluſh, as thinking their owne kiſſes ſin.
This may Flies doe, when I from this muſt flie,
And ſaiſt thou yet, that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, hee is baniſhed.
Had'ſt thou no poyſon mixt, no ſharpe ground knife,
No ſudden meane of death, though nere ſo meane,
But baniſhed to kill me? Baniſhed?
O Frier, the damned vſe that word in hell:
Howlings attends it, how haſt thou the hart
Being a Diuine, a Ghoſtly Confeſſor,
A Sin-Abſoluer, and my Friend profeſt:
To mangle me with that word, baniſhed?
Fri. Then fond Mad man, heare me ſpeake.
Rom. O thou wilt ſpeake againe of baniſhment.
Fri. Ile giue thee Armour to keepe off that word,
Aduerſities ſweete milke, Philoſophie,
To comfort thee, though thou art baniſhed.
Rom. Yet baniſhed? hang vp Philoſophie:
Vnleſſe Philoſohpie can make a *Iuliet*,
Diſplant a Towne, reuerſe a Princes Doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
Fri. O then I ſee, that Mad men haue no eares.
Rom. How ſhould they,
When wiſemen haue no eyes?
Fri. Let me diſpaire with thee of thy eſtate,
Rom. Thou can'ſt not ſpeake of that ỹ doſt not feele,
Wert thou as young as *Iuliet* my Loue:*
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then mighteſt thou ſpeake,
Then mighteſt thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the meaſure of an vnmade graue.
Enter Nurſe, and knockes.
Frier. Ariſe one knockes,
Good *Romeo* hide thy ſelfe,
Rom. Not I,
Vnleſſe the breath of Hartſicke groanes
Miſt-like infold me from the ſearch of eyes.
Knocke.
Fri. Harke how they knocke:
(Who's there) *Romeo* ariſe,
Thou wilt be taken, ſtay a while, ſtand vp:
Knocke.
Run to my ſtudy: by and by, Gods will
What ſimpleneſſe is this: I come, I come.
Knocke.
Who knocks ſo hard?
Whence come you? what's your will?
Enter Nurſe.
Nur. Let me come in,
And you ſhall know my errand:
I come from Lady *Iuliet.*
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Where's my Ladies Lord? where's *Romeo?*
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O he is euen in my Miſtreſſe caſe,
Iuſt in her caſe. O wofull ſimpathy:
Pittious predicament, euen ſo lies ſhe,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, ſtand vp, ſtand and you be a man,
For *Iuliets* ſake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand:
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deepe an O.
Rom. Nurſe.
Nur. Ah ſir, ah ſir, deaths the end of all.
Rom. Speak'ſt thou of *Iuliet?* how is it with her?
Doth not ſhe thinke me an old Murtherer,
Now I haue ſtain'd the Childhood of our ioy,
With blood remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is ſhe? and how doth ſhe? and what ſayes
My conceal'd Lady, to our conceal'd Loue?
Nur. Oh ſhe ſayes nothing ſir, but weeps and weeps,
And now fals on her bed, and then ſtarts vp,
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.
Ro. As if that name ſhot from the dead leuell of a Gun,
Did murder her, as that names curſed hand
Murdred her kinſman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may ſacke
The hatefull Manſion.
[*Drawing his ſword*
Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womaniſh, thy wild acts denote
The vnreaſonable Furie of a beaſt.
Vnſeemely woman, in a ſeeming man,
And ill beſeeming beaſt in ſeeming both,
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlaine *Tybalt?* wilt thou ſlay thy ſelfe?
And ſlay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate vpon thy ſelfe?
Why rayl'ſt thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?

Since

* Wert thou as young as I and Iuliet thy Loue 167

Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three do meete
In thee at once, which thou at once would'ſt looſe.
Fie, fie, thou ſham'ſt thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a Vſurer abound'ſt in all:
And vſeſt none in that true vſe indeed,
Which ſhould bedecke thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy Noble ſhape, is but a forme of waxe,
Digreſſing from the Valour of a man,
Thy deare Loue ſworne but hollow periurie,
Killing that Loue which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh.
Thy wit, that Ornament, to ſhape and Loue,
Miſhapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skilleſſe Souldiers flaske,
Is ſet a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou diſmembred with thine owne defence.
What, rowſe thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whoſe deare ſake thou waſt but lately dead.
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſlew'ſt *Tybalt*, there art thou happie. too 32
The law that threatned death became thy Friend,
And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe of blessings light vpon thy backe,
Happineſſe Courts thee in her beſt array,
But like a miſhaped and ſullen wench,
Thou putteſt vp thy Fortune and thy Loue: thou poutst
Take heed, take heed, for ſuch die miſerable. upon
Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed, to Rom.
Aſcend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt liue till we can finde a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thouſand times more ioy
Then thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heauy ſorrow makes them apt vnto.
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue ſtaid here all night,
To heare good counſell: oh what learning is!
My Lord Ile tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do ſo, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Heere ſir, a Ring ſhe bid me giue you ſir:
Hie you, make haſt, for it growes very late. Exit Nurse

Rom. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.

Fri. Go hence,
Goodnight, and here ſtands all your ſtate:
Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the breake of day diſguis'd from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*, Ile find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces heere:
Giue me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Rom. But that a ioy paſt ioy, calls out on me,
It were a griefe, ſo briefe to part with thee:
Farewell. Act III. Scene IV. *Exeunt.*

A Room in Capulets house
Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things haue falne out ſir ſo vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our Daughter:
Looke you, ſhe Lou'd her kinſman *Tybalt* dearely,
And ſo did I. Well, we were borne to die.
'Tis very late, ſhe'l not come downe to night:
I promiſe you, but for your company,
I would haue bin a bed an houre ago.

Par. Theſe times of wo, affoord no times to wooe:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.

Lady. I will, and know her mind early tomorrow,
To night, ſhe is mewed vp to her heauineſſe.

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my Childes loue: I thinke ſhe will be rul'd
In all reſpects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my Sonne *Paris* Loue,
And bid her, marke you me, on Wendſday next,
But ſoft, what day is this?

Par. Monday my Lord.

Cap. Monday, ha ha: well Wendſday is too ſoone,
A Thurſday let it be: a Thurſday tell her,
She ſhall be married to this Noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this haſt?
Weele keepe no great adoe, a Friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being ſlaine ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly,
Being our kinſman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue ſome halfe a dozen Friends,
And there an end. But what ſay you to Thurſday?

Paris. My Lord,
I would that Thurſday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thurſday, be it then:
Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, againſt this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber hoa,
Afore me, it is ſo late, that we may call it early by and by,
Goodnight. Act III. Scene V. *Exeunt.*

Juliets Chamber m. e.
Enter Romeo and Iuliet aloft.

Iul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neere day: It is not m. e.
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pier'ſt the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly ſhe ſings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me Loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the Herauld of the Morne:
No Nightingale: looke Loue what enuious ſtreakes
Do lace the ſeuering Cloudes in yonder Eaſt:
Nights Candles are burnt out, and Iocond day
Stands tipto on the miſtie Mountaines tops,
I muſt be gone and liue, or ſtay and die.

Iul. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:
It is ſome Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Therefore ſtay yet, thou need'ſt not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, ſo thou wilt haue it ſo.
Ile ſay yon gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cinthias* brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whoſe noates do beate
The vaulty heauen ſo high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to ſtay, then will to go:
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wills it ſo.
How iſt my ſoule, lets talke, it is not day.

Iuli. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh Diſcords, and vnpleaſing Sharpes.
Some ſay the Larke makes ſweete Diuiſion;
This doth not ſo: for ſhe diuideth vs.
Some ſay, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voyces too:

Since

* thou "poutst" for thou pourest upon thy fortune and thy love". "In the original play printed in 1597 this line read. thine own ... "thou frownest upon thy Fate that smiles on thee".

Drawn by Corbet

Engraved by Armstrong

London, Published by Geo Kearsley, Mar 15 1806

Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunt ſ-vp to the day,
O now be gone, more light and itli ght growes.
Rom. More light & light, more darke & darke our woes.

Enter Madam and Nurſe.

Nur. Madam.
Iul. Nurſe.
Nur. Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.
Iul. Then window let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kiſſe and Ile deſcend.
Iul. Art thou gone so? Loue, Lord, ay Huſband, Friend,
I muſt heare from thee euery day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I ſhall be much in yeares
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo.*
Rom. Farewell:
I will omit no oportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings Loue, to thee.
Iul. O thinkeſt thou we ſhall euer meet againe?
Rom. I doubt it not, and all theſe woes ſhall ſerue
For ſweet diſcourſes in our time to come.
Iuilet. O God! I haue an ill Diuining ſoule,
Me thinkes I ſee thee now, thou art ſo lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,
Either my eye-ſight failes, or thou look'ſt pale.
Rom. And truſt me Loue, in my eye ſo do you:
Drie ſorrow drinkes our blood. Adue, adue. *Exit.*
Iul. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But ſend him backe.

Enter Mother.

Lad. Ho Daughter, are you vp?
Iul. Who iſt that calls? Is it my Lady Mother.
Is ſhe not downe ſo late, or vp ſo early?
What vnaccuſtom'd cauſe procures her hither?
Lad. Why how now *Iuliet?*
Iul. Madam I am not well.
Lad. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?
What wilt thou waſh him from his graue with teares?
And if thou could'ſt, thou could'ſt not make him liue:
Therefore haue done, ſome griefe ſhewes much of Loue,
But much of griefe, ſhewes ſtill ſome want of wit.
Iul. Yet let me weepe, for ſuch a feeling loſſe.
Lad. So ſhall you feele the loſſe, but not the Friend
Which you weepe for.
Iul. Feeling ſo the loſſe,
I cannot chuſe but euer weep the Friend.
La. Well Girle, thou weep'ſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the Villaine liues which ſlaughter'd him.
Iul. What Villaine, Madam?
Lad. That ſame Villaine *Romeo.*
Iul. Villaine and he, be many Miles aſſunder:
God pardon, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.
Lad. That is becauſe the Traitor liues.
Iul. I Madam from the reach of theſe my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.
Lad. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile ſend to one in *Mantua,*
Where that ſame baniſht Run-agate doth liue,
Shall giue him ſuch an vnaccuſtom'd dram,
That he ſhall ſoone keepe *Tybalt* company
And then I hope thou wilt be ſatisfied.
Iul. Indeed I neuer ſhall be ſatisfied
With *Romeo,* till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart ſo for a kinſman vext:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyſon, I would temper it;
That *Romeo* ſhould vpon receit thereof,
Soone ſleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreake the Loue I bore my Cozin, *Tybalt*
Vpon his body that hath ſlaughter'd him.
Mo. Find thou the meanes, and Ile find ſuch a man.
But now Ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.
Iul. And ioy comes well, in ſuch a needy time,
What are they, beſeech your Ladyſhip?
Mo. Well, well, thou haſt a carefull Father Child?
One who to put thee from thy heauineſſe,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.
Iul. Madam in happy time, what day is this?
Mo. Marry my Child, early next Thurſday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happily make thee a ioyfull Bride.
Iul. Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this haſt, that I muſt wed
Ere he that ſhould be Huſband comes to woe:
I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I ſweare
It ſhallbe *Romeo,* whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris.* Theſe are newes indeed.
Mo. Here comes your Father, tell him ſo your ſelfe,
And ſee how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurſe.

Cap. When the Sun ſets, the earth doth drizzle daew
But for the Sunſet of my Brothers Sonne,
It raines downright.
How now? a Conduit Gyrle, what ſtill in teares?
Euermore ſhowring in one little body?
Thou counterfaits a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,
Do ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is
Sayling in this ſalt floud, the windes thy ſighes,
Who raging with the teares and they with them,
Without a ſudden calme will ouer ſet
Thy tempeſt toſſed body. How now wife?
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?
Lady. I ſir;
But ſhe will none, ſhe giues you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her graue.
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife,
How, will ſhe none? doth ſhe not giue vs thanks?
Is ſhe not proud? doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
Vnworthy as ſhe is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridegroome
Iul. Not proud you haue,
But thankfull that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I haue,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant Loue.
Cap. How now?
How now? Chopt Logicke? what is this?
Proud, and I thanke you: and I thanke you not.
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine ioints 'gainſt Thurſday next,

To

× you Sherwin considers fettle correct, being, he says, "vernacular now in the North of England"

To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee, on a Hurdle thither.
Out you greene ſickneſſe carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.
Lady. Fie, fie, what are you mad?
Iul. Good Father, I beſeech you on my knees
Heare me with patience, but to ſpeake a word.
Fa. Hang thee young baggage, diſobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thurſday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, do not anſwere me.
My fingers itch, wife: we ſcarce thought vs bleſt,
That God had lent vs but this onely Child,
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curſe in hauing her:
Out on her Hilding.
Nur. God in heauen bleſſe her,
You are too blame my Lord to rate her ſo.
Fa. And why my Lady wiſedome? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, ſmatter with your goſſip, go.
Nur. I ſpeake no treaſon,
Father, O Godigoden, not in 32
May not one ſpeake?
Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grauitie ore a Goſſips bowles
For here we need it not.
La. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad: Day, Night, late, early,
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, ſtill my care hath bin
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
Of faire Demeanes, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,
Stuft as they ſay with Honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would wiſh a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her Fortunes tender,
To anſwer, Ile not wed, I cannot Loue:
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But, and you will not wed, Ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me:
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vſe to ieſt.
Thurſday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduiſe,
And you be mine, Ile giue you to my Friend:
And you be not, hang, beg, ſtraue, die in the ſtreets,
For by my ſoule, Ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall neuer do thee good:
Truſt too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forſworne *Exit.*
Iuli. Is there no pittie ſitting in the Cloudes,
That ſees into the bottome of my griefe?
O ſweet my Mother caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tybalt* lies.
Mo. Talke not to me, for Ile not ſpeake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee. *Exit.*
Iul. O God!
O Nurſe, how ſhall this be preuented?
My Huſband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How ſhall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnleſſe that Huſband ſend it me from heauen,
By leauing earth? Comfort me, counſaile me:
Hlacke, alacke, that heauen ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Vpon ſo ſoft a ſubiect as my ſelfe.
What ſaiſt thou? haſt thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort Nurſe.
Nur. Faith here it is,
Romeo is baniſhed, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I thinke it beſt you married with the Countie,
O hee's a Louely Gentleman:
Romeos a diſh-clout to him: an Eagle Madam
Hath not ſo greene, ſo quicke, ſo faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, beſhrow my very heart,
I thinke you are happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt: or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As liuing here and you no vſe of him.
Iul. Speakeſt thou from thy heart?
Nur. And from my ſoule too,
Or elſe beſhrew them both.
Iul. Amen.
Nur. What?
Iul. Well, thou haſt comforted me marueilous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing diſpleaſ'd my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolu'd.
Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wiſely done. *Exit*
Iul. Auncient damnation, O moſt wicked fiend!
It is more ſin to wiſh me thus forſworne,
Or to diſpraiſe my Lord with that ſame tongue
Which ſhe hath praiſ'd him with aboue compare,
So many thouſand times? Go Counſellor,
Thou and my boſome henchforth ſhall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all elſe faile, my ſelfe haue power to die. *Exit Exeunt.*

Act iv. Scene i. *Enter Frier and Countie Paris.*

not in 32
Fri. On Thurſday ſir? the time is very ſhort.
Par. My Father *Capulet* will haue it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlack his haſt.
Fri. You ſay you do not know the Ladies mind?
Vneuen is the courſe, I like it not.
Pa. Immoderately ſhe weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therfore haue I little talke of Loue,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of teares.
Now ſir, her Father counts it dangerous
That ſhe doth giue her ſorrow ſo much ſway:
And in his wiſedome, haſts our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her ſelfe alone,
May be put from her by ſocietie.
Now doe you know the reaſon of this haſt? aside
Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd.
Looke ſir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Iuliet.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife.
Iul. That may be ſir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, muſt be Loue, on Thurſday next.
Iul. What muſt be ſhall be.
Fri. That's a certaine text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this Father?
Iul. To anſwere that, I ſhould confeſſe to you.
Par. Do not denie to him, that you Loue me.
Iul. I will confeſſe to you that I Loue him.
Par. So will ye, I am ſure that you Loue me.
Iul. If I do ſo, it will be of more price,
Being ſpoke behind your backe, then to your face.
Par. Poore ſoule, thy face is much abuſ'd with teares.

Iuli. The

Iul. The teares haue got ſmall victorie by that:
For it was bad inough before their ſpight.
Pa. Thou wrong'ſt it more then teares with that report.
Iul. That is no ſlaunder ſir, which is a truth,
And what I ſpake, I ſpake it to thy face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlaundred it.
Iul. It may be ſo, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leiſure, Holy Father now,
Or ſhall I come to you at euening Maſſe?
Fri. My leiſure ſerues me penſiue daughter now.
My Lord you muſt intreat the time alone.
Par. Godſheild: I ſhould diſturbe Deuotion,
Iuliet, on Thurſday early will I rowſe yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kiſſe. *Exit Paris.*
Iul. O ſhut the doore, and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weepe with me, paſt hope, paſt care, paſt helpe.
Fri. O *Iuliet*, I alreadie know thy griefe,
It ſtreames me paſt the compaſſe of my wits:
I heare thou muſt and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thurſday next be married to this Countie,
Iul. Tell me not Frier that thou heareſt of this,
Vnleſſe thou tell me how I may preuent it:
If in thy wiſedome, thou canſt giue no helpe,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with' his knife, Ile helpe it preſently.
God ioyn'd my heart, and *Romeos*, thou our hands,
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeo* ſeal'd:
Shall be the Labell to another Deede,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Turne to another, this ſhall ſlay them both:
Therefore out of thy long expetien'ſt time,
Giue me ſome preſent counſell, or behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloody knife
Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,
Which the commiſſion of thy yeares and art,
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring:
Be not ſo long to ſpeak, I long to die,
If what thou ſpeak'ſt, ſpeake not of remedy.
Fri. Hold Daughter, I doe ſpie a kind of hope,
Which craues as deſperate an execution,
As that is deſperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſtay thy ſelfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thinglike death to chide away this ſhame,
That coap'ſt with death himſelfe, to ſcape fro it:
And if thou dar'ſt, Ile giue thee remedie.
Iul. Oh bid me leape, rather than marrie *Paris*,
From off the Battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuiſh waies, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell houſe,
Orecouered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reckie ſhankes and yellow chappels ſculls:
Or bid me go into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his graue,
Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnſtained wife to my ſweet Loue.
Fri. Hold then: goe home, be merrie, giue conſent,
To marrie *Paris*: wenſday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurſe lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this diſtilling liquor drinke thou off,
When preſently through all thy veines ſhall run,
A cold and drowſie humour: for no pulſe
Shall keepe his natiue progreſſe, but ſurceaſe:
No warmth, no breath ſhall teſtifie thou liueſt,
The Roſes in thy lips and cheekes ſhall fade
To many aſhes, the eyes windowes fall
Like death when he ſhut vp the day of life:
Each part depriu'd of ſupple gouernment,
Shall ſtiffe and ſtarke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likeneſſe of ſhrunke death
Thou ſhalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake, as from a pleaſant ſleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy beſt Robes vncouer'd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou ſhalt be borne to that ſame ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame,
If no inconſtant toy nor womaniſh feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Iul. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of care.
Fri. Hold get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous:
In this reſolue, Ile ſend a Frier with ſpeed
To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.
Iu. Loue giue me ſtrength,
And ſtrength ſhall helpe afford:
Farewell deare father. *Exit*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.
A room in Capulets house.

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurſe, and Seruing men, two or three.

Cap. So many gueſts inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.
Ser. You ſhall haue none ill ſir, for Ile trie if they can licke their fingers.
Cap. How canſt thou trie them ſo?
Ser. Marrie ſir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot licke his owne fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers goes not with me.
Cap. Go be gone, we ſhall be much vnfurniſht for this time: what is my Daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*?
Nur. I forſooth.
Cap. Well he may chance to do ſome good on her,
A peeuiſh ſelfe-wild harlotry it is.

Enter Iuliet.

Nur. See where ſhe comes from ſhrift
With merrie looke.
Cap. How now my headſtrong,
Where haue you bin gadding?
Iul. Where I haue learnt me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition:
To you and your beheſts, and am enioyn'd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall proſtrate here,
To beg your pardon: pardon I beſeech you,
Henceforward I am euer rul'd by you.
Cap. Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.
Iul. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gaue him what becomed Loue I might,
Not ſtepping ore the bounds of modeſtie.
Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, ſtand vp,

This

This is as't ſhould be, let me ſee the County:
I marrie go I ſay, and fetch him hither.
Now afore God, this reuerend holy Frier,
All our whole Cittie is much bound to him.
Iul. Nurſe will you goe with me into my Cloſet,
To helpe me ſort ſuch needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furniſh me to morrow?
Mo. No not till Thurſday, there's time inough.
Fa. Go Nurſe, go with her,
Weele to Church to morrow.
Exeunt Iuliet and Nurſe.
Mo. We ſhall be ſhort in our prouiſion,
'Tis now neere night.
Fa. Tuſh, I will ſtirre about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to deckeup her;
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huſwife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my ſelfe
To Countie *Paris*, to prepare him vp
Againſt to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this ſame way-ward Gyrle is ſo reclaim'd.
Exeunt Father and Mother.
Enter Iuliet and Nurſe.
Iul. I thoſe attires are beſt, but gentle Nurſe
I pray thee leaue me to my ſelfe to night:
For I haue need of many Oryſons,
To moue the heauens to ſmile vpon my ſtate,
Which well thou know'ſt, is croſſe and full of ſin.
Enter Mother.
Mo. What are you buſie ho? need you my help?
Iul. No Madam, we haue cul'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoouefull for our ſtate to morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone;
And let the Nurſe this night ſit vp with you,
For I am ſure, you haue your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſſe.
Mo. Goodnight.
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need. *Exeunt.*
Iul. Farewell:
God knowes when we ſhall meete againe.
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almoſt freezes vp the heate of fire:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurſe, what ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmall Sceane, I needs muſt act alone:
Come Viall, what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this ſhall forbid it. Lie thou there,
What if it be a poyſon which the Frier
Subtilly hath miniſtred to haue me dead,
Leaſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is, and yet me thinkes it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill beene tried a holy man.
How, if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me? There's a fearefull point:
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the Vault?
To whoſe foule mouth no healthſome ayre breaths in,
And there die ſtrangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vaulte, an ancient receptacle,
Where for theſe many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried Aunceſtors are packt,
Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but greene in earth,
Lies feſtring in his ſhrow'd, where as they ſay,
At ſome houres in the night, Spirits reſort:
Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathſome ſmels,
And ſhrikes like Mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them, run mad.
O if I walke, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
Inuironed with all theſe hidious feares,
And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?
And plucke the mangled *Tybalt* from his ſhrow'd?
And in this rage, with ſome great kinſmans bone,
As (with a club) daſh out my deſperate braines.
O looke, me thinks I ſee my Cozins Ghoſt,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did ſpit his body
Vpon my Rapiers point: ſtay *Tybalt*, ſtay;
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drinke: I drinke to thee.
[She throwes herself on the bed
Enter Lady of the houſe, and Nurſe.
Lady. Hold,
Take theſe keies, and fetch more ſpices Nurſe.
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Paſtrie.
Enter old Capulet.
Cap. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir,
The ſecond Cocke hath Crow'd,
The Curphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for coſt.
Nur. Go you Cot-queane, go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be ſicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Cap. No not a whit: what? I haue watcht ere now
All night for leſſe cauſe, and nere beene ſicke.
La. I you haue bin a Mouſe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from ſuch watching now.
Exit Lady and Nurſe.
Cap. A iealous hood, a iealous hood,
Now fellow, what there?
Enter three or foure with ſpits, and logs, and baſkets.
Fel. Things for the Cooke ſir, but I know not what.
Cap. Make haſt, make haſt, ſirrah, fetch drier Logs.
Call *Peter*, he will ſhew thee where they are.
Fel. I haue a head ſir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Cap. Maſſe and well ſaid, a merrie horſon, ha,
Thou ſhalt be loggerhead; good Father, 'tis day.
Play Muſicke
The Countie will be here with Muſicke ſtraight,
For ſo he ſaid he would, I heare him neere,
Nurſe, wife, what ho? what Nurſe I ſay?
Enter Nurſe.
Go waken *Iuliet*, go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with *Paris*: hie, make haſt,
Make haſt, the Bridegroome, he is come already:
Make haſt I ſay.
Nur. Miſtris, what Miſtris? *Iuliet*? Faſt I warrant her ſhe
Why Lambe, why Lady? fie you ſluggabed,
Why Loue I ſay? Madam, ſweet heart: why Bride?
What not a word? You take your peniworths now.
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath ſet vp his reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little, God forgiue me:
Marrie and Amen: how ſound is ſhe a ſleepe?

I muſt needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith. Will it not be?
What dreſt, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I muſt needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady?
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead,
Oh weladay, that euer I was borne,
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord, my Lady?

Mo. What noiſe is heere? *Enter Mother.*

Nur. O lamentable day.

Mo. What is the matter?

Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day.

Mo. O me, O me, my Child, my onely life:
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For ſhame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come.

Nur. Shee's dead: deceaſt, ſhee's dead: alacke the day.

M. Alacke the day, ſhee's dead, ſhee's dead, ſhee's dead.

Fa. Ha? let me ſee her: out alas ſhee's cold,
Her blood is ſetled and her ioynts are ſtiffe:
Life and theſe lips haue long bene ſeperated:
Death lies on her like an vntimely froſt
Vpon the ſweteſt flower of all the field.

Nur. O Lamentable day!

Mo. O wofull time.

Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me ſpeake.

Enter Frier and the Countie.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?

Fa. Ready to go, but neuer to returne.
O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy wife: there ſhe lies,
Flower as ſhe was, deflowred by him.
Death is my Sonne in law, death is my Heire,
My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths.

Pa. Haue I thought long to ſee this mornings face,
And doth it giue me ſuch a ſight as this?

Mo. Accur'ſt, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day,
Moſt miſerable houre, that ere time ſaw
In laſting labour of his Pilgrimage.
But one, poore one, one poore and louing Child,
But one thing to reioyce and ſolace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my ſight.

Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Moſt lamentable day, moſt wofull day,
That euer, euer, I did yet behold.
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was ſeene ſo blacke a day as this:
O wofull day, O wofull day.

Pa. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlaine,
Moſt deteſtable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruell, cruell thee, quite ouerthrowne:
O loue, O life; not life, but loue in death.

Fat. Deſpis'd, diſtreſſed, hated, martir'd, kil'd,
Vncomfortable time, why cam'ſt thou now
To murther, murther our ſolemnitie?
O Child, O Child; my ſoule, and not my Child,
Dead art thou, alacke my Child is dead,
And with my Child, my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace ho for ſhame, confuſions: Care liues not
In theſe confuſions, heauen and your ſelfe
Had part in this faire Maid, now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the Maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
But heauen keepes his part in eternall life:
The moſt you ſought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heauen, ſhe ſhouldſt be aduan'ſt,
And weepe ye now, ſeeing ſhe is aduan'ſt
Aboue the Cloudes, as high as Heauen it ſelfe?
O in this loue, you loue your Child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing that ſhe is well:
Shee's not well married, that liues married long,
But ſhee's beſt married, that dies married yong.
Drie vp your teares, and ſticke your Roſemarie
On this faire Coarſe, and as the cuſtome is,
And in her beſt array beare her to Church:
For though ſome Nature bids all vs lament,
Yet Natures teares are Reasons merriment.

Fa. All things that we ordained Feſtiuall,
Turne from their office to blacke Funerall:
Our inſtruments to melancholy Bells,
Our wedding cheare, to a ſad buriall Feaſt:
Our ſolemne Hymnes, to ſullen Dyrges change:
Our Bridall flowers ſerue for a buried Coarſe:
And all things change them to the contrarie.

Fri. Sir go you in; and Madam, go with him,
And go ſir *Paris*, euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarſe vnto her graue:
The heauens do lowre vpon you, for ſome ill:
Moue them no more, by croſſing their high will. *Exeunt*

Mu. Faith we may put vp our Pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honeſt goodfellowes: Ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitifull caſe.

Mu. I by my troth, the caſe may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Muſitions, oh Muſitions,
Hearts eaſe, hearts eaſe,
O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts eaſe.

Mu. Why hearts eaſe;

Pet. O Muſitions,
Becauſe my heart it ſelfe plaies, my heart is full.

Mu. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mu. No.

Pet. I will then giue it you ſoundly.

Mu. What will you giue vs?

Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will giue you the Minſtrell.

Mu. Then will I giue you the Seruing creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the ſeruing Creatures Dagger on your pate. I will carie no Crochets, Ile Re you, Ile Fa you, do you note me?

Mu. And you Re vs, and Fa vs, you Note vs.

2. *M.* Pray you put vp your Dagger,
And put out your wit.
Then haue at you with my wit.

Peter. I will drie-beate you with an yron wit,
And put vp my yron Dagger.
Anſwere me like men:
When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then Muſicke with her ſilner ſound.
Why ſilner ſound? why Muſicke with her ſilner ſound?
what ſay you *Simon Catling?*

Mu. Mary ſir, becauſe ſilner hath a ſweet ſound.

Pet. Prateſt, what ſay you *Hugh Rebicke?*

2. *M.* I ſay ſilner ſound, becauſe Muſitions ſound for ſil-

Pet. Prateſt to, what ſay you *Iames Sound-Poſt?* (uer

3. *Mu.* Faith I know not what to ſay.

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.
I will ſay for you; it is Muſicke with her ſilner ſound,

Becauſe Muſitions haue no gold for founding:
Then Muſicke with her ſiluer ſound, with ſpeedy helpe doth lend redreſſe. *Exit.*

Mu. What a peſtilent knaue is this ſame?

M. 2. Hang him Iacke, come weele in here, tarrie for the Mourners, and ſtay dinner. *Exit.*

Act v. Mantua *Enter Romeo.* a Street m.c.

Rom. If I may truſt the flattering truth of ſleepe, eye
My dreames preſage ſome ioyfull newes at hand: mic A
My boſomes L. ſits lightly in his throne: 4to 1597
And all thisan day an vncuſtom'd ſpirit, x
Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke,)
And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reuiu'd and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how ſweet is loue it ſelfe poſſeſt,
When but loues ſhadowes are ſo rich in ioy.

Enter Romeo's man. Balthasar

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazer*? m. c.
Doſt thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? that I aſke againe, faires m.c. 4to
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well.

Man. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body ſleepes in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liue,
I ſaw her laid low in her kindreds Vault,
And preſently tooke Poſte to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office Sir.

Rom. Is it euen ſo?
Then I denie you Starres. Defy mie.
Thou knoweſt my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire Poſt-Horſes, I will hence to night.

Man. I do beſeech you ſir, haue patience: Pardon me
Your lookes are pale and wild, and do import Sir, I feare not leave
Some miſaduenture. you this mic 4to 1597

Rom. Tuſh, thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Haſt thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

Man. No my good Lord.

Exit Man.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hyre thoſe Horſes, Ile be with thee ſtraight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Lets ſee for meanes: O miſchiefe thou art ſwift,
To enter in the thoughts of deſperate men:
I do remember an Appothecarie,
And here abouts dwells, which late I noted ſ omitted 32
In tattred weeds, with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miſerie had worne him to thebones:
And in his needie ſhop a Tortoyrs hung, nohin 32
An Allegater ſtuft, and other ſkins
Of ill ſhap'd fiſhes, and about his ſhelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and muſtie ſeedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roſes
Were thinly ſcattered, to make vp a ſhew.
Noting this penury, to my ſelfe I ſaid,
An if a man did need a poyſon now,
Whoſe ſale is perſent death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Caitiffe wretch would ſell it him.
O this ſame thought did but fore-run my need,
And this ſame needie man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe,
Being holy day, the beggers ſhop is ſhut.
What ho? Appothecarie?

Enter Appothecarie.

App. Who call's ſo low'd?

Rom. Come hither man, I ſee that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie Duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyſon, ſuch ſoone ſpeeding geare,
As will diſperſe it ſelfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be diſcharg'd of breath,
As violently, as haſtie powder fier'd
Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.

App. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantuas* law
Is death to any he, that vtters them.

Rom. Art thou ſo bare and full of wretchedneſſe,
And fear'ſt to die? Famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and opreſſion ſtarueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggery hangs vpon thy backe i
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich.
Then be not poore, but breake it, and take this.

App. My pouerty, but not my will conſents.

Rom. I pray thy pouerty, and not thy will.

App. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men, it would diſpatch you ſtraight.

Rom. There's thy Gold,
Worſe poyſon to mens ſoules,
Doing more murther in this loathſome world,
Then theſe poore compounds that thou maieſt not ſell,
I ſell thee poyſon, thou haſt ſold me none,
Farewell, buy food, and get thy ſelfe in fleſh.
Come Cordiall, and not poyſon, go with me
To *Iuliets* graue, for there muſt I vſe thee.

Act v. Frier Lawrence cell m.c. *Exeunt.*

Scene ii. *Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.*

Iohn. Holy *Franciſcan* Frier, Brother, ho?

Enter Frier Lawrence.

Law. This ſame ſhould be the voice of Frier *Iohn*.
Welcome from *Mantua*, what ſayes *Romeo*?
Or if his mind be writ, giue me his Letter.

Iohn. Going to find a bare-foote Brother out,
One of our order to aſſociate me,
Here in this Citie viſiting the ſick,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe
Where the infectious peſtilence did raigne,
Seal'd vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there was ſtaid.

Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo*?

Iohn. I could not ſend it, here it is againe,
Nor get a meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.

Law. Vnhappie Fortune: by my Brotherhood
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Frier *Iohn* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it ſtraight
Vnto my Cell.

Iohn. Brother Ile go and bring it thee. *Exit.*

Law. Now muſt I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will beſhrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,

And

x And all this day an vncuſtom'd ſpirit, the modern Editions have got the true correct "And all this day an unaccuſtom'd ſpirit" &c.

ROMEO & JULIET.

Act V. *Scene I.*

E. Edwards pinx.t *W. Walker sculp.t*

I sell the Poison thou hast sold me, none.

Published according to Act of Parliament. March 5. 1773. by John Bell N.° 132 Strand.

Act 5. ROMEO and JULIET. Scene 3.

Ch. Sherwin sculp.

Mrs. JORDAN in the Character of JULIET.

Published as the Act directs by J. Caulfield, Happy Retreat.

Printed for John Caulfield, Dean's Library, Strand, March 1st 1785.

Printed for John Cawthorn, N°5 Catherine Street, Oct.r 14. 1805.

And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarſe, cloſ'd in a dead mans Tombe.
Exit.
Enter Paris and his Page.
Par. Giue me thy Torch Boy, hence and ſtand aloft,
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare cloſe to the hollow ground,
So ſhall no foot vpon the Churchyard tread,
Being looſe, vnfirme with digging vp of Graues,
But thou ſhalt heare it: whiſtle then to me,
As ſignall that thou heareſt ſome thing approach,
Giue me thoſe flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
Page. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will aduenture.
Pa. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed I ſtrew:
O woe, thy Canopie is duſt and ſtones,
Which with ſweet water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares diſtil'd by mones;
The obſequies that I for thee will keepe,
Nightly ſhall be, to ſtrew thy graue, and weepe.
Whiſtle Boy.
The Boy giues warning, ſomething doth approach,
What curſed foot wanders this wayes to night,
To croſſe my obſequies, and true loues right?
What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.
Retires.

Enter Romeo, and Peter.

Rom. Giue me that Mattocke, & the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light; vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou hear'ſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I muſt vſe,
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou iealous doſt returne to prie
In what I further ſhall intend to do,
By heauen I will teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And ſtrew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
The time, and my intents are ſauage wilde:
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring Sea.
Pet. I will be gone ſir, and not trouble you
Ro. So ſhalt thou ſhew me friendſhip: take thou that,
Liue and be proſperous, and farewell good fellow.
Pet. For all this ſame, Ile hide me here about,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.
Retires.
Rom. Thou deteſtable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,
And in deſpight, Ile cram thee with more food.
Par. This is that baniſht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murdred my Loues Cozin; with which griefe,
It is ſuppoſed the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do ſome villanous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle, vile *Mountague:*
Can vengeance be purſued further then death?
Condemned vallaine, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou muſt die,
Rom. I muſt indeed, and therefore came I hither:
Good gentle youth, tempt not a deſperate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon thoſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee Youth,
Put not an other ſin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie. O be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my ſelfe,
For I come hither arm'd againſt my ſelfe:
Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter ſay,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.
Par. I do defie thy commiſſeration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.
Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? Then haue at thee Boy.
Pet. O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.
Pa. O I am ſlaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet.*
Rom. In faith I will, let me peruſe this face:
Mercutius kinſman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* ſhould haue married *Iuliet.*
Said he not ſo? Or did I dreame it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was ſo? O giue me thy hand,
One, writ with me in ſowre misfortunes booke.
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue; O no, a Lanthorne; ſlaughtred Youth:
For here lies *Iuliet*, and her beautie makes
This Vault a feaſting preſence full of light.
Death lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they beene merrie? Which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my Wife,
Death that hath ſuckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy Beautie:
Thou are not conquer'd: Beauties enſigne yet
Is Crymſon in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,
And Deaths pale flagis not aduanced there.
Tybalt, ly'ſt thou there in thy bloudy ſheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To ſunder his that was thy enemie?
Forgiue me Cozen. Ah deare *Iuliet:*
Why art thou yet ſo faire? I will beleeue,
Shall I beleeue, that vnſubſtantiall death is amorous?
And that the leane abhorred Monſter keepes
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?
For feare of that, I ſtill will ſtay with thee,
And neuer from this Pallace of dym night
Depart againe: come lie thou in my armes,
Heere's to thy health, where ere thou tumbleſt in.
O true Appothecarie! Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiſſe I die.
Depart againe; here, here will I remaine,
With Wormes that are thy Chambermaides: O here
Will I ſet vp my euerlaſting reſt:
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtarres
From this world-wearied fleſh: Eyes looke your laſt:
Armes take your laſt embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, ſeale with a righteous kiſſe
A dateleſſe bargaine to ingroſſing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnſauoury guide,
Thou deſperate Pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing Rocks, thy Sea-ſicke wearie Barke:
Heere's to my Loue. O true Appothecary:

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiſſe I die.

Enter Frier with Lanthorne, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my ſpeed, how oft to night
Haue my old feet ſtumbled at graues? Who's there?

Man. Here's one, a Friend, & one that knowes you well.

Fri. Bliſſe be vpon you. Tell me good my Friend
What Torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs, and eyeleſſe Sculles? As I diſcerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* Monument.

Man. It doth ſo holy ſir,
And there's my Maſter, one that you loue.

Fri. Who is it?

Man. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full halfe an houre.

Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not Sir.
My Maſter knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did ſtay to looke on his entents.

Fri. Stay, then Ile go alone, feares comes vpon me.
O much I feare ſome ill vnluckie thing.

Man. As I did ſleepe vnder this young tree here,
I dreamt my maiſter and another fought,
And that my Maiſter ſlew him.

Fri. Romeo. advances

Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which ſtaines
The ſtony entrance of this Sepulcher?
What meane theſe Maſterleſſe, and goarie Swords
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace? enters the monument
Romeo, oh pale: who elſe? what *Paris* too?
And ſteept in blood? Ah what an vn knd houre
Is guilt e of this lamentable chance?
The Lady ſtirs. *Iuliet wakes and stirs*

Iul. O comfortable Frier, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I ſhould be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo?*

Fri. I heare ſome noyſe Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall ſleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy boſome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too: come Ile diſpoſe of thee,
Among a Siſterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is comming. noise of
Come, go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer ſtay. Exit.

Iul. Go get thee hence, for I will notuaway,
What's here? A cup clos'd in my true lo: es hand?
Poyſon I ſee hath bin his timeleſſe end
O churle, drinke all? and left no friendly drop,
To helpe me after, I will kiſſe thy lips,
Happlie ſome po yſon yet doth hang on them,
To make me die wth a reſtoratiue.
Thy lips are warme. kisses him

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead Boy, which way?

Iul. Yea noiſe?
Then ile be briefe. O happy Dagger { snatches Romeo's dagger
'Tis in thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me die. *Kils herſelfe.*

Boy. This is the place, { and falls on his body
There where the Torch doth burne

Watch. The ground is bloody,
Search about the Churchyard.
Go ſome of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull ſight, here lies the Countie ſlaine,
And *Iuliett* bleeding, warme and newly dead
Who here hath laine theſe two dayes buried.
Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
Raiſe vp the *Mountagues*, ſome others ſearch,
We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes do lye,
But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes,
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry. exeunt some Watchmen

Enter Romeo'sman.

Watch. Here's *Romeo'r* man,
We found him in the Churchyard.

Con. Hold him in ſafety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

3. *Wat.* Here is a Frier that trembles, ſighes, and weepes
We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yard ſide.

Con. A great ſuſpition, ſtay the Frier too.

Enter the Prince. and attendants

Prin. What miſaduenture is ſo earely vp,
That calls our perſon from our mornings reſt?

Enter Capulet and his Wife.

Cap. What ſhould it be that they ſo ſhrike abroad?

Wife. O the people in the ſtreete crie *Romeo.* omitted
Some *Iuliet*, and ſome *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward out Monument.
Pri. What feare is this which ſtartles in your eares?

Wat. Soueraigne, here lies the Countie *Paris* ſlaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warme and new kil'd.

Prin. Search,
Seeke, and know how, this foule murder comes.

Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd *Romeos* man,
With Inſtruments vpon them fit to open
Theſe dead mens Tombes.

Cap. O heauen!
O wife looke how our Daughter bleedes!
This Dagger hath miſtaine, for loe his houſe
Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is miſheathed in my Daughters boſome.

Wife. O me, this ſight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Pri. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To ſee thy Sonne and Heire, now early downe.

Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath ſtopt her breath:
What further woe conſpires againſt my age?

Prin. Looke: and thou ſhalt ſee.

Moun. O thou vntaught, what manners in is this,
To preſſe before thy Father to a graue?

Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outra ge for a while,
Till we can cleare theſe ambiguities,
And know their ſpring, their head, their true deſcent,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And lead you euen to death? meane time forbeare,
And let miſchance be ſlaue to patience,
Bring forth the parties of ſuſpition.

Fri. I am the greateſt, able to doe leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected as the time and place
Doth make againſt me of this direfull murther:
And heere I ſtand both to impeach and purge
My ſelfe condemned, and my ſelfe excus'd.

Prin. Then ſay at once, what thou doſt know in this?

Fri. I will be briefe, for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
And ſhe there dead, that's *Romeos* faithfull wife:

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SHAKSPEARE.

Romeo and Juliet.

Jul. [waking] *Comfortable friar, where is my lord?*
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am.—Where is my Romeo? [Noise without.

Lau. *I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest*
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.

I married them ; and their ſtolne marriage day
Was *Tybalts* Doomesday : whoſe vntimely death
Baniſh'd the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie:
For whom (and not for *Tybalt*) *Iuliet* pinde.
You, to remoue that ſiege of Greefe from her,
Betroth'd, and would haue married her perforce
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And (with wilde lookes) bid me deuiſe ſome meanes
To rid her from this ſecond Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would ſhe kill her ſelfe.
Then gaue I her (ſo Tutor'd by my Art)
A ſleeping Potion, which ſo tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to *Romeo*,
That he ſhould hither come, as this dyre night,
To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the Potions force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my Letter, Frier *Iohn*,
Was ſtay'd by accident ; and yeſternight
Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,
At the prefixed houre of her waking,
Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,
Meaning to keepe her cloſely at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could ſend to *Romeo*.
But when I came (ſome Minute ere the time
Of her awaking) heere vntimely lay
The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
Shee wakes, and I intreated her come foorth,
And beare this worke of Heauen, with patience :
But then, a noyſe did ſcarre me from the Tombe,
And ſhe (too deſperate) would not go with me,
But (as it ſeemes) did violence on her ſelfe.
All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurſe is priuy :
And if ought in this miſcarried by my fault,
Let my old life be ſacrific'd, ſome houre before the time,
Vnto the rigour of ſeuereſt Law.

Prin. We ſtill haue knowne thee for a Holy man.
Where's *Romeo's* man ? What can he ſay to this ?

Boy. I brought my Maſter newes of *Iuliets* death,
And then in poſte he came from *Mantua*
To this ſame place, to this ſame Monument.
This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will look on it.
Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch ?
Sirra, what made your Maſter in this place ?

Page. He came with flowres to ſtrew his Ladies graue,
And bid me ſtand aloofe, and ſo I did :
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my Maiſter drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their courſe of Loue, the tydings of her death :
And heere he writes, that he did buy a poyſon
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall
Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with *Iuliet*.
Where be theſe Enemies ? *Capulet*, *Mountague*,
See what a ſcourge is laide vpon your hate,
That Heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with Loue ;
And I, for winking at your diſcords too,
Haue loſt a brace of Kinſmen : All are puniſh'd.

Cap. O Brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand,
This is my Daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demand.

Moun. But I can giue thee more :
For I will raiſe her Statue in pure Gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
There ſhall no figure at that Rate be ſet,
As that of True and Faithfull *Iuliet*.

Cap. As rich ſhall *Romeo* by his Lady ly,
Poore ſacrifices of our enmity.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sunne for ſorrow will not ſhew his head ;
Go hence, to haue more talke of theſe ſad things,
Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed.
For neuer was a Storie of more Wo,
Then this of *Iuliet*, and her *Romeo*. *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.

THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Athens — A Hall in Tymons House m.c.

Enter Poet, Painter, Ieweller, Merchant, and Mercer, at ſeuerall doores.

Poet.

GOod day Sir.

Pain. I am glad y'are well.

Poet. I haue not ſeene you long, how goes the World?

Pain. It weares ſir, as it growes.

Poet. I that's well knowne:
But what particular Rarity? What ſtrange,
Which manifold record not matches: ſee
Magicke of Bounty, all theſe ſpirits thy power
Hath coniur'd to attend.
I know the Merchant.

Pain. I know them both: th' others a Ieweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord.

Iew. Nay that's moſt fixt.

Mer. A moſt incomparable man, breath'd as it were,
To an vntyreable and continuate goodneſſe:
He paſſes.

Iew. I haue a Iewell heere.

Mer. O pray let's ſee't. For the Lord *Timon*, ſir?

Iewel. If he will touch the eſtimate. But for that—

Poet. When we for recompence haue prais'd the vild,
It ſtaines the glory in that happy Verſe,
Which aptly ſings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good forme.

Iewel. And rich: heere is a Water looke ye.

Pain. You are rapt ſir, in ſome worke, ſome Dedication to the great Lord.

Poet. A thing ſlipt idlely from me.
Our Poeſie is as a Gowne, which vſes Gum m.c. Rose
From whence 'tis nouriſht: the fire i'th' Flint vsues m.c.
Shewes not, till it be ſtrooke: our gentle flame begges F. Tohn's son m.c.
Prouokes it ſelfe, and like the currant flyes
Each bound it chaſes. What haue you there?

Pain. A Picture ſir: and m.c. when comes your Booke forth?

Poet. Vpon the heeles of my preſentment ſir.
Let's ſee your peece.

Pain. 'Tis a good Peece.

Poet. So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speakes his owne ſtanding: what a mentall power
This eye ſhootes forth? How bigge imagination
Moues in this Lip, to th'dumbneſſe of the geſture,
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Heere is a touch: Is't good?

Poet. I will ſay of it,
It Tutors Nature, Artificiall ſtrife
Liues in theſe touches, liuelier then life.

Enter certaine Senators. and poſe ouer m.c.

Pain. How this Lord is followed.

Poet. The Senators of Athens, happy men.

Pain. Looke moe.

Po. You ſee this confluence, this great flood of viſitors,
I haue in this rough worke, ſhap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge
With ampleſt entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moues it ſelfe
In a wide Sea of wax, no leuell'd malice
Infects one comma in the courſe I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leauing no Tract behinde.

Pain. How ſhall I vnderſtand you?

Poet. I will vnboult to you.
You ſee how all Conditions, how all Mindes,
As well of glib and ſlipp'ry Creatures, as
Of Graue and auſtere qualitie, tender downe
Their ſeruices to Lord *Timon*: his large Fortune,
Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his loue and tendance
All ſorts of hearts; yea, from the glaſſe-fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loues better
Then to abhorre himſelfe; euen hee drops downe
The knee before him, and returnes in peace
Moſt rich in *Timons* nod.

Pain. I ſaw them ſpeake together.

Poet. Sir, I haue vpon a high and pleaſant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd.
The Baſe o'th' Mount
Is rank'd with all deſerts, all kinde of Natures
That labour on the boſome of this Sphere,
To propagate their ſtates; among'ſt them all,
Whoſe eyes are on this Soueraigne Lady fixt,
One do I perſonate of Lord *Timons* frame,
Whom Fortune with her Iuory hand wafts to her,
Whoſe preſent grace, to preſent ſlaues and ſeruants
Tranſlates his Riuals.

Pain. 'Tis conceyu'd, to ſcope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes

With

With one man becken'd from the reſt below,
Bowing his head againſt the ſteepy Mount
To climbe his happineſſe, would be well expreſt
In our Condition.
Poet. Nay Sir, but heare me on:
All thoſe which were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his valew; on the moment
Follow his ſtrides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Raine Sacrificiall whiſperings in his eare,
Make Sacred euen his ſtyrrop, and through him
Drinke the free Ayre.
Pain. I marry, what of theſe?
Poet. When Fortune in her ſhift and change of mood
Spurnes downe her late beloued; all his Dependants
Which labour'd after him to the Mountaines top,
Euen on their knees and hand, let him ſit downe,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.
Pain. Tis common:
A thouſand morall Paintings I can ſhew,
That ſhall demonſtrate theſe quicke blowes of Fortunes,
More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,
To ſhew Lord *Timon*, that meane eyes haue ſeene
The foot aboue the head.

Trumpets ſound.
Enter Lord Timon, addreſſing himſelfe curteouſly to euery Sutor.

Tim. Imprifon'd is he, ſay you?
Meſ. I my good Lord, fiue Talents is his debt,
His meanes moſt ſhort, his Creditors moſt ſtraite:
Your Honourable Letter he deſires
To thoſe haue ſhut him vp, which failing,
Periods his comfort.
Tim. Noble *Ventidius* well:
I am not of that Feather, to ſhake off
My Friend when he muſt neede me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deſerues a helpe,
Which he ſhall haue. Ile pay the debt, and free him.
Meſ. Your Lordſhip euer bindes him.
Tim. Commend me to him, I will ſend his ranſome,
And being enfranchized bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to helpe the Feeble vp,
But to ſupport him after. Fare you well.
Meſ. All happineſſe to your Honor. *Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.
Oldm. Lord *Timon*, heare me ſpeake.
Tim. Freely good Father.
Oldm. Thou haſt a Seruant nam'd *Lucilius*.
Tim. I haue ſo: What of him?
Oldm. Moſt Noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.
Tim. Attends he heere, or no? *Lucillius.*
Luc. Heere at your Lordſhips ſeruice.
Oldm. This Fellow heere, L. *Timon*, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my houſe. I am a man
That from my firſt haue beene inclin'd to thrift,
And my eſtate deſerues an Heyre more rais'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher.
Tim. Well: what further?
Old. One onely Daughter haue I, no Kin elſe,
On whom I may conferre what I haue got:
The Maid is faire, a'th'youngeſt for a Bride,
And I haue bred her at my deereſt coſt
In Qualities of the beſt. This man of thine
Attempts her loue: I prythee (Noble Lord)
Ioyne with me to forbid him her reſort,
My ſelfe haue ſpoke in vaine.
Tim. The man is honeſt.
Oldm. Therefore he will be *Timon*,
His honeſty rewards him in it ſelfe,
It muſt not beare my Daughter.
Tim. Does ſhe loue him?
Oldm. She is yong and apt,
Our owne precedent paſſions do inſtruct vs
What leuities in youth.
Tim. Loue you the Maid?
Luc. I my good Lord, and ſhe accepts of it.
Oldm. If in her Marriage my conſent be miſſing,
I call the Gods to witneſſe, I will chooſe
Mine heyre from forth the Beggers of the world,
And diſpoſſeſſe her all.
Tim. How ſhall ſhe be endowed,
If ſhe be mated with an equall Husband?
Oldm. Three Talents on the preſent; in future, all.
Tim. This Gentleman of mine
Hath ſeru'd me long:
To build his Fortune, I will ſtraine a little,
For 'tis a Bond in men. Guie him thy Daughter,
What you beſtow, in him Ile counterpoize,
And make him weigh with her.
Oldm. Moſt Noble Lord,
Pawne me to this your Honour, ſhe is his.
Tim. My hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my promiſe.
Luc. Humbly I thanke your Lordſhip, neuer may
That ſtate or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you. *Exit*
Poet. Vouchſafe my Labour,
And long liue your Lordſhip.
Tim. I thanke you, you ſhall heare from me anon:
Go not away. What haue you there, my Friend?
Pain. A peece of Painting, which I do beſeech
Your Lordſhip to accept.
Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almoſt the Naturall man:
For ſince Diſhonor Traffickes with mans Nature,
He is but out-ſide: Theſe Penſil'd Figures are
Euen ſuch as they giue out. I like your worke,
And you ſhall finde I like it; Waite attendance
Till you heare further from me.
Pain. The Gods preſerue ye.
Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: giue me your hand.
We muſt needs dine together: ſir your Iewell
Hath ſuffered vnder praiſe.
Iewel. What my Lord, diſpraiſe?
Tim. A meere ſaciety of Commendations,
If I ſhould pay you for't as 'tis extold,
It would vnclew me quite.
Iewel. My Lord, 'tis rated
As thoſe which ſell would giue: but you well know,
Things of like valew differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Maſters. Beleeu't deere Lord,
You mend the Iewell by the wearing it.
Tim. Well mock'd. *Enter Apermantus.*
Mer. No my good Lord, he ſpeakes y^e^ common toong
Which all men ſpeake with him.
Tim. Looke who comes heere, will you be chid?
Iewel. Wee'l beare with your Lordſhip.
Mer. Hee'l ſpare none.
Tim. Good morrow to thee,
Gentle *Apermantus.*

Ape. Till I be gentle, ſtay thou for thy good morrow. omitted m.c
When thou art *Timons* dogge, and theſe Knaues honeſt.
Tim. Why doſt thou call them Knaues, thou know'ſt them not?
Ape. Are they not Athenians?
Tim. Yes.
Ape. Then I repent not.
Iew. You know me, *Apemantus*?
Ape. Thou know'ſt I do, I call'd thee by thy name.
Tim. Thou art proud *Apemantus*?
Ape. Of nothing ſo much, as that I am not like *Timon*
Tim. Whether art going?
Ape. To knocke out an honeſt Athenians braines.
Tim. That's a deed thou't dye for.
Ape. Right, if doing nothing be death by th'Law.
Tim. How lik'ſt thou this picture *Apemantus*?
Ape. The beſt, for the innocence.
Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it.
Ape. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy peece of worke.
Pain. Y'are a Dogge.
Ape. Thy Mothers of my generation: what's ſhe, if I be a Dogge?
Tim. Wilt dine with me *Apemantus*?
Ape. No: I eate not Lords.
Tim. And thou ſhould'ſt, thoud'ſt anger Ladies.
Ape. O they eate Lords;
So they come by great bellies.
Tim. That's a laſciuious apprehenſion.
Ape. So, thou apprehend'ſt it,
Take it for thy labour.
Tim. How doſt thou like this Iewell, *Apemantus*?
Ape. Not ſo well as plain-dealing, which wil not caſt a man a Doit.
Tim. What doſt thou thinke 'tis worth?
Ape. Not worth my thinking.
How now Poet?
Poet. How now Philoſopher?
Ape. Thou lyeſt.
Poet. Art not one?
Ape. Yes.
Poet. Then I lye not.
Ape. Art not a Poet?
Poet. Yes.
Ape. Then thou lyeſt:
Looke in thy laſt worke, where thou haſt feign'd him a worthy Fellow.
Poet. That's not feign'd, he is ſo.
Ape. Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loues to be flattered, is worthy o'th flatterer. Heauens, that I were a Lord.
Tim. What wouldſt do then *Apemantus*?
Ape. E'ne as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with my heart.
Tim. What thy ſelfe?
Ape. I.
Tim. Wherefore?
Ape. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.
Art not thou a Merchant? m.c 32
Mer. I *Apemantus*.
Ape. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.
Mer. If Trafficke do it, the Gods do it.
Ape. Traffickes thy God, & thy God confound thee.
Trumpet ſounds. Enter a Meſſenger.
Tim. What Trumpets that?
Meſ. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and ſome twenty Horſe
All of Companionſhip.
Tim. Pray entertaine them, giue them guide to vs.
You muſt needs dine with me: go not you hence
Till I haue thankt you: when dinners done
Shew me this peece, I am ioyfull of your ſights.
Enter Alcibiades with the reſt.
Moſt welcome Sir. Stay Salute m.c.
Ape. So, ſo; their Aches contract, and ſterue your ſupple ioynts: that there ſhould bee ſmall loue amongeſt theſe ſweet Knaues, and all this Curteſie. The ſtraine of mans bred out into Baboon and Monkey.
Alc. Sir, you haue ſau'd my longing, and I feed
Moſt hungerly on your ſight.
Tim. Right welcome Sir:
Ere we depatt, wee'l ſhare a bounteous time
In different pleaſures.
Pray you let vs in. *Exeunt.*
Enter two Lords. {all but Apemantus m.c
1. *Lord* What time a day is't *Apemantus*?
Ape. Time to be honeſt.
1 That time ſerues ſtill.
Ape. The moſt accurſed thou that ſtill omitſt it.
2 Thou art going to Lord *Timons* Feaſt.
Ape. I, to ſee meate fill Knaues, and Wine heat fooles.
2 Farthee well, farthee well.
Ape. Thou art a Foole to bid me farewell twice.
2 Why *Apemantus*?
Ape. Should'ſt haue kept one to thy ſelfe, for I meane to giue thee none.
1 Hang thy ſelfe.
Ape. No I will do nothing at thy bidding:
Make thy requeſts to thy Friend.
2 Away vnpeaceable Dogge,
Or Ile ſpurne thee hence.
Ape. I will flye like a dogge, the heeles a'th'Aſſe. Exit m.c
1 Hee's oppoſite to humanity.
Comes ſhall we in,
And taſte Lord *Timons* bountie: he out-goes
The verie heart of kindneſſe.
2 He powres it out: *Plutus* the God of Gold
Is but his Steward: no meede but he repayes
Seuen-fold aboue it ſelfe: No guift to him,
But breeds the giuer a returne: exceeding
All vſe of quittance.
1 The Nobleſt minde he carries,
That euer gouern'd man.
2 Long may he liue in Fortunes. Shall we in?
Ile keepe you Company. *Exeunt.*
Act. I. Scene. x. The Same - a Room of State in Timons House m.c.
Hoboyes Playing lowd Muſicke.

A great Banquet ſeru'd in: and then, Enter Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which Timon redeem'd from priſon. Then comes dropping after all Apemantus diſcontentedly like himſelfe.

Ventig. Moſt honoured *Timon*, omitted m.c.
It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Fathers age,
And call him to long peace:
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateſull Vertue I am bound
To your free heart, I do returne thoſe Talents
Doubled with thankes and ſeruice, from whoſe helpe
I deriu'd libertie.
Tim. O by no meanes,
Honeſt *Ventigius*: You miſtake my loue,
'd m.c.
I gaue

I gaue it freely euer, and ther's none
Can truely say he giues, if he receiues:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them: faults that are rich are faire.
Vint. A Noble spirit. *they all stand looking ceremoniously on Timon m.e.*
Tim. Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but deuis'd at first
To set a gloſſe on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneſſe, ſorry ere 'tis ſhowne:
But where there is true friendſhip, there needs none.
Pray ſit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes to me. *they ſit m.e*
1. *Lord.* My Lord, we alwaies haue confeſt it.
Aper. Ho ho, confeſt it? Handg'd it? Haue you not?
Timo. O *Apermantus*, you are welcome.
Aper. No: You ſhall not make me welcome:
I come to haue thee thruſt me out of doores.
Tim. Fie, th'art a churle, ye'haue got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much too blame:
They ſay my Lords, *Ira furor breuis eſt*, *that. on.e.*
But yond man is verie angrie. *euer on.e.*
Go, let him haue a Table by himſelfe:
For he does neither affect companie,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.
Aper. Let me ſtayat thine apperill *Timon*, *thine own peril m.e.*
I come to obſerue, I giue thee warning on't.
Tim. I take no heede of thee: Th'art an *Athenian*, therefore welcome: I my ſelfe would haue no power, prythee let my meate make thee ſilent.
Aper. I ſcorne thy meate, 'twould choake me: for I ſhould nere flatter thee. Oh you Gods! What a number of men eats *Timon*, and he ſees 'em not? It greeues me to ſee ſo many dip there meate in one mans blood, and all the madneſſe is, he cheeres them vp too.
I wonder men dare truſt themſelues with men.
Me thinks they ſhould enuite them without kniues,
Good for there meate, and ſafer for their liues.
There's much example for't, the fellow that ſits next him, now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a diuided draught: is the readieſt man to kill him. 'Tas beene proued, if I were a huge man I ſhould feare to drinke at meales, leaſt they ſhould ſpie my wind-pipes dangerous noates, great men ſhould drinke with harneſſe on their throates.
Tim. My Lord in heart: and let the health go round.
2. *Lord.* Let it flow this way my good Lord.
Aper. Flow this way? A braue fellow. He keepes his tides well, thoſe healths will make thee and thy ſtate looke ill, *Timon*.
Heere's that which is too weake to be a ſinner,
Honeſt water, which nere left man i'th'mire:
This and my food are equals, there's no ods,
Feaſts are to proud to give thanks to the Gods.

Apermantus Grace.
Immortall Gods, I craue no pelfe,
I pray for no man but my ſelfe,
Graunt I may neuer proue ſo fond,
To truſt man on his Oath or Bond.
Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dogge that ſeemes aſleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedome,
Or my friends if I ſhould need'em.
Amen. So fall too't:
Rich men ſin, and I eat root. *eating and drinking m.e.*
Much good dich thy good heart, *Apermantus*
Tim. Captaine,
Alcibiades, your hearts in the field now.
Alci. My heart is euer at your ſeruice, my Lord.
Tim. You had rather be at a breakefaſt of Enemies, then a dinner of Friends.
Alc. So they were bleeding new my Lord, there's no meat like 'em, I could wiſh my beſt friend at ſuch a Feaſt.
Aper. Would all thoſe Flatterers were thine Enemies then, that then thou might'ſt kill 'em: & bid me to 'em. *omitted*
1. *Lord.* Might we but haue that happineſſe my Lord, that you would once vſe our hearts, whereby we might expreſſe ſome part of our zeales, we ſhould thinke our ſelues for euer perfect.
Timon. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the Gods themſelues haue prouided that I ſhall haue much helpe from you: how had you beene my Friends elſe. Why haue you that charitable title from thouſands? Did not you chiefely belong to my heart? I haue told more of you to my ſelfe, then you can with modeſtie ſpeake in your owne behalfe. And thus farre I confirme you. O h you Gods (thinke I,) what need we haue any Friends; if we ſhould nere haue need of 'em? They were the moſt needleſſe Creatures liuing; ſhould we nere haue vſe for 'em? And would moſt reſemble ſweete Inſtruments hung vp in Caſes, that keepes there ſounds to themſelues. Why I haue often wiſht my ſelfe poorer, that I might come neerer to you: we are borne to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our owne, then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a pretious comfort 'tis, to haue ſo many like Brothers commanding one anothers Fortunes. Oh ioyes, e'ne made away er't can be borne: mine eies cannot hold out waterme thinks: to forget their Faults. I drinke to you. *Ioy m.e. teares*
Aper. Thou weep'ſt to make them drinke, *Timon*.
2. *Lord.* Ioy had the like conception in our eies,
And at that inſtant, like a babe ſprung vp.
Aper. Ho, ho: I laugh to thinke that babe a baſtard.
3. *Lord.* I promiſe you my Lord you mou'd me much.
Aper. Much.

Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazons, with Lutes in their hands, dauncing and playing.

Tim. What meanes that Trumpe? How now?

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Pleaſe you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies Moſt deſirous of admittance.
Tim. Ladies? what are their wils?
Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord, which beares that office, to ſignifie their pleaſures.
Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies.

Cup. Haile to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of his Bounties taſte: the fiue beſt Sencesa cknowledge thee their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentious boſome. *Taſte, Touch, Smell, all pleas'd from thy Table rife m.e*
There taſt, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table riſe:
They onely now come but to Feaſt thine eies.
Timo. They'r welcome all, let 'em haue kind admittance. Muſicke make their welcome. *Exit cupid*
Luc. You ſee my Lord, how ample y'are belou'd.
Aper. Hoyday, *re-enter Cupid with a Maſque of Ladies as amazons with Lutes Playing m.e.*
What a ſweepe of vanitie comes this way.
They daunce? They are madwomen,

Like Madneſſe is the glory of this life,
As this pompe ſhewes to a little oyle and roote.
We make our ſelues Fooles, to diſport our ſelues,
And ſpend our Flatteries, to drinke thoſe men,
Vpon whoſe Age we voyde it vp agen
With poyſonous Spight and Enuy.
Who liues, that's not depraued, or depraues;
Who dyes, that beares not one ſpurne to their graues
Of their Friends guift: not in 32
I ſhould feare, thoſe that dance before me now,
Would one day ſtampe vpon me: 'Tis bene done,
Men ſhut their doores againſt a ſetting Sunne.

The Lords riſe from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and to ſhew their loues, each ſingle out an Amazon, and all Dance, men with women, a loftie ſtraine or two to the Hoboyes, and ceaſe.

Tim. You haue done our pleaſures
Much grace (faire Ladies)
Set a faire faſhion on our entertainment,
Which was not halfe ſo beautifull, and kinde:
You haue added worth vntoo't, and luſter, lively 32 & m·c
And entertain'd me with mine owne deuice.
I am to thanke you for't.

1 *Lord.* My Lord you take vs euen at the beſt.

Aper. Faith for the worſt is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you,
Pleaſe you to diſpoſe your ſelues.

All La. Moſt thankfully, my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Tim. Flauius. Cupid and Ladies m·c·

Fla. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket bring me hither.

Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Iewels yet?
There is no croſſing him in's humor, aside m·c·
Elſe I ſhould tell him well, yfaith I ſhould;
When all's ſpent, hee'ld be croſt then, and he could:
'Tis pitty Bounty had not eyes behinde,
That man might ne're be wretched for his minde. *Exit.*

1 *Lord.* Where be our men? Returning with the casket m·c·

Ser. Heere my Lord, in readineſſe.

2 *Lord.* Our Horſes.

Tim. O my Friends:
I haue one word to ſay to you: Looke you, my good L.
I muſt intreat you honour me ſo much,
As to aduance this Iewell, accept it, and weare it,
Kinde my Lord. omitted in m·c· & 32

1 *Lord.* I am ſo farre already in your guifts.

All. So are we all.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord, there are certaine Nobles of the Senate newly alighted, and come to viſit you.

Tim. They are fairely welcome.

Enter Flauius.

Fla. I beſeech your Honor, vouchſafe me a word, it does concerne you neere.

Tim. Neere? why then another time Ile heare thee.
I prythee let's be prouided to ſhew them entertainment.

Fla. I ſcarſe know how. aside m·c·

Enter another Seruant.

Ser. May it pleaſe your Honor, Lord *Lucius*
(Out of his free loue) hath preſented to you
Foure Milke-white Horſes, trapt in Siluer.

Tim. I ſhall accept them fairely: let the Preſents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Seruant.

How now? What newes?

3. *Ser.* Pleaſe you my Lord, that honourable Gentleman Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your companie to morrow, to hunt with him, and ha's ſent your Honour two brace of Grey-hounds.

Tim. Ile hunt with him,
And let them be receiu'd, not without faire Reward.

Fla. What will this come to? [aside m·c·
He commands vs to prouide, and giue great guifts, and all out of an empty Coffer:
Nor will he know his Purſe, or yeeld me this,
To ſhew him what a Begger his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wiſhes good.
His promiſes flye ſo beyond his ſtate,
That what he ſpeaks is all in debt, he ows for eu'ry word:
He is ſo kinde, that he now payes intereſt for't; return 32
His Land's put to their Bookes. Well, would I were
Gently put out of Office, before ere I 32 were forc'd out:
Happier is he that has no friend to feede,
Than ſuch that do e'ne Enemies exceede.
I bleed inwardly for my Lord. *Exit*

Tim. You do your ſelues much wrong,
You bate too much of your owne merits.
Heere my Lord, a trifle of our Loue.

2. *Lord.* With more then common thankes
I will receyue it.

3. *Lord.* O he's the very ſoule of Bounty.

Tim. And now I remember me m·c· my Lord, you gaue good words the other day of a Bay Courſer I rod on. Tis yours becauſe you lik'd it.

1. *L.* Oh, I beſeech you pardon mee, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take omitted in m·c· my word my Lord: I know no man can iuſtly praiſe, but what he does affect. I weighe my Friends affection with mine owne: Ile tell you true, Ile call to you.

All Lor. O none ſo welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your ſeuerall viſitations
So kinde to heart, 'tis not enough to giue:
Me thinkes, I could deale Kingdomes to my Friends,
And nere be weary. *Alcibiades*,
Thou art a Soldiour, er 32 therefore ſildome rich,
It comes in Charitie to thee: for all thy liuing
Is mong'ſt the dead: and all the Lands thou haſt
Lye in a pitcht field.

Alc. I, defil'd Land, my Lord. See m·c· & Malone

1. *Lord.* We are ſo vertuouſly bound.

Tim. And ſo am I to you.

2. *Lord.* So infinitely endeer'd.

Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights.

1. *Lord.* The beſt of Happines, Honor, and Fortunes
Keepe with you Lord *Timon*.

Tim. Ready for his Friends. *Exeunt Lords*

Aper. What a coiles heere, ſeruing of beckes, and iutting out of bummes. I doubt whether their Legges be worth the ſummes that are giuen for 'em.
Friendſhips full of dregges,
Me thinkes falſe hearts, ſhould neuer haue ſound legges.
Thus honeſt Fooles lay out their wealth on Curtſies.

Tim. Now *Apermantus* (if thou wert not ſullen)
I would be good to thee.

Aper. No, Ile nothing; for if I ſhould be brib'd too, there would be none left to raile vponthee, and then thou wouldſt ſinne the faſter. Thou giu'ſt ſo long *Timon* (I feare me) thou wilt giue away thy ſelfe in paper ſhortly. What needs theſe Feaſts, pompes, and Vaine-glories?

Tim.

Tim. Nay, and you begin to raile on Societie once, I am ſworne not to giue regard to you. Farewell, & come with better Muſicke. *Exit*

Aper. So: Thou wilt not heare mee now, thou ſhalt not then. Ile locke thy heauen from thee:
Oh that mens eares ſhould be
To Counſell deafe, but not to Flatterie. *Exit*

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late fiue thouſand: to *Varro* and to *Iſidore*
He owes nine thouſand, beſides my former ſumme,
Which makes it fiue and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waſte? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, ſteale but a beggers Dogge,
And giue it *Timon*, why the Dogge coines Gold.
If I would ſell my Horſe, and buy twenty moe
Better then he; why giue my Horſe to *Timon*.
Aske nothing, giue it him, it Foles me ſtraight
And able Horſes: No Porter at his gate,
But rather one that ſmiles, and ſtill inuites
All that paſſe by. It cannot hold, no reaſon
Can ſound his ſtate in ſafety. *Caphis* hoa,
Caphis I ſay.

Enter Caphis.

Ca. Heere ſir, what is your pleaſure.

Sen. Get on your cloake, & haſt you to Lord *Timon*,
Importune him for my Moneyes, be not ceaſt
With ſlight deniall; nor then ſilenc'd, when
Commend me to your Maſter, and the Cap
Playes in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
My Vſes cry to me; I muſt ſerue my turne
Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are paſt,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Haue ſmit my credit. I loue, and honour him,
But muſt not breake my backe, to heale his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my releefe
Muſt not be toſt and turn'd to me in words,
But finde ſupply immediate. Get you gone,
Put on a moſt importunate aſpect,
A viſage of demand: for I do feare
When euery Feather ſtickes in his owne wing,
Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
Which flaſhes now a Phœnix, get you gone.

Ca. I go ſir.

Sen. I go ſir?
Take the Bonds along with you,
And haue the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir.

Sen. Go. *Exeunt*

Enter Steward, with many billes in his hand.

Stew. No care, no ſtop, ſo ſenſeleſſe of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintaine it,
Nor ceaſe his flow of Riot. Takes no accompt
How things go from him, nor reſume no care
Of what is to continue: neuer minde,
Was to be ſo vnwiſe, to be ſo kinde.
What ſhall be done, he will not heare, till feele:
I muſt be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fye, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Iſidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good euen *Varro*: what, you come for money?

Var. Is't not your buſineſſe too?

Cap. It is, and yours too, *Iſidore*?

Iſid. It is ſo.

Cap. Would we were all diſcharg'd.

Var. I feare it,

Cap. Heere comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Traine.

Tim. So ſoone as dinners done, wee'l forth againe
My *Alcibiades*. With me, what is your will?

Cap. My Lord, heere is a note of certaine dues.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of Athens heere, my Lord.

Tim. Go to my Steward.

Cap. Pleaſe it your Lordſhip, he hath put me off
To the ſucceſſion of new dayes this moneth:
My Maſter is awak'd by great Occaſion,
To call vpon his owne, and humbly prayes you,
That with your other Noble parts, you'l ſuite,
In giuing him his right.

Tim. Mine honeſt Friend,
I prythee but repaire to me next morning.

Cap. Nay, good my Lord.

Tim. Containe thy ſelfe, good Friend.

Var. One *Varroes* ſeruant, my good Lord.

Iſid. From *Iſidore*, he humbly prayes your ſpeedy payment.

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Maſters wants.

Var. 'Twas due on forfeyture my Lord, ſixe weekes, and paſt.

Iſi. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I
Am ſent expreſſely to your Lordſhip.

Tim. Giue me breath:
I do beſeech you good my Lords keepe on,
Ile waite vpon you inſtantly. Come hither: pray you
How goes the world, that I am thus encountred
With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,
And the detention of long ſince due debts
Againſt my Honor?

Stew. Pleaſe you Gentlemen,
The time is vnagreeable to this buſineſſe:
Your importunacie ceaſe, till after dinner,
That I may make his Lordſhip vnderſtand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do ſo my Friends, ſee them well entertain'd.

Stew. Pray draw neere. *Exit.*

Enter Apemantus and Foole.

Caph. Stay, ſtay, here comes the Foole with *Apemantus*, let's ha ſome ſport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, hee'l abuſe vs.

Iſid. A plague vpon him dogge.

Var. How doſt Foole?

Ape. Doſt Dialogue with thy ſhadow?

Var. I ſpeake not to thee.

Ape. No 'tis to thy ſelfe. Come away. *[to the fool*

Iſi. There's the Foole hangs on your backe already.

Ape. No thou ſtand'ſt ſingle, th'art not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the Foole now?

Ape. He laſt ask'd the queſtion. Poore Rogues, and Vſurers men, Bauds betweene Gold and want.

All. What are we *Apemantus*?

Ape. Aſſes.

All. Why?

Ape. That you ask me what you are, & do not know your ſelues. Speake to 'em Foole.

Foole. How do you Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies good Foole:
How does your Miſtris?

Foole.

Foole. She's e'ne ſetting on water to ſcal'd ſuch Chickens as you are. Would we could ſee you at Corinth.

Ape. Good, Gramercy.

Enter Page. mistres m.c.

Foole. Looke you, heere comes my Maſters Page.

Page. Why how now Captaine? what do you in this wiſe Company.
How doſt thou *Apermantus*? Apemantus always m.c.

Ape. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might anſwer thee profitably.

Boy. Prythee *Apemantus* reade me the ſuperſcription of theſe Letters, I know not which is which.

Ape. Canſt not read?

Page. No.

Ape. There will litle Learning dye then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go thou was't borne a Baſtard, and thou't dye a Bawd.

Page. Thou was't whelpt a Dogge, and thou ſhalt famiſh a Dogges death.
Anſwer not, I am gone. *Exit* page m.c

Ape. E'ne ſo thou out-runſt Grace,
Foole I will go with you to Lord *Timons*.

Foole. Will you leaue me there?

Ape. If *Timon* ſtay at home.
You three ſerue three Vſurers?

All. I would they ſeru'd vs.

Ape. So would I:
As good a tricke as euer Hangman ſeru'd Theefe.

Foole. Are you three Vſurers men?

All. I Foole.

Foole. I thinke no Vſurer, but ha's a Foole to his Seruant. My Miſtris is one, and I am her Foole: when men come to borrow of your Maſters, they approach ſadly, and go away merry: but they enter my Maſters houſe merrily, and go away ſadly. The reaſon of this?

miſtreſs m.c.

Var. I could render one.

Ap. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whoremaſter, and a Knaue, which notwithſtanding thou ſhalt be no leſſe eſteemed.

Varro. What is a Whoremaſter Foole?

Foole. A Foole in good cloathes, and ſomething like thee. 'Tis a ſpirit, ſometime t'appeares like a Lord, ſomtime like a Lawyer, ſometime like a Philoſopher, with two ſtones moe then's artificiall one. Hee is verie often like a Knight; and generally, in all ſhapes that man goes vp and downe in, from foureſcore to thirteen, this ſpirit walkes in.

more 82

Var. Thou art not altogether a Foole.

Foole. Nor thou altogether a Wiſe man,
As much foolerie as I haue, ſo much wit thou lack'ſt.

Ape. That anſwer might haue become *Apemantus*.

All. Aſide, aſide, heere comes Lord *Timon*.

Enter Timon and Steward.

Ape. Come with me (Foole) come.

Foole. I do not alwayes follow Louer, elder Brother, aad Woman, ſometime the Philoſopher. Exit Apem. & Fool m.c.

Stew. Pray you walk en eere,
Ile ſpeake with you anon. *Exeunt.*

Tim. You make me meruell wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laide my ſtate before me,
That I might ſo haue rated my expence
As I had leaue of meanes.

Stew. You would not heare me:
At many leyſures I propoſe.

Tim. Go too:
Perchance ſome ſingle vantages you tooke,
When my indiſpoſition put you backe,
And that vnaptneſſe made your miniſter
Thus to excuſe your ſelfe.

Stew. O my good Lord,
At many times I brought in my accompts,
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,
And ſay you found them in mine honeſtie,
When for ſome trifling preſent you haue bid me
Returne ſo much, I haue ſhooke my head, and wept:
Yea 'gainſt th'Authoritie of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more cloſe: I did indure
Not ſildome, nor no ſlight checkes, when I haue
Prompted you in the ebbe of your eſtate,
And your great flow of debts; my lou'd Lord, Deare m.c.
Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time,
The greateſt of your hauing, lackes a halfe,
To pay your preſent debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be ſold.

Stew. 'Tis all engag'd, ſome forfeyted and gone,
And what remaines will hardly ſtop the mouth
Of preſent dues; the future comes apace:
What ſhall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Stew. O my good Lord, the world is but a word,
Were it all yours, to giue it in a breath,
How quickely were it gone.

Tim. You tell me true.

Stew. If you ſuſpect my Husbandry or Falſhood,
Call me before th'exacteſt Auditors,
And ſet me on the proofe. So the Gods bleſſe me,
When all our Offices haue beene oppreſt
With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults haue wept
With drunken ſpilth of Wine; when euery roome
Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minſtrelſie,
I haue retyr'd me to a waſtefull cocke,
And ſet mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prythee no more.

Stew. Heauens haue I ſaid, the bounty of this Lord:
How many prodigall bits haue Slaues and Pezants
This night englutted: who is not *Timons*,
What heart, head, ſword, force, meanes, but is L. *Timons*:
Great *Timon*, Noble, Worthy, Royall *Timon*:
Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praiſe,
The breath is gone, whereof this praiſe is made:
Feaſt won, faſt loſt; one cloud of Winter ſhowres,
Theſe flyes are coucht.

Tim. Come ſermon me no further.
No villanous bounty yet hath paſt my heart;
Vnwiſely, not ignobly haue I giuen.
Why doſt thou weepe, canſt thou the conſcience lacke,
To thinke I ſhall lacke friends: ſecure thy heart,
If I would broach the veſſels of my loue,
And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,
Men, and mens fortunes could I frankely vſe
As I can bid thee ſpeake.

Ste. Aſſurance bleſſe your thoughts.

Tim. And in ſome ſort theſe wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them bleſſings. For by theſe
Shall I trie Friends. You ſhall perceiue
How you miſtake my Fortunes:
I am wealthie in my Friends.
Within there, *Flauius, Seruilius*?

Enter

Enter three Seruants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will diſpatch you ſeuerally.
You to Lord *Lucius*, to Lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted with his Honor to day; you to *Sempronius*; commend me to their loues; and I am proud ſay, that my occaſions haue found time to vſe 'em toward a ſupply of mony: let the requeſt be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you haue ſaid, my Lord.

Stew. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? Humh.

Tim. Go you ſir to the Senators;
Of whom, euen to the States beſt health; I haue
Deſeru'd this Hearing: bid 'em ſend o'th'inſtant
A thouſand Talents to me.

Ste, I haue beene bold
(For that I knew it the moſt generall way)
To them, to vſe your Signet, and your Name,
But they do ſhake their heads, and I am heere
No richer in returne.

Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

Stew. They anſwer in a ioynt and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want Treaſure cannot
Do what they would, are ſorrie: you are Honourable,
But yet they could haue wiſht, they know not,
Something hath beene amiſſe; a Noble Nature
May catch a wrench; would all were well; tis pitty,
And ſo intending other ſerious matters,
After diſtaſtefull lookes; and theſe hard Fractions
With certaine halfe-caps, and cold mouing nods,
They froze me into Silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them:
Prythee man looke cheerely. Theſe old Fellowes
Haue their ingratitude in them Hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it ſildome flowes,
'Tis lacke of kindely warmth, they are not kinde;
And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth,
Is faſhion'd for the iourney, dull and heauy.
Go to *Ventiddius* (prythee be not ſad,
Thou art true, and honeſt; Ingeniouſly I ſpeake,
No blame belongs to thee:) *Ventiddius* lately
Buried his Father, by whoſe death hee's ſtepp'd
Into a great eſtate: When he was poore,
Impriſon'd, and in ſcarſitie of Friends,
I cleer'd him with fiue Talents: Greet him from me,
Bid him ſuppoſe, ſome good neceſſity
Touches his Friend, which craues to be remembred
With thoſe fiue Talents; that had, giue't theſe Fellowes
To whom 'tis inſtant due. Neu'r ſpeake, or thinke,
That *Timons* fortunes 'mong his Friends can ſinke.

Stew. I would I could not thinke it:
That thought is Bounties Foe;
Being free it ſelfe, it thinkes all others ſo. *Exeunt*

Flaminius waiting to ſpeake with a Lord from his Maſter, enters a ſeruant to him.

Ser. I haue told my Lord of you, he is comming down to you.

Flam. I thanke you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Heere's my Lord.

Luc. One of Lord *Timons* men? A Guift I warrant. Why this hits right: I dreampt of a Siluer Baſon & Ewre to night. *Flaminius*, honeſt *Flaminius*, you are verie reſpectiuely welcome ſir. Fill me ſome Wine. And how does that Honourable, Compleate, Free-hearted Gentleman of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and Mayſter?

Flam. His health is well ſir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well ſir: and what haſt thou there vnder thy Cloake, pretty *Flaminius*?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in my Lords behalfe, I come to intreat your Honor to ſupply: who hauing great and inſtant occaſion to vſe fiftie Talents, hath ſent to your Lordſhip to furniſh him: nothing doubting your preſent aſſiſtance therein.

Luc. La, la, la, la: Nothing doubting ſayes hee? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep ſo good a houſe. Many a time and often I ha din'd with him, and told him on't, and come againe to ſupper to him of purpoſe, to haue him ſpend leſſe, and yet he wold embrace no counſell, take no warning by my comming, euery man has his fault, and honeſty is his. I ha told him on't, but I could nere get him from't.

Enter Seruant with Wine.

Ser. Pleaſe your Lordſhip, heere is the Wine.

Luc. Flaminius, I haue noted thee alwayes wiſe. Heere's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordſhip ſpeakes your pleaſure.

Luc. I haue obſerued thee alwayes for a towardlie prompt ſpirit, giue thee thy due, and one that knowes what belongs to reaſon; and canſt vſe the time wel, if the time vſe thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone ſirrah. Draw neerer honeſt *Flaminius*. Thy Lords a bountifull Gentleman, but thou art wiſe, and thou know'ſt well enough (although thou com'ſt to me) that this is no time to lend money, eſpecially vpon bare friendſhippe without ſecuritie. Here's three *Solidares* for thee, good Boy winke at me, and ſay thou ſaw'ſt mee not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't poſſible the world ſhould ſo much differ,
And we aliue that liued? Fly damned baſeneſſe
To him that worſhips thee. *Throwing away the money*

Luc. Ha? Now I ſee thou art a Foole, and fit for thy Maſter. *Exit L.*

Flam May theſe adde to the number that may ſcald thee:
Let moulten Coine be thy damnation,
Thou diſeaſe of a friend, and not himſelfe:
Has friendſhip ſuch a faint and milkie heart,
It turnes in leſſe then two nights? O you Gods!
I feele my Maſters paſſion. This Slaue vnto his Honor,
Has my Lords meate in him:
Why ſhould it thriue, and turne to Nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poyſon?
O may Diſeaſes onely worke vpon't:
And when he's ſicke to death, let not that part of Nature
Which my Lord payd for, be of any power
To expell ſickneſſe, but prolong his hower. *Exit.*

Enter Lucius, with three ſtrangers.

Luc. Who the Lord *Timon*? He is my very good friend and an Honourable Gentleman.

1 We know him for no leſſe, thogh we are but ſtrangers to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord. and which I heare from common rumours, now Lord *Timons* happie howres are done and paſt, and his eſtate ſhrinkes from him.

Lucius. Fye no, doe not beleeue it: hee cannot want for money.

2 But beleeue you this my Lord, that not long agoe, one of his men was with the Lord *Lucullus*, to borrow ſo many Talents, nay vrg'd extreamly for't, and ſhewed what

what neceſſity belong'd too't, and yet was deny'de.

Luci. How?

2 I tell you deny'de my Lord.

Luci. What a ſtrange caſe was that? Now before the Gods I am aſham'd on't. Denied that honourable man? There was verie little Honour ſhew'd in't. For my owne part, I muſt needes confeſſe, I haue receyued ſome ſmall kindneſſes from him, as Money, Plate, Iewels, and ſuch like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had hee miſtooke him, and ſent to me, I ſhould ne're haue denied his Occaſion ſo many Talents.

Enter Seruilius.

Seruil. See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I haue ſwet to ſee his Honor. My Honor'd Lord.

Lucil. Seruilius? You are kindely met ſir. Farthewell, commend me to thy Honourable vertuous Lord, my very exquiſite Friend.

Seruil. May it pleaſe your Honour, my Lord hath ſent———

Luci. Ha? what ha's he ſent? I am ſo much endeered to that Lord; hee's euer ſending: how ſhall I thank him think'ſt thou? And what has he ſent now?

Seruil. Has onely ſent his preſent Occaſion now my Lord: requeſting your Lordſhip to ſupply his inſtant vſe with ſo many Talents.

Lucil. I know his Lordſhip is but merry with me, He cannot want fifty fiue hundred Talents.

Seruil. But in the mean time he wants leſſe my Lord. If his occaſion were not vertuous, I ſhould not vrge it halfe ſo faithfully.

Luc. Doſt thou ſpeake ſeriouſly *Seruilius?*

Seruil. Vpon my ſoule 'tis true Sir.

Luci. What a wicked Beaſt was I to diſfurniſh my ſelf againſt ſuch a good time, when I might ha ſhewn my ſelfe Honourable? How vnluckily it happned, that I ſhold Purchaſe the day before for a little part, and vndo a great deale of Honour? *Seruilius*, now before the Gods I am not able to do (the more beaſt I ſay) I was ſending to vſe Lord *Timon* my ſelfe, theſe Gentlemen can witneſſe; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordſhip, and I hope his Honor will conceiue the faireſt of mee, becauſe I haue no power to be kinde. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateſt afflictions ſay, that I cannot pleaſure ſuch an Honourable Gentleman. Good *Seruilius*, will you befriend mee ſo farre, as to vſe mine owne words to him?

Ser. Yes ſir, I ſhall. *Exit Seruil.*

Lucil. Ile looke you out a good turne *Seruilius*.
True as you ſaid, *Timon* is ſhrunke indeede,
And he that's once deny'de, will hardly ſpeede. *Exit.*

1 Do you obſerue this *Hoſtilius?*

2 I, to well.

1 Why this is the worlds ſoule,
And iuſt of the ſame peece
Is euery Flatterers ſport: who can call him his Friend
That dips in the ſame diſh? For in my knowing
Timon has bin this Lords Father,
And kept his credit with his purſe:
Supported his eſtate, nay *Timons* money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne're drinkes,
But *Timons* Siluer treads vpon his Lip,
And yet, oh ſee the monſtrouſneſſe of man,
When he lookes out in an vngratefull ſhape;
He does deny him (in reſpect of his)
What charitable men afford to Beggers.

3 Religion grones at it.

1 For mine owne part, I neuer taſted *Timon* in my life
Nor came any of his bounties ouer me,
To marke me for his Friend. Yet I proteſt,
For his right Noble minde, illuſtrious Vertue,
And Honourable Carriage,
Had his neceſſity made vſe of me,
I would haue put my wealth into Donation,
And the beſt halfe ſhould haue return'd to him,
So much I loue his heart: But I perceiue,
Men muſt learne now with pitty to diſpence,
For Policy ſits aboue Conſcience. *Exeunt.*

Actus 3. Scena III.

Enter a third ſeruant with Sempronius, another of Timons Friends.

The ſame - a room in Sempronius' House m.c.

Semp. Muſt he needs trouble me in't? Hum.
'Boue all others?
He might haue tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidgius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from priſon. All theſe
Owes their eſtates vnto him. These three m.c. Hammer
Ser. My Lord, all are 32
They haue all bin touch'd, and found Baſe-Mettle,
For they haue all denied him.

Semp. How? Haue they deny'de him?
Has *Ventidgius* and *Lucullus* deny'de him,
And does he ſend to me? Three? Humh?
It ſhewes but little loue, or iudgement in him.
Muſt I be his laſt Refuge? His Friends (like Phyſitians)
Thriue, giue him ouer: Muſt I take th'Cure vpon me?
Has much diſgrac'd me in't, I'me angry at him,
That might haue knowne my place. I ſee no ſenſe for't,
But his Occaſions might haue woo'ed me firſt:
For in my conſcience, I was the firſt man
That ere receiued guift from him.
And does he thinke ſo backwardly of me now,
That Ile requite it laſt? No:
So it may proue an Argument of Laughter
To th'reſt, and 'mong'ſt Lords be thought a Foole:
I'de rather then the worth of thrice the ſumme,
Had ſent to me firſt, but for my mindes ſake:
I'de ſuch a courage to do him good. But now returne,
And with their faint reply, this anſwer ioyne;
Who bates mine Honor, ſhall not know my Coyne. *Exit*

Ser. Excellent: your Lordſhips a goodly Villain: the diuell knew not what he did, when hee made man Politicke; he croſſed himſelfe by't: and I cannot thinke, but in the end, the Villanies of man will ſet him cleere. How fairely this Lord ſtriues to appeare foule? Takes Vertuous Copies to be wicked: like thoſe, that vnder hotte ardent zeale, would ſet whole Realmes on fire, of ſuch a nature is his politike loue.
This was my Lords beſt hope, now all are fled
Saue onely the Gods. Now his Friends are dead,
Doores that were ne're acquainted with their Wards
Many a bounteous yeere, muſt be imploy'd
Now to guard ſure their Maſter:
And this is all a liberall courſe allowes,
Who cannot keepe his wealth, muſt keep his houſe. *Exit.*

Actus IV. Scena IV. The ſame a Hall in Timons House m.c.

Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to wait for his comming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortenſius.

Var. man. Well met, goodmorrow *Titus* & *Hortenſius*

Titus

Tit. The like to you kinde *Varro.*

Hort. Lucius, what do we meet together?

Luci. I, and I think one buſineſſe do's command vs all. For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luci. And ſir *Philotus* too.

Phil. Good day at once.

Luci. Welcome good Brother. What do you thinke the houre?

Phil. Labouring for Nine.

Luci. So much?

Phil. Is not my Lord ſeene yet?

Luci. Not yet.

Phil. I wonder on't, he was wont to ſhine at ſeauen.

Luci. I, but the dayes are waxt ſhorter with him: You muſt conſider, that a Prodigall courſe Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recouerable, I feare: 'Tis deepeſt Winter in Lord *Timons* purſe, that is: One may reach deepe enough, and yet finde little.

Phil. I am of your feare, for that.

Tit. Ile ſhew you how t'obſerue a ſtrange euent: Your Lord ſends now for Money?

Hort. Moſt true, he doe's.

Tit. And he weares Iewels now of *Timons* guift, For which I waite for money.

Hort. It is againſt my heart.

Luci. Marke how ſtrange it ſhowes, *Timon* in this, ſhould pay more then he owes: And e'ne as if your Lord ſhould weare rich Iewels, And ſend for money for 'em.

Hort. I'me weary of this Charge, The Gods can witneſſe: I know my Lord hath ſpent of *Timons* wealth, And now Ingratitude, makes it worſe then ſtealth.

Varro. Yes, mine's three thouſand Crownes: What's yours?

Luci. Fiue thouſand mine.

Varro. 'Tis much deepe, and it ſhould ſeem by th'ſum Your Maſters confidence was aboue mine, Elſe ſurely his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord *Timons* men.

Luc. Flaminius? Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord readie to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordſhip: pray ſignifie ſo much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knowes you are too diligent.

Enter Steward in a Cloake, muffled.

Luci. Ha: is not that his Steward muffled ſo? He goes away in a Clowd: Call him, call him.

Tit. Do you heare, ſir?

2. *Varro.* By your leaue, ſir.

Stew. What do ye aske of me, my Friend.

Tit. We waite for certaine Money heere, ſir.

Stew. I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting, 'Twere ſure enough. Why then preferr'd you not your ſummes and Billes When your falſe Maſters eate of my Lords meat? Then they could ſmile, and fawne vpon his debts, And take downe th'Intreſt into their glutt'nous Mawes. You do your ſelues but wrong, to ſtirre me vp, Let me paſſe quietly: Beleeue't, my Lord and I haue made an end, I haue no more to reckon, he to ſpend.

Luci. I, but this anſwer will not ſerue.

Stew. If't'twill not ſerue, 'tis not ſo baſe as you, For you ſerue Knaues.

1. *Varro.* How? What does his caſheer'd Worſhip mutter?

2. *Varro.* No matter what, hee's poore, and that's reuenge enough. Who can ſpeake broader, then hee that has no houſe to put his head in? Such may rayle againſt great buildings.

Enter Seruilius.

Tit. Oh heere's *Seruilius*: now wee ſhall know ſome anſwere.

Seru. If I might beſeech you Gentlemen, to repayre ſome other houre, I ſhould deriue much from't. For tak't of my ſoule, my Lord leanes wondrouſly to diſcontent: His comfortable temper has forſooke him, he's much out of health, and keepes his Chamber.

Luci. Many do keepe their Chambers, are not ſicke: And if it be ſo farre beyond his health, Me thinkes he ſhould the ſooner pay his debts, And make a cleere way to the Gods.

Seruil. Good Gods.

Titus. We cannot take this for anſwer, ſir.

Flaminius within. Seruilius helpe, my Lord, my Lord.

Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim. What, are my dores oppos'd againſt my paſſage? Haue I bin euer free, and muſt my houſe Be my retentiue Enemy? My Gaole? The place which I haue Feaſted, does it now (Like all Mankinde) ſhew me an Iron heart?

Luci. Put in now *Titus.*

Tit. My Lord, heere is my Bill.

Luci. Here's mine.

1. *Var.* And mine, my Lord.

2. *Var.* And ours, my Lord.

Philo. All our Billes.

Tim. Knocke me downe with 'em, cleaue mee to the Girdle.

Luc. Alas, my Lord.

Tim. Cut my heart in ſummes.

Tit. Mine, fifty Talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Fiue thouſand Crownes, my Lord.

Tim. Fiue thouſand drops payes that. What yours? and yours?

1. *Var.* My Lord.

2. *Var.* My Lord.

Tim. Teare me, take me, and the Gods fall vpon you.

Exit Timon.

Hort. Faith I perceiue our Maſters may throwe their caps at their money, theſe debts may well be call'd deſperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. *Exeunt.*

Enter Timon.

Timon. They haue e'ene put my breath from mee the ſlaues. Creditors? Diuels.

Stew. My deere Lord.

Tim. What if it ſhould be ſo?

Stew. My Lord.

Tim. Ile haue it ſo. My Steward?

Stew. Heere my Lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my Friends againe, *Lucius*, *Lucullus*, and *Sempronius Vllorxa*: All, Ile once more feaſt the Raſcals.

Stew. O my Lord, you onely ſpeake from your diſtracted ſoule; there's not ſo much left to furniſh out a moderate Table.

Timon.

Tim. Be it not in thy care:
Go I charge thee, inuite them all, let in the tide
Of Knaues once more: my Cooke and Ile prouide. *Exeunt*

Scene V. The same – The Senate House.

Enter three Senators at one doore, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.

1. *Sen.* My Lord, you haue my voyce, too't,
The faults Bloody:
'Tis neceſſary he ſhould dye:
Nothing imboldens ſinne ſo much, as Mercy.

2 Moſt true; the Law ſhall bruiſe 'em.

Alc. Honor, health, and compaſſion to the Senate.

1 Now Captaine.

Alc. I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;
For pitty is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants vſe it cruelly.
It pleaſes time and Fortune to lye heauie
Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath ſtept into the Law: which is paſt depth
To thoſe that (without heede) do plundge intoo't.
He is a Man (ſetting his Fate aſide) of comely Vertues,
Nor did he ſoyle the fact with Cowardice,
(And Honour in him, which buyes out his fault)
But with a Noble Fury, and faire ſpirit,
Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppoſe his Foe:
And with ſuch ſober and vnnoted paſſion
He did behooue his anger ere 'twas ſpent,
As if he had but prou'd an Argument.

1 *Sen.* You vndergo too ſtrict a Paradox,
Striuing to make an vgly deed looke faire:
Your words haue tooke ſuch paines, as if they labour'd
To bring Man-ſlaughter into forme, and ſet Quarrelling
Vpon the head of Valour; which indeede
Is Valour miſ-begot, and came into the world,
When Sects, and Factions were newly borne.
Hee's truly Valiant, that can wiſely ſuffer
The worſt that man can breath,
And make his Wrongs, his Out-ſides,
To weare them like his Rayment, careleſſely,
And ne're preferre his iniuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If Wrongs be euilles, and inforce vs kill,
What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for Ill.

Alci. My Lord.

1. *Sen.* You cannot make groſſe ſinnes looke cleare,
To reuenge is no Valour, but to beare.

Alci. My Lords, then vnder fauour, pardon me,
If I ſpeake like a Captaine.
Why do fond men expoſe themſelues to Battell,
And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpon't,
And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee
Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant
That ſtay at home, if Bearing carry it:
And the Aſſe, more Captaine then the Lyon?
The fellow loaden with Irons, wiſer then the Iudge?
If Wiſedome be in ſuffering, Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pittifully Good,
Who cannot condemne raſhneſſe in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is ſinnes extreameſt Guſt,
But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis moſt iuſt.
To be in Anger, is impietie:
But who is Man, that is not Angrie.
Weigh but the Crime with this.

2. *Sen.* You breath in vaine.

Alci. In vaine?
His ſeruice done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,
Were a ſufficient briber for his life.

1 What's that?

Alc. Why I ſay my Lords ha's done faire ſeruice,
And ſlaine in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he beare himſelfe
In the laſt Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 He has made too much plenty with him:
He's a ſworne Riotor, he has a ſinne
That often drownes him, and takes his valour priſoner.
If there were no Foes, that were enough
To ouercome him. In that Beaſtly furie,
He has bin knowne to commit outrages,
And cherriſh Factions. 'Tis inferr'd to vs,
His dayes are foule, and his drinke dangerous.

1 He dyes.

Alci. Hard fate: he might haue dyed in warre.
My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arme might purchaſe his owne time,
And be in debt to none: yet more to moue you,
Take my deſerts to his, and ioyne 'em both.
And for I know, your reuerend Ages loue Security,
Ile pawne my Victories, all my Honour to you
Vpon his good returnes.
If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
Why let the Warre receiue't in valiant gore,
For Law is ſtrict, and Warre is nothing more.

1 We are for Law, he dyes, vrge it no more
On height of our diſpleaſure: Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his owne blood, that ſpilles another.

Alc. Muſt it be ſo? It muſt not bee:
My Lords, I do beſeech you know mee.

2 How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3 What.

Alc. I cannot thinke but your Age has forgot me,
It could not elſe be, I ſhould proue ſo bace,
To ſue and be deny'de ſuch common Grace.
My wounds ake at you.

1 Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but ſpacious in effect:
We baniſh thee for euer.

Alc. Baniſh me?
Baniſh your dotage, baniſh vſurie,
That makes the Senate vgly.

1 If after two dayes ſhine, Athens containe thee,
Attend our waightier Iudgement.
And not to ſwell our Spirit,
He ſhall be executed preſently. *Exeunt.*

Alc. Now the Gods keepe you old enough,
That you may liue
Onely in bone, that none may looke on you.
I'm worſe then mad: I haue kept backe their Foes
While they haue told their Money, and let out
Their Coine vpon large intereſt. I my ſelfe,
Rich onely in large hurts. All thoſe, for this?
Is this the Balſome, that the vſuring Senat
Powres into Captaines wounds? Baniſhment.
It comes not ill: I hate not to be baniſht,
It is a cauſe worthy my Spleene and Furie,
That I may ſtrike at Athens. Ile cheere vp
My diſcontented Troopes, and lay for hearts;
'Tis Honour with moſt Lands to be at ods,
Souldiers ſhould brooke as little wrongs as Gods. *Exit.*

Enter

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Act III. Scene VI. *A magnificent Room in Timon's House. Enter diuers Friends at ſeuerall doores.* m.e.

1 The good time of day to you, ſir.

2 I alſo wiſh it to you: I thinke this Honorable Lord did but try vs this other day.

1 Vpon that were my thoughts tyring when wee encountred. I hope it is not ſo low with him as he made it ſeeme in the triall of his ſeuerall Friends.

2 It ſhould not be, by the perſwaſion of his new Feaſting.

1 I ſhou'd thinke ſo. He hath ſent mee an earneſt inuiting, which many my neere occaſions did vrge mee to put off: but he hath coniur'd mee beyond them, and I muſt needs appeare.

2 In like manner was I in debt to my importunat buſineſſe, but he would not heare my excuſe. I am ſorrie, when he ſent to borrow of mee, that my Prouiſion was out.

1 I am ſicke of that greefe too, as I vnderſtand how all things go.

2 Euery man heares ſo: what would hee haue borrowed of you?

1 A thouſand Peeces.

2 A thouſand Peeces?

1 What of you?

2 He ſent to me ſir——Heere he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how fare you?

1 Euer at the beſt, hearing well of your Lordſhip.

2 The Swallow followes not Summer more willing, then we your Lordſhip. *aside*

Tim. Nor more willingly leaues Winter, ſuch Summer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long ſtay: Feaſt your eares with the Muſicke awhile: If they will fare ſo harſhly o'th'Trumpets ſound: we ſhall too't preſently.

1 I hope it remaines not vnkindely with your Lordſhip, that I return'd you an empty Meſſenger.

Tim. O ſir, let it not trouble you.

2 My Noble Lord.

Tim. Ah my good Friend, what cheere?

The Banket brought in.

2 My moſt Honorable Lord, I am e'ne ſick of ſhame, that when your Lordſhip this other day ſent to me, I was ſo vnfortunate a Beggar. 82

Tim. Thinke not on't, ſir.

2 If you had ſent but two houres before.

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come bring in all together.

2 All couer'd Diſhes.

1 Royall Cheare, I warrant you.

3 Doubt not that, if money and the ſeaſon can yeild it

1 How do you? What's the newes?

3 *Alcibiades* is baniſh'd: heare you of it?

Both. *Alcibiades* baniſh'd?

3 'Tis ſo, be ſure of it.

1 How? How?

2 I pray you vpon what?

Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?

3 Ile tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feaſt toward

2 This is the old man ſtill.

3 Wilt hold? Wilt hold?

2 It do's: but time will, and ſo.

3 I do conceyue.

Tim. Each man to his ſtoole, with that ſpurre as hee would to the lip of his Miſtris: your dyet ſhall bee in all places alike. Make not a Citie Feaſt of it, to let the meat coole, ere we can agree vpon the firſt place. Sit, ſit. The Gods require our Thankes.

You great Benefactors, ſprinkle our Society with Thankefulneſſe. For your owne guifts, make your ſelues prais'd: But reſerue ſtill to giue, leaſt your Deities be deſpiſed. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forſake the Gods. Make the Meate be beloued, more then the Man that giues it. Let no Aſſembly of Twenty, be without a ſcore of Villaines. If there ſit twelue Women at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as they are. The reſt of your Fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common legge of People, what is amiſſe in them, you Gods, make ſuteable for deſtruction. For theſe my preſent Friends, as they are to mee nothing, ſo in nothing bleſſe them, and to nothing are they welcome. Vncouer Dogges, and lap.

Some ſpeake. What do's his Lordſhip meane?

Some other. I know not.

Timon. May you a better Feaſt neuer behold
You knot of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, & lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is *Timons* laſt,
Who ſtucke and ſpangled you with Flatteries,
Waſhes it off, and ſprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany. Liue loath'd, and long
Moſt ſmiling, ſmooth, deteſted Paraſites,
Curteous Deſtroyers, affable Wolues, meeke Beares:
You Fooles of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times Flyes,
Cap and knee-Slaues, vapours, and Minute Iackes.
Of Man and Beaſt, the infinite Maladie
Cruſt you quite o're. What do'ſt thou go?
Soft, take thy Phyſicke firſt; thou too, and thou:
Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.
What? All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feaſt,
Whereat a Villaine's not a welcome Gueſt.
Burne houſe, ſinke Athens, henceforth hated be
Of *Timon* Man, and all Humanity. *Exit*

Throwing the water in their faces m.e.

Throwing the dishes & platters m.e.

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

1 How now, my Lords?

2 Know you the quality of Lord *Timons* fury?

3 Puſh, did you ſee my Cap?

4 I haue loſt my Gowne.

1 He's but a mad Lord, & nought but humors ſwaies him. He gaue me a Iewell th'other day, and now hee has beate it out of my hat.
Did you ſee my Iewell?

2 Did you ſee my Cap.

3 Heere 'tis.

4 Heere lyes my Gowne.

1 Let's make no ſtay.

2 Lord *Timons* mad.

3 I feel't vpon my bones.

4 One day he giues vs Diamonds, next day ſtones.

Act IV. Scene I. *Exeunt the Senators.*

Enter Timon, without the Walls of Athens m.e

Tim. Let me looke backe vpon thee. O thou Wall
That girdles in thoſe Wolues, diue in the earth,
And fence not Athens. Matrons, turne incontinent,
Obedience fayle in Children: Slaues and Fooles

Plucke the graue wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minister in their steeds, to generall Filthes.
Conuert o'th'Instant greene Virginity,
Doo't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast
Rather then render backe; out with your Knines,
And cut your Trusters throates. Bound Seruants, steale,
Large-handed Robbers your graue Masters are,
And pill by Law. Maide, to thy Masters bed,
Thy Mistris is o'th'Brothell. Some of sixteen, Some 32
Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
With it, beate out his Braines. Piety, and Feare,
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Iustice, Truth,
Domesticke awe, Night-rest, and Neighbour-hood,
Instruction, Manners, Mysteries, and Trades,
Degrees, Obseruances, Customes, and Lawes,
Decline to your confounding contraries.
And yet Confusion liue: Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious Feauors, heape
On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold Sciatica,
Cripple our Senators, that their limbes may halt
As lamely as their Manners. Lust, and Libertie
Creepe in the Mindes and Marrowes of our youth,
That 'gainst the streame of Vertue they may striue,
And drowne themselues in Riot. Itches, Blaines,
Sowe all th'Athenian bosomes, and their crop
Be generall Leprosie: Breath, infect breath,
That their Society (as their Friendship) may
Be meerely poyson. Nothing Ile beare from thee
But nakednesse, thou detestable Towne,
Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall finde
Th'vnkindest Beast, more kinder then Mankinde.
The Gods confound (heare me you good Gods all)
Th'Athenians both within and out that Wall:
And graunt as *Timon* growes, his hate may grow
To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low.
Amen. Act IV. *Exit.*

Scene 1. Athens. A Room in Timons House. m. c.

Enter Steward with two or three Seruants.

Master 32

1 Heare you M. Steward, where's our Master?
Are we vndone, cast off, nothing remaining?

Stew. Alack my Fellowes, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
I am as poore as you.

1 Such a House broke?
So Noble a Master falne, all gone, and not
One Friend to take his Fortune by the arme,
And go along with him.

2 As we do turne our backes
From our Companion, throwne into his graue,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Slinke all away, leaue their false vowes with him
Like empty purses pickt; and his poore selfe
A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre,
With his disease, of all shunn'd pouerty,
Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.

Enter other Seruants.

Stew. All broken Implements of a ruin'd house.

3 Yet do our hearts weare *Timons* Liuery,
That see I by our Faces: we are Fellowes still,
Seruing alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our Barke,
And we poore Mates, stand on the dying Decke,
Hearing the Surges threat: we must all part
Into this Sea of Ayre.

Stew. Good Fellowes all,
The latest of my wealth Ile share among'st you.
Where euer we shall meete, for *Timons* sake,
Let's yet be Fellowes. Let's shake our heads, and say
As 'twere a Knell vnto our Masters Fortunes, giuing them money
We haue seene better dayes. Let each take some:
Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more,
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poore.

Embrace and part seuerall wayes.

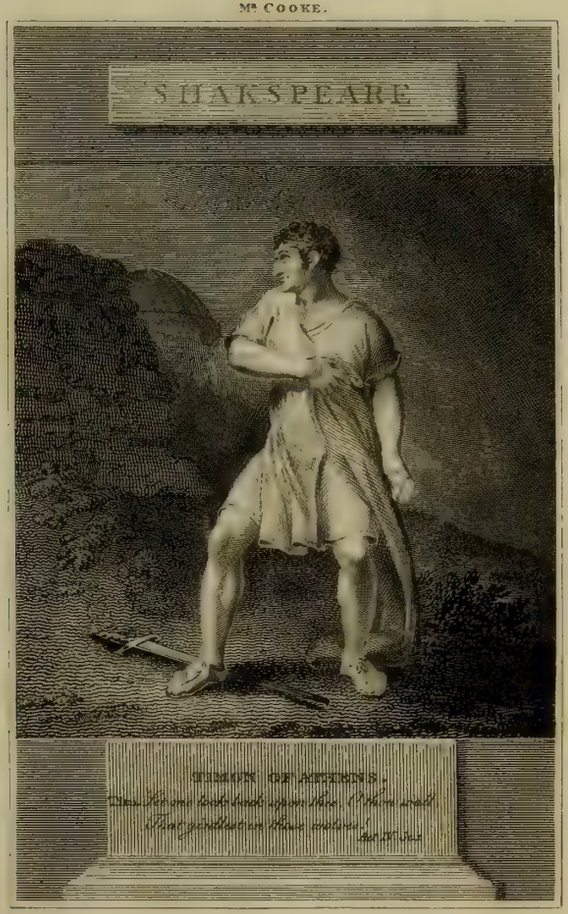
Oh the fierce wretchednesse that Glory brings vs!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with Glory, or to liue
But in a Dreame of Friendship,
To haue his pompe, and all what state compounds,
But onely painted like his varnisht Friends:
Poore honest Lord, brought lowe by his owne heart,
Vndone by Goodnesse: Strange vnusuall blood,
When mans worst sinne is, He do's too much Good.
Who then dares to be halfe so kinde agen?
For Bounty that makes Gods, do still marre Men.
My deerest Lord, blest to be most accurst,
Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
Are made thy cheefe Afflictions. Alas (kinde Lord)
Hee's flung in Rage from this ingratefull Seate
Of monstrous Friends:
Nor ha's he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it:
Ile follow and enquire him out.
Ile euer serue his minde, with my best will,
Whilst I haue Gold, Ile be his Steward still. *Exit.*

Enter Timon in the woods.

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity: below thy Sisters Orbe
Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarse is diuidant; touch them with seuerall fortunes,
The greater scornes the lesser. Not Nature
(To whom all sores lay siege) can beare great Fortune
But by contempt of Nature.
Raise me this Begger, and deny't that Lord,
The Senators shall beare contempt Hereditary,
The Begger Native Honor.
It is the Pastour Lards, the Brothers sides,
The want that makes him leaue: who dares? who dares
In puritie of Manhood stand vpright
And say, this mans a Flatterer. If one be,
So are they all: for euerie grize of Fortune
Is smooth'd by that below. The Learned pate
Duckes to the Golden Foole. All's obliquie:
There'snothing leuell in our curs'd Natures
But direct villanie. Therefore be abhorr'd,
All Feasts, Societies, and Throngs of men.
His semblable, yea himselfe *Timon* disdaines,
Destruction phang mankinde; Earth yeeld me Rootes,
Who seekes for better of thee, sawce his pallate
With thy most operant Poyson. What is heere?
Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
No Gods, I am no idle Votarist,
Roots you cleere Heauens. Thus much of this will make
Blacke, white; fowle, faire; wrong, right;
Base, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.
Ha you Gods! why this? what this, you Gods? why this
Will lugge your Priests and Seruants from your sides:
Plucke stout mens pillowes from below their heads.

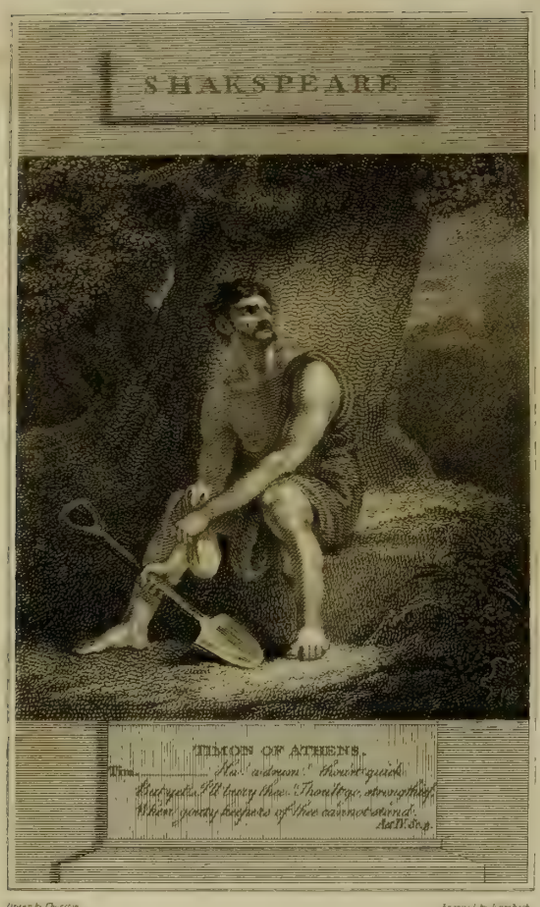
This

Mr. COOKE.



Drawn by De Wilde. Engraved by Warren.

London Published by the Proprietors, May 15 1803


SHAKSPEARE
TIMON OF ATHENS.
Tim. Ha! a drum! Thou'rt quick
But yet I'll bury thee. Thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.
Act IV. Sc. 3.

Drawn by Thurston. Engraved by Fairbach.

Published as the Act directs 1st April 1786.

Mr. KEMBLE in TIMON.

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand Sept. 21. 1785.

This yellow Slaue,
Will knit and breake Religions, bleſſe th'accurſt,
Make the hoare Leproſie ador'd, place Theeues,
And giue them Title, knee, and approbation
With Senators on the Bench: This is it
That makes the wappen'd Widdow wed againe;
Shee, whom the Spittle-houſe, and vlcerous fores,
Would caſt the gorge at. This Embalmes and Spices
To'th'Aprill day againe. Come damn'd Earth,
Thou common whore of Mankinde, that puttes odds
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
Do thy right Nature. *March afarre off.*
Ha? A Drumme? Th'art quicke,
But yet Ile bury thee: Thou'lt go (ſtrong Theefe)
When Gowty keepers of thee cannot ſtand:
Nay ſtay thou out for earneſt.

Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Fife in warlike manner, and Phrynia and Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? ſpeake.
Tim. A Beaſt as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy hart
For ſhewing me againe the eyes of Man.
Alc. What is thy name? Is man ſo hatefull to thee,
That art thy ſelfe a Man?
Tim. I am *Miſantropos*, and hate Mankinde.
For thy part, I do wiſh thou wert a dogge,
That I might loue thee ſomething.
Alc. I know thee well:
But in thy Fortunes am vnlearn'd, and ſtrange.
Tim. I know thee too, and more then that I know thee
I not deſire to know. Follow thy Drumme,
With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
Religious Cannons, ciuill Lawes are cruell,
Then what ſhould warre be? This fell whore of thine,
Hath in her more deſtruction then thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin looke.
Phrin. Thy lips rot off.
Tim. I will not kiſſe thee, then the rot returnes
To thine owne lippes againe.
Alc. How came the Noble *Timon* to this change?
Tim. As the Moone do's, by wanting light to giue:
But then renew I could not like the Moone,
There were no Sunnes to borrow of.
Alc. Noble *Timon*, what friendſhip may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to maintaine my opinion.
Alc. What is it *Timon?*
Tim. Promiſe me Friendſhip, but performe none.
If thou wilt not promiſe, the Gods plague thee, for thou
art a man: if thou do'ſt performe, confound thee, for
thou art a man.
Alc. I haue heard in ſome ſort of thy Miſeries.
Tim. Thou ſaw'ſt them when I had proſperitie.
Alc. I ſee them now, then was a bleſſed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.
Timan. Is this th'Athenian Minion, whom the world
Voic'd ſo regardfully?
Tim. Art thou *Timandra?* *Timan.* Yes.
Tim. Be a whore ſtill, they loue thee not that vſe thee,
giue them diſeaſes, leauing with thee their Luſt. Make
vſe of thy ſalt houres, ſeaſon the ſlaues for Tubbes and
Bathes, bring downe Roſe-cheekt youth to the Fubfaſt,
and the Diet.
Timan. Hang thee Monſter.
Alc. Pardon him ſweet *Timandra*, for his wits
Are drown'd and loſt in his Calamities.
I haue but little Gold of late, braue *Timon*,
The want whereof, doth dayly make reuolt
In my penurious Band. I haue heard and greeu'd
How curſed Athens, mindeleſſe of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour ſtates
But for thy Sword and Fortune trod vpon them.
Tim. I prythee beate thy Drum, and get thee gone.
Alc. I am thy Friend, and pitty thee deere *Timon.*
Tim. How doeſt thou pitty him whom y^u^ doſt troble,
I had rather be alone.
Alc. Why fare thee well:
Heere is ſome Gold for thee.
Tim. Keepe it, I cannot eate it.
Alc. When I haue laid proud Athens on a heape.
Tim. Warr'ſt thou 'gainſt Athens.
Alc. I *Timon*, and haue cauſe.
Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conqueſt,
And thee after, when thou haſt Conquer'd.
Alc. Why me, *Timon?*
Tim. That by killing of Villaines
Thou was't borne to conquer my Country.
Put vp thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold, go on;
Be as a Plannetary plague, when Ioue
Will o're ſome high-Vic'd City, hang his poyſon
In the ſicke ayre: let not thy ſword skip one:
Pitty not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Vſurer. Strike me the counterfet Matron,
It is her habite onely, that is honeſt,
Her ſelfe's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheeke
Make ſoft thy trenchant Sword: for thoſe Milke pappes
That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,
Are not within the Leafe of pitty writ,
But ſet them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe
Whoſe dimpled ſmiles from Fooles exhauſt their mercy;
Thinke it a Baſtard, whom the Oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat ſhall cut,
And mince it ſans remorſe. Sweare againſt Obiects,
Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,
Whoſe proofe, nor yels of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes,
Nor ſight of Prieſts in holy Veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce a iot. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers,
Make large confuſion: and thy fury ſpent,
Confounded be thy ſelfe. Speake not, be gone.
Alc. Haſt thou Gold yet, Ile take the Gold thou gi-
ueſt me, not all thy Counſell.
Tim. Doſt thou or doſt thou not, Heauens curſe vpon
thee.
Both. Giue vs ſome Gold good *Timon*, haſt y^u^ more?
Tim. Enough to make a Whore forſweare her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold vp you Sluts
Your Aprons mountant; you are not Othable,
Although I know you'l ſweare, terribly ſweare
Into ſtrong ſhudders, and to heauenly Agues
Th'immortall Gods that heare you. Spare your Oathes:
Ile truſt to your Conditions, be whores ſtill.
And he whoſe pious breath ſeekes to conuert you,
Be ſtrong in Whore, allure him, burne him vp,
Let your cloſe fire predominate his ſmoke,
And be no turne-coats: yet may your paines ſix months
Be quite contrary, And Thatch
Your poore thin Roofes with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter:
Weare them, betray with them; Whore ſtill,
Paint till a horſe may myre vpon your face:
A pox of wrinkles.
Both. Well, more Gold, what then?

Beleeue't that wee'l do any thing for Gold.
Tim. Conſumptions ſowe
In hollow bones of man, ſtrike their ſharpe ſhinnes,
And marre mens ſpurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,
That he may neuer more falſe Title pleade,
Nor ſound his Quillets ſhrilly: Hoare the Flamen,
That ſcold'ſt againſt the quality of fleſh,
And not beleeues himſelfe. Downe with the Noſe,
Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foreſee (bald
Smels from the generall weale. Make curld'pate Ruffians
And let the vnſcarr'd Braggerts of the Warre
Deriue ſome paine from you. Plague all,
That your Actiuity may defeate and quell
The ſourſe of all Erection. There's more Gold.
Do you damne others, and let this damne you,
And ditches graue you all.
Both. More counſell with more Money, bounteous *Timon.*
Tim. More whore, more Miſcheefe firſt, I haue giuen you earneſt.
Alc. Strike vp the Drum towardes Athens, farewell *Timon*: if I thriue well, Ile viſit thee againe.
Tim. If I hope well, Ile neuer ſee thee more.
Alc. I neuer did thee harme.
Tim. Yes, thou ſpok'ſt well of me.
Alc. Call'ſt thou that harme?
Tim. Men dayly finde it. Get thee away,
And take thy Beagles with thee.
Alc. We but offend him, ſtrike. *Exeunt.*
Tim. That Nature being ſicke of mans vnkindneſſe
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whoſe wombe vnmeaſureable, and infinite breſt
Teemes and feeds all: whoſe ſelfeſame Mettle
Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puft,
Engenders the blacke Toade, and Adder blew,
The gilded Newt, and eyeleſſe venom'd Worme,
With all th'abhorred Births below Criſpe Heauen,
Whereon *Hyperions* quickning fire doth ſhine:
Yeeld him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate, doth me
From foorth thy plenteous boſome, one poore roote:
Enſeare thy Fertile and Conceptious wombe,
Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.
Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolues, and Beares,
Teeme with new Monſters, whom thy vpward face
Hath to the Marbled Manſion all aboue
Neuer preſented. O, a Root, deare thankes:
Dry vp thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,
Whereof ingratefull man with Licouriſh draughts
And Morſels Vnctious, greaſes his pure minde,
That from it all Conſideration ſlippes——

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, plague.
Ape. I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou doſt affect my Manners, and doſt vſe them.
Tim. 'Tis then, becauſe thou doſt not keepe a dogge
Whom I would imitate. Conſumption catch thee.
Ape. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poore vnmanly Melancholly ſprung
From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slaue-like Habit, and theſe lookes of Care?
Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drinke Wine, lye ſoft,
Hugge their diſeas'd Perfumes, and haue forgot
That euer *Timon* was. Shame not theſe Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatterer now, and ſeeke to thriue
By that which ha's vndone thee; hindge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obſerue
Blow off thy Cap: praiſe his moſt vicious ſtraine,
And call it excellent: thou waſt told thus: bid
Thou gau'ſt thine eares (like Tapſters, that bad welcom)
To Knaues, and all approachers: 'Tis moſt iuſt
That thou turne Raſcall, had'ſt thou wealth againe,
Raſcals ſhould haue't. Do not aſſume my likeneſſe.
Tim. Were I like thee, I'de throw away my ſelfe.
Ape. Thou haſt caſt away thy ſelfe, being like thy ſelf
A Madman ſo long, now a Foole: what think'ſt
That the bleake ayre, thy boyſterous Chamberlaine
Will put thy ſhirt on warme? Will theſe moyſt Trees,
That haue out-liu'd the Eagle, page thy heeles
And skip when thou point'ſt out? Will the cold brooke
Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning taſte
To cure thy o're-nights ſurfet? Call the Creatures,
Whoſe naked Natures liue in all the ſpight
Of wrekefull Heauen, whoſe bare vnhouſed Trunkes,
To the conflicting Elements expos'd
Anſwer meere Nature: bid them flatter thee.
O thou ſhalt finde.
Tim. A Foole of thee: depart.
Ape. I loue thee better now, then ere I did.
Tim. I hate thee worſe.
Ape. Why?
Tim. Thou flatter'ſt miſery.
Ape. I flatter not, but ſay thou art a Caytiffe.
Tim. Why do'ſt thou ſeeke me out?
Ape. To vex thee.
Tim. Alwayes a Villaines Office, or a Fooles.
Doſt pleaſe thy ſelfe in't?
Ape. I.
Tim. What, a Knaue too?
Ape. If thou did'ſt put this ſowre cold habit on
To caſtigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Doſt it enforcedly: Thou'dſt Courtier be againe
Wert thou not Beggar: willing miſery
Out-liues: incertaine pompe, is crown'd before:
The one is filling ſtill, neuer compleat:
The other, at high wiſh: beſt ſtate Contentleſſe,
Hath a diſtracted and moſt wretched being,
Worſe then the worſt, Content.
Thou ſhould'ſt deſire to dye, being miſerable.
Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miſerable.
Thou art a Slaue, whom Fortunes tender arme
With fauour neuer claſpt: but bred a Dogge.
Had'ſt thou like vs from our firſt ſwath proceeded,
The ſweet degrees that this breefe world affords,
To ſuch as may the paſſiue drugges of it
Freely command'ſt: thou would'ſt haue plung'd thy ſelf
In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth
In different beds of Luſt, and neuer learn'd
The Icie precepts of reſpect, but followed
The Sugred game before thee. But my ſelfe,
Who had the world as my Confectionarie,
The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
At duty more then I could frame employment;
That numberleſſe vpon me ſtucke, as leaues
Do on the Oake, haue with one Winters bruſh
Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare,
For euery ſtorme that blowes. I to beare this,
That neuer knew but better, is ſome burthen:
Thy Nature, did commence in ſufferance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why ſhould'ſt y hate Men?
They neuer flatter'd thee. What haſt thou giuen?

If thou wilt curſe; thy Father (that poore ragge)
Muſt be thy ſubiect; who in ſpight put ſtuffe
To ſome ſhee-Begger, and compounded thee
Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,
If thou hadſt not bene borne the worſt of men,
Thou hadſt bene a Knaue and Flatterer.

Ape. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. I, that I am not thee.

Ape. I, that I was no Prodigall.

Tim. I, that I am one now.
Were all the wealth I haue ſhut vp in thee,
I'ld giue thee leaue to hang it. Get thee gone:
That the whole life of Athens were in this,
Thus would I eate it. *eating a root m.c.*

Ape. Heere, I will mend thy Feaſt. *offering him something m.c.*

Tim. Firſt mend thy company, take away thy ſelfe.

Ape. So I ſhall mend mine owne, by'th'lacke of thine

Tim. 'Tis not well mended ſo, it is but botcht;
If not, I would it were.

Ape. What would'ſt thou haue to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlewind: if thou wilt,
Tell them there I haue Gold, looke, ſo I haue.

Ape. Heere is no vſe for Gold.

Tim. The beſt, and trueſt:
For heere it ſleepes, and do's no hyred harme.

Ape. Where lyeſt a nights *Timon*?

Tim. Vnder that's aboue me.
Where feed'ſt thou a-dayes *Apemantus*?

Ape. Where my ſtomacke findes meate, or rather where I eate it.

Tim. Would poyſon were obedient, & knew my mind

Ape. Where would'ſt thou ſend it?

Tim. To ſawce thy diſhes.

Ape. The middle of Humanity thou neuer kneweſt, but the extremitie of both ends. When thou waſt in thy Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much Curioſitie: in thy Ragges thou know'ſt none, but art deſpis'd for the contrary. There's a medler for thee, eate it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Ape. Do'ſt hate a Medler?

Tim. I, though it looke like thee.

Ape. And th'hadſt hated Medlers ſooner, y^u^ ſhould'ſt haue loued thy ſelfe better now. What man didd'ſt thou euer know vnthriſt, that was beloued after his meanes?

Tim. Who without thoſe meanes thou talk'ſt of, didſt thou euer know belou'd?

Ape. My ſelfe.

Tim. I vnderſtand thee: thou had'ſt ſome meanes to keepe a Dogge.

Apem. What things in the world canſt thou neereſt compare to thy Flatterers?

Tim. Women neereſt, but men: men are the things themſelues. What would'ſt thou do with the world *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?

Ape. Giue it the Beaſts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'ſt thou haue thy ſelfe fall in the confuſion of men, and remaine a Beaſt with the Beaſts.

Ape. I *Timon*.

Tim. A beaſtly Ambition, which the Goddes graunt thee t'attaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would eate thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would ſuſpect thee, when peraduenture thou wert accus'd by the Aſſe: If thou wert the Aſſe, thy dulneſſe would torment thee; and ſtill thou liu'dſt but as a Breakefaſt to the Wolfe. If thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedineſſe would afflict thee, & oft thou ſhould'ſt hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the Vnicorne, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine owne ſelfe the conqueſt of thy fury. Wert thou a Beare, thou would'ſt be kill'd by the Horſe: wert thou a Horſe, thou would'ſt be feaz'd by the Leopard: wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the Lion, and the ſpottes of thy Kindred, were Iurors on thy life. All thy ſafety were remotion, and thy defence abſence. What Beaſt could'ſt thou bee, that were not ſubiect to a Beaſt: and what a Beaſt are thou already, that ſeeſt not thy loſſe in transformation.

Ape. If thou could'ſt pleaſe me
With ſpeaking to me, thou might'ſt
Haue hit vpon it heere.
The Commonwealth of Athens, is become
A Forreſt of Beaſts.

Tim. How ha's the Aſſe broke the wall, that thou art out of the Citie.

Ape. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter:
The plague of Company light vpon thee:
I will feare to catch it, and giue way.
When I know not what elſe to do,
Ile ſee thee againe.

Tim. When there is nothing liuing but thee,
Thou ſhalt be welcome.
I had rather be a Beggers Dogge,
Then *Apemantus*.

Ape. Thou art the Cap
Of all the Fooles aliue.

Tim. Would thou wert cleane enough
To ſpit vpon.

Ape. A plague on thee,
Thou art too bad to curſe.

Tim. All Villaines
That do ſtand by thee, are pure.

Ape. There is no Leproſie,
But what thou ſpeak'ſt.

Tim. If I name thee, Ile beate thee;
But I ſhould infect my hands.

Ape. I would my tongue
Could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou iſſue of a mangie dogge,
Choller does kill me,
That thou art aliue, I ſwoond to ſee thee.

Ape. Would thou would'ſt burſt.

Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am ſorry I ſhall loſe a ſtone by thee. *throws a Stone at him - m.c.*

Ape. Beaſt.

Tim. Slaue.

Ape. Toad.

Tim. Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.
I am ſicke of this falſe world, and will loue nought
But euen the meere neceſſities vpon't:
Then *Timon* preſently prepare thy graue:
Lye where the light Fome of the Sea may beate
Thy graue ſtone dayly, make thine Epitaph,
That death in me, at others liues may laugh.
O thou ſweete King-killer, and deare diuorce *looking on the Gold m.c.*
Twixt naturall Sunne and Fire: thou bright defiler
Of *Himens* pureſt bed, thou valiant Mars,
Thou euer, yong, freſh, loued, and delicate wooer,
Whoſe bluſh doth thawe the conſecrated Snow
That lyes on Dians lap.
Thou viſible God,
That ſouldreſt cloſe Impoſſibilities,
And mak'ſt them kiſſe; that ſpeak'ſt with euerie Tongue

To euerie purpoſe: O thou touch of hearts,
Thinke thy ſlaue-man rebels, and by thy vertue
Set them into confounding oddes, that Beaſts
May haue the world in Empire.
Ape. Would 'twere ſo,
But not till I am dead. Ile ſay th'haſt Gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd too ſhortly.
Tim. Throng'd too?
Ape. I.
Tim. Thy backe I prythee.
Ape. Liue, and loue thy miſery.
Tim. Long liue ſo, and ſo dye. I am quit.
Ape. Mo things like men,
Eate *Timon*, and abhorre then. *Exit Apeman.*

Enter the Bandetti. Theues &c.

1 Where ſhould he haue this Gold? It is ſome poore Fragment, ſome ſlender Ort of his remainder: the meere want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friendes, droue him into this Melancholly.
2 It is nois'd
He hath a maſſe of Treaſure.
3 Let vs make the aſſay vpon him, if he care not for't, he will ſupply vs eaſily: if he couetouſly reſerue it, how ſhall's get it?
2 True: for he beares it not about him:
'Tis hid.
1 Is not this hee?
All. Where?
2 'Tis his deſcription.
3 He? I know him.
All. Saue thee *Timon.*
Tim. Now Theeues.
All. Soldiers, not Theeues.
Tim. Both too, and womens Sonnes.
All. We are not Theeues, but men
That much do want.
Tim. Your greateſt want is, you want much of meat:
Why ſhould you want? Behold, the Earth hath Rootes:
Within this Mile breake forth a hundred Springs:
The Oakes beare Maſt, the Briars Scarlet Heps,
The bounteous Huſwife Nature, on each buſh,
Layes her full Meſſe before you. Want? why Want?
1 We cannot liue on Graſſe, on Berries, Water,
As Beaſts, and Birds, and Fiſhes.
Ti. Nor on the Beaſts themſelues, the Birds & Fiſhes,
You muſt eate men. Yet thankes I muſt you con,
That you are Theeues profeſt: that you worke not
In holier ſhapes: For there is boundleſſe Theft
In limited profeſſions. Raſcall Theeues
Heere's Gold. Go, ſucke the ſubtle blood o'th'Grape,
Till the high Feauor ſeeth your blood to froth,
And ſo ſcape hanging. Truſt not the Phyſitian,
His Antidotes are poyſon, and he ſlayes
Moe then you Rob: Take wealth, and liues together,
Do Villaine do, ſince you proteſt to doo't.
Like Workemen, Ile example you with Theeuery:
The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great attraction
Robbes the vaſte Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe,
And her pale fire, ſhe ſnatches from the Sunne.
The Seas a Theefe, whoſe liquid Surge, reſolues
The Moone into Salt teares. The Earth's a Theefe,
That feeds and breeds by a compoſture ſtolne
From gen'rall excrement: each thing's a Theefe.
The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power
Ha's vncheck'd Theft. Loue not your ſelues, away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,
All that you meete are Theeues: to Athens go,
Breake open ſhoppes, nothing can you ſteale
But Theeues do looſe it: ſteale leſſe, for this I giue you,
And Gold confound you howſoere: Amen.
3 Has almoſt charm'd me from my Profeſſion, by perſwading me to it.
1 'Tis in the malice of mankinde, that he thus aduiſes vs not to haue vs thriue in our myſtery.
2 Ile beleeue him as an Enemy,
And giue ouer my Trade.
1 Let vs firſt ſee peace in Athens, there is no time ſo miſerable, but a man may be true. *Exit Theeues.*

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods!
Is yon'd deſpis'd and ruinous man my Lord?
Full of decay and fayling? Oh Monument
And wonder of good deeds, euilly beſtow'd!
What an alteration of Honor has deſp'rate want made?
What vilder thing vpon the earth, then Friends,
Who can bring Nobleſt mindes, to baſeſt ends.
How rarely does it meete with this times guiſe,
When man was wiſht to loue his Enemies:
Grant I may euer loue, and rather woo
Thoſe that would miſcheeſe me, then thoſe that doo.
Has caught me in his eye, I will preſent my honeſt griefe vnto him; and as my Lord, ſtill ſerue him with my life.
My deereſt Maſter.
Tim. Away: what art thou?
Stew. Haue you forgot me, Sir?
Tim. Why doſt aske that? I haue forgot all men.
Then, if thou grunt'ſt, th'art a man.
I haue forgot thee.
Stew. An honeſt poore ſeruant of yours.
Tim. Then I know thee not:
I neuer had honeſt man about me, I all
I kept were Knaues, to ſerue in meate to Villaines.
Stew. The Gods are witneſſe,
Neu'r did poore Steward weare a truer greefe
For his vndone Lord, then mine eyes for you.
Tim. What, doſt thou weepe?
Come neerer, then I loue thee
Becauſe thou art a woman, and diſclaim'ſt
Flinty mankinde: whoſe eyes do neuer giue,
But thorow Luſt and Laughter: pittie's ſleeping:
Strange times y weepe with laughing, not with weeping.
Stew. I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,
T'accept my greefe, and whil'ſt this poore wealth laſts,
To entertaine me as your Steward ſtill.
Tim. Had I a Steward
So true, ſo iuſt, and now ſo comfortable?
It almoſt turnes my dangerous Nature wilde.
Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man
Was borne of woman.
Forgiue my generall, and exceptleſſe raſhneſſe
You perpetuall ſober Gods. I do proclaime
One honeſt man: Miſtake me not, but one:
No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.
How faine would I haue hated all mankinde,
And thou redeem'ſt thy ſelfe. But all ſaue thee,
I fell with Curſes.
Me thinkes thou art more honeſt now, then wiſe:
For, by oppreſſing and betraying mee,

Thou

x "The punctuation is exactly the same in 1623 but both erroneous and the sense imperfect see my notes" D^r Ihnum

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Act IV. *Scene V.*

E. Edwards del. *W. Byrne sculp.*

—There's a Medlar for thee eat it.

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TIMON of Athens. Act, 4. Sc, 4.

Thou might'ſt haue ſooner got another Seruice:
For many ſo arriue at ſecond Maſters,
Vpon their firſt Lords necke. But tell me true,
(For I muſt euer doubt, though ne're ſo ſure)
Is not thy kindneſſe ſubtle, couetous,
If not a Vſuring kindneſſe, and as rich men deale Guifts,
Expecting in returne twenty for one?

Stew. No my moſt worthy Maſter, in whoſe breſt
Doubt, and ſuſpect (alas) are plac'd too late:
You ſhould haue fear'd falſe times, when you did Feaſt.
Suſpect ſtill comes, where an eſtate is leaſt.
That which I ſhew, Heauen knowes, is meerely Loue,
Dutie, and Zeale, to your vnmatched minde;
Care of your Food and Liuing, and beleeue it,
My moſt Honour'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to mee,
Either in hope, or preſent, I'de exchange
For this one wiſh, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich your ſelfe.

Tim. Looke thee, 'tis ſo: thou ſingly honeſt man,
Heere take: the Gods out of my miſerie
Ha's ſent thee Treaſure. Go, liue rich and happy,
But thus condition'd: Thou ſhalt build from men:
Hate all, curſe all, ſhew Charity to none,
But let the famiſht fleſh ſlide from the Bone,
Ere thou releeue the Begger. Giue to dogges
What thou denyeſt to men. Let Priſons ſwallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blaſted woods
And may Diſeaſes licke vp their falſe bloods,
And ſo farewell, and thriue.

Stew. O let me ſtay, and comfort you, my Maſter.

Tim. If thou hat'ſt Curſes
Stay not: flye, whil'ſt thou art bleſt and free:
Ne're ſee thou man, and let me ne're ſee thee. *Exit*

Act V. Scene 1. The same before Timon's cave. m.c.

Enter Poet, and Painter.

Pain. As I tooke note of the place, it cannot be farre where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him?
Does the Rumor hold for true,
That hee's ſo full of Gold?

Painter. Certaine.
Alcibiades reports it: *Phrinica* and *Timandylo*
Had Gold of him. He likewiſe enrich'd
Poore ſtragling Souldiers, with great quantity.
'Tis ſaide, he gaue vnto his Steward
A mighty ſumme.

Poet. Then this breaking of his,
Ha's beene but a Try for his Friends?

Painter. Nothing elſe:
You ſhall ſee him a Palme in Athens againe,
And flouriſh with the higheſt:
Therefore, 'tis not amiſſe, we tender our loues
To him, in this ſuppos'd diſtreſſe of his:
It will ſhew honeſtly in vs,
And is very likely, to loade our purpoſes
With what they trauaile for,
If it be a iuſt and true report, that goes
Of his hauing.

Poet. What haue you now
To preſent vnto him?

Painter. Nothing at this time
But my Viſitation: onely I will promiſe him
An excellent Peece.

Poet. I muſt ſerue him ſo too;
Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him.

Painter. Good as the beſt.
Promiſing, is the verie Ayre o'th'Time;
It opens the eyes of Expectation.
Performance, is euer the duller for his acte,
And but in the plainer and ſimpler kinde of people,
The deede of Saying is quite out of vſe.
To Promiſe, is moſt Courtly and faſhionable;
Performance, is a kinde of Will or Teſtament
Which argues a great ſickneſſe in his iudgement
That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Caue.

Timon. Excellent Workeman,
Thou canſt not paint a man ſo badde
As is thy ſelfe.

Poet. I am thinking
What I ſhall ſay I haue prouided for him:
It muſt be a perſonating of himſelfe:
A Satyre againſt the ſoftneſſe of Proſperity,
With a Diſcouerie of the infinite Flatteries
That follow youth and opulencie.

Timon. Muſt thou needes
Stand for a Villaine in thine owne Worke?
Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men?
Do ſo, I haue Gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's ſeeke him.
Then do we ſinne againſt our owne eſtate,
When we may profit meete, and come too late.

Painter. True:
When the day ſerues before blacke-corner'd night;
Finde what thou want'ſt, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. Ile meete you at the turne:
What a Gods Gold, that he is worſhipt
In a baſer Temple, then where Swine feede?
'Tis thou that rigg'ſt the Barke, and plow'ſt the Fome,
Setleſt admired reuerence in a Slaue,
To thee be worſhipt, and thy Saints for aye:
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obay.
Fit I meet them. [advancing m.c.

Poet. Haile worthy *Timon.*

Pain. Our late Noble Maſter.

Timon. Haue I once liu'd
To ſee two honeſt men?

Poet. Sir:
Hauing often of your open Bounty taſted,
Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends falne off,
Whoſe thankeleſſe Natures (O abhorred Spirits)
Not all the Whippes of Heauen, are large enough.
What, to you,
Whoſe Starre-like Nobleneſſe gaue life and influence
To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot couer
The monſtrous bulke of this Ingratitude
With any ſize of words.

Timon. Let it go,
Naked men may ſee't the better:
You that are honeſt, by being what you are,
Make them beſt ſeene, and knowne.

Pain. He, and my ſelfe
Haue trauail'd in the great ſhowre of your guifts,
And ſweetly felt it.

Timon. I, you are honeſt man.

Painter. We are hither come
To offer you our ſeruice.

Timon. Moſt honeſt men:

Why

Why how ſhall I requite you?
Can you eate Roots, and drinke cold water, no?
Both. What we can do,
Wee'l do to do you ſeruice.
Tim. Y'are honeſt men,
Y'haue heard that I haue Gold,
I am ſure you haue, ſpeake truth, y'are honeſt men.
Pain. So it is ſaid my Noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my Friend, nor I.
Timon. Good honeſt men: Thou draw'ſt a counterfet
Beſt in all Athens, th'art indeed the beſt,
Thou counterfet'ſt moſt liuely.
Pain. So, ſo, my Lord.
Tim. E'ne ſo ſir as I ſay. And for thy fiction,
Why thy Verſe ſwels with ſtuffe ſo fine and ſmooth,
That thou art euen Naturall in thine Art.
But for all this (my honeſt Natur'd friends)
I muſt needs ſay you haue a little fault,
Marry 'tis not monſtrous in you, neither wiſh I
You take much paines to mend.
Both. Beſeech your Honour
To make it knowne to vs.
Tim. You'l take it ill.
Both. Moſt thankefully, my Lord.
Timon. Will you indeed?
Both. Doubt it not worthy Lord.
Tim. There's neuer a one of you but truſts a Knaue,
That mightily deceiues you.
Both. Do we, my Lord?
Tim. I, and you heare him cogge,
See him diſſemble,
Know his groſſe patchery, loue him, feede him,
Keepe in your boſome, yet remaine aſſur'd
That he's a made-vp-Villaine.
Pain. I know none ſuch, my Lord.
Poet. Nor I.
Timon. Looke you,
I loue you well, Ile giue you Gold
Rid me theſe Villaines from your companies;
Hang them, or ſtab them, drowne them in a draught,
Confound them by ſome courſe, and come to me,
Ile giue you Gold enough.
Both. Name them my Lord, let's know them.
Tim. You that way, and you this:
But two in Company:
Each man a part, all ſingle, and alone,
Yet an arch Villaine keepes him company:
If where thou art, two Villaines ſhall not be
Come not neere him. If thou would'ſt not reside
But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.
Hence, packe, there's Gold, you came for Gold ye ſlaues:
You haue worke for me; there's payment, hence,
You are an Alcumiſt, make Gold of that:
Out Raſcall dogges. *Exeunt*

Scene V. The Same. Scene II.

Enter Steward, and two Senators.

Stew. It is vaine that you would ſpeake with *Timon*:
For he is ſet ſo onely to himſelfe,
That nothing but himſelfe, which lookes like man,
Is friendly with him.
1. *Sen.* Bring vs to his Caue.
It is our part and promiſe to th'Athenians
To ſpeake with *Timon*.
2. *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not ſtill the ſame: 'twas Time and Greefes
That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes,
The former man may make him: bring vs him
And chanc'd it as it may.
Stew. Heere is his Caue:
Peace and content be heere. Lord *Timon*, *Timon*,
Looke out, and ſpeake to Friends: Th'Athenians
By two of their moſt reuerend Senate greet thee:
Speake to them Noble *Timon*.

Enter Timon out of his Caue.

Tim. Thou Sunne that comforts burne,
Speake and be hang'd:
For each true word, a bliſter, and each falſe
Be as a Cantherizing to the root o'th'Tongue,
Conſuming it with ſpeaking.
1 Worthy *Timon*.
Tim. Of none but ſuch as you,
And you of *Timon*.
1 The Senators of Athens, greet thee *Timon*.
Tim. I thanke them,
And would ſend them backe the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.
1 O forget
What we are ſorry for our ſelues in thee:
The Senators, with one conſent of loue,
Intreate thee backe to Athens, who haue thought
On ſpeciall Dignities, which vacant lye
For thy beſt vſe and wearing.
2 They confeſſe
Toward thee, forgetfulneſſe too generall groſſe;
Which now the publike Body, which doth ſildome
Play the re-canter, feeling in it ſelfe
A lacke of *Timons* ayde, hath ſince withall
Of it owne fall, reſtraining ayde to *Timon*,
And ſend forth vs, to make their ſorrowed render,
Together, with a recompence more fruitfull
Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme,
I euen ſuch heapes and ſummes of Loue and Wealth,
As ſhall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their loue,
Euer to read them thine.
Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brinke of teares;
Lend me a Fooles heart, and a womans eyes,
And Ile beweepe theſe comforts, worthy Senators.
1 Therefore ſo pleaſe thee to returne with vs,
And of our Athens, thine and ours to take
The Captainſhip, thou ſhalt be met with thankes,
Allowed with abſolute power, and thy good name
Liue with Authoritie: ſo ſoone we ſhall driue backe
Of *Alcibiades* th'approaches wild,
Who like a Bore too ſauage, doth root vp
His Countries peace.
2 And ſhakes his threatning Sword
Againſt the walles of *Athens*.
1 Therefore *Timon*.
Tim. Well ſir, I will: therefore I will ſir thus:
If *Alcibiades* kill my Countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not. But if ne ſacke faire Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by'th'Beards,
Giuing our holy Virgins to the ſtaine
Of contumelious, beaſtly, mad-brain'd warre:
Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* ſpeakes it,

In

Act V. TIMON OF ATHENS. Scene

Published for Bells Edition of Shakspear, Feb. 1776.

J. Roberts ad Vivam del. Whaley Sculp.

Mr. BARRY in the Character of TIMON.

Thou Sun that Comfort'st, burn!

In pitty of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot chooſe but tell him that I care not,
And let him tak't at worſt: For their Knives care not,
While you haue throats to anſwer. For my ſelfe,
There's not a whittle, in th'vnruly Campe,
But I do prize it at my loue, before
The reuerends Throat in Athens. So I leaue you
To the protection of the proſperous Gods,
As Theeues to Keepers.

Stew. Stay not, all's in vaine.

Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,
It will be ſeene to morrow. My long ſickneſſe
Of Health, and Liuing, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, liue ſtill,
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his,
And laſt ſo long enough.

1 We ſpeake in vaine.

Tim. But yet I loue my Country, and am not
One that reioyces in the common wracke,
As common bruite doth put it.

1 That's well ſpoke.

Tim. Commend me to my louing Countreymen.

1 Theſe words become your lippes as they paſſe thorow them.

2 And enter in our eares, like great Triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to eaſe them of their greefes,
Their feares of Hoſtile ſtrokes, their Aches loſſes,
Their pangs of Loue, with other incident throwes
That Natures fragile Veſſell doth ſuſtaine
In lifes vncertaine voyage, I will ſome kindnes do them,
Ile teach them to preuent wilde *Alcibiades* wrath.

1 I like this well, he will returne againe.

Tim. I haue a Tree which growes heere in my Cloſe,
That mine owne vſe inuites me to cut downe,
And ſhortly muſt I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell Athens, in the ſequence of degree, frequence 32
From high to low throughout, that who ſo pleaſe
To ſtop Affliction, let him take his haſte;
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang himſelfe. I pray you do my greeting.

Stew. Trouble him no further, thus you ſtill ſhall
Finde him.

Tim. Come not to me againe, but ſay to Athens,
Timon hath made his euerlaſting Manſion
Vpon the Beached Verge of the ſalt Flood,
Who once a day with his emboſſed Froth
The turbulent Surge ſhall couer; thither come,
And let my graue-ſtone be your Oracle:
Lippes, let foure words go by, and Language end:
What is amiſſe, Plague and Infection mend.
Graues onely be mens workes, and Death their gaine;
Sunne, hide thy Beames, *Timon* hath done his Raigne.

Exit Timon,

1 His diſcontents are vnremoueably coupled to Nature.

2 Our hope in him is dead: let vs returne,
And ſtraine what other meanes is left vnto vs
In our deere perill.

1 It requires ſwift foot. *Exeunt.*

Scene vi. The Walls of Athens. m.c.

Enter two other Senators, with a Meſſenger.

1 Thou haſt painfully diſcouer'd: are his Files
As full as thy report?
They 32

Meſ. I haue ſpoke the leaſt.
Beſides his expedition promiſes preſent approach.

2 We ſtand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon.*

Meſ. I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friend, Cou m.c.
Whom though in generall part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old loue made a particular force,
And made vs ſpeake like Friends. This man was riding
From *Alcibiades* to *Timons* Caue,
With Letters of intreaty, which imported
His Fellowſhip i'th'cauſe againſt your City,
In part for his ſake mou'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Heere come our Brothers.

3 No talke of *Timon*, nothing of him expect,
The Enemies Drumme is heard, and fearefull ſcouring
Doth choake the ayre with duſt: In, and prepare,
Ours is the fall I feare, our Foes the Snare. *Exeunt*

Scene iv. The woods. Timons Caue & a tomb-ſtone. m.c. Seen

Enter a Souldier in the Woods, ſeeking Timon.

Sol. By all deſcription this ſhould be the place.
Whoſe heere? Speake hoa. No anſwer? What is this?
Tymon is dead, who hath out-ſtretcht his ſpan,
Some Beaſt reade this; There do's not liue a Man.
Dead ſure, and this his Graue, what's on this Tomb,
I cannot read: the Charracter Ile take with wax,
Our Captaine hath in euerie Figure skill;
An ag'd Interpreter, though yong in dayes:
Before proud Athens hee's ſet downe by this,
Whoſe fall the marke of his Ambition is. *Exit.*

Trumpets ſound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers before Athens.

Alc. Sound to this Coward, and laſciuious Towne,
Our terrible approach.

Scene v. Before the Walls of Athens m.c. Sounds a Parly.

The Senators appeare vpon the wals.

Till now you haue gone on, and fill'd the time
With all Licentious meaſure, making your willes
The ſcope of Iuſtice. Till now, my ſelfe and ſuch
As ſlept within the ſhadow of your power
Haue wander'd with our trauerſt Armes, and breath'd
Our ſufferance vainly: Now the time is fluſh,
When crouching Marrow in the bearer ſtrong
Cries (of it ſelfe) no more: Now breathleſſe wrong,
Shall ſit and pant in your great Chaires of eaſe,
And purſie Inſolence ſhall breake his winde
With feare and horrid flight.

1. *Sen.* Noble, and young;
When thy firſt greefes were but a meere conceit,
Ere thou had'ſt power, or we had cauſe of feare, to 32
We ſent to thee, to giue thy rages Balme,
To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loues
Aboue their quantitie.

2 So did we wooe
Transformed *Timon*, to our Citties loue
By humble Meſſage, and by promiſt meanes:
We were not all vnkinde, nor all deſerue
The common ſtroke of warre.

1 Theſe walles of ours,
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You haue receyu'd your greefe? Nor are they ſuch, m.c.
That theſe great Towres, Trophees, & Schools ſhold fall
For priuate faults in them.

2 Nor are they liuing

Who

Who were the motiues that you firſt went out,
(Shame that they wanted, cunning in exceſſe)
Hath broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners ſpred,
By decimation and a tythed death;
If thy Reuenges hunger for that Food
Which Nature loathes, take thou the deſtin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the ſpotted dye,
Let dye the ſpotted.

1 All haue not offended:
For thoſe that were, it is not ſquare to take
On thoſe that are, Reuenge: Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then deere Countryman,
Bring in thy rankes, but leaue without thy rage,
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and thoſe Kin
Which in the bluſter of thy wrath muſt fall
With thoſe that haue offended, like a Shepheard,
Approach the Fold, and cull th'infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 What thou wilt,
Thou rather ſhalt inforce it with thy ſmile,
Then hew too't, with thy Sword.

1 Set but thy foot
Againſt our rampyr'd gates, and they ſhall ope:
So thou wilt ſend thy gentle heart before,
To ſay thou't enter Friendly.

2 Throw thy Gloue,
Or any Token of thine Honour elſe,
That thou wilt vſe the warres as thy redreſſe,
And not as our Confuſion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Towne, till wee
Haue ſeal'd thy full deſire.

Alc. Then there's my Gloue,
Defend and open your vncharged Ports,
Thoſe Enemies of *Timons*, and mine owne
Whom you your ſelues ſhall ſet out for reproofe,
Fall and no more; and to attone your feares
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall paſſe his quarter, or offend the ſtreame
Of Regular Iuſtice in your Cities bounds,
But ſhall be remedied to your publique Lawes
At heanieſt anſwer.

Both. 'Tis moſt Nobly ſpoken.

Alc. Deſcend, and keepe your words.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Noble Generall, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd vpon the very hemme o'th'Sea,
And on his Graueſtone, this Inſculpture which
With wax I brought away: whoſe ſoft Impreſſion
Interprets for my poore ignorance.

Alcibiades reades the Epitaph.

Heere lies a wretched Coarſe, of wretched Soule bereft,
Seek not my name: A Plague conſume you, wicked Caitifs left:
Heere lye I Timon, who aliue, all liuing men did hate,
Paſſe by, and curſe thy fill, but paſſe and ſtay not here thy gate.

Theſe well expreſſe in thee thy latter ſpirits:
Though thou abhorrd'ſt in vs our humane griefes,
Scornd'ſt our Braines flow, and thoſe our droplets, which
From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vaſt Neptune weepe for aye
On thy low Graue, on faults forgiuen. Dead
Is Noble *Timon*, of whoſe Memorie
Heereafter more. Bring me into your Citie,
And I will vſe the Oliue, with my Sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace ſtint war, make each
Preſcribe to other, as each others Leach.
Let our Drummes ſtrike. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE ACTORS

NAMES.

TYMON of Athens.
Lucius, And
Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.
Appemantus, a Churliſh Philoſopher.
Sempronius another flattering Lord.
Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.
Poet.
Painter.
Jeweller.
Merchant.
Certaine Senatours.
Certaine Maskers.
Certaine Theeues.

Flaminius, one of Tymons Seruants.
Seruilius, another.
Caphis.
Varro.
Philo.
Titus.
Lucius.
Hortenſis } *Seuerall Seruants to Vſurers.*
Ventigius. one of Tymons falſe Friends.
Cupid.
Sempronius.
With diuers other Seruants,
And Attendants.

"In order to advance the merit of Brutus in Kilg Caesar it has been well observed by Johnson that some have adopted the idea of his having been the son of Caesar by Servilia with whom Caesar was known to have intrigued; but I acknowledge myself so poor a Caesuist as not to be able to imagine any situation in which it can be meritorious or even justifiable in a man to kill his Father. To add to the interest of a Tragedy in which Brutus is the Hero Voltaire, that acute literary coxcomb, has brought forward the circumstance of the Relation — Shakespeare has more judiciously passed it over without notice — The admirers of Brutus may be content to let the matter rest as it is — It is possible he might have been the son of Caesar, but very far from a certainty — If Sh — ever had this circumstance in his contemplation it must have been when he put these three pathetic words into the mouth of Caesar."
"et tu Brute" Dr Sherwin

THE TRAGEDIE OF IVLIVS CÆSAR.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Rome— a Street m.c.

Marcellus m.c.
Enter Flauius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners ouer the Stage.

Flauius.

HEnce: home you idle Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not
(Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke
Vpon a labouring day, without the ſigne
Of your Profeſſion? Speake, what Trade art thou?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What doſt thou with thy beſt Apparrell on?
You ſir, what Trade are you?

Cobl. Truely Sir, in reſpect of a fine Workman, I am but as you would ſay, a Cobler.

Mur. But what Trade art thou? Anſwer me directly.

Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vſe, with a ſafe Conſcience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad ſoules.

Fla. What Trade thou knaue? Thou naughty knaue, what Trade?

Cobl. Nay I beſeech you Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out Sir, I can mend you.

Mur. What mean'ſt thou by that? Mend mee, thou ſawcy Fellow?

Cob. Why ſir, Cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly ſir, all that I liue by, is with the Aule: I meddle with no Tradeſmans matters, nor womens matters; but withal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old ſhooes: when they are in great danger, I recouer them. As proper men as euer trod vpon Neats Leather, haue gone vpon my handy-worke.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?
Why do'ſt thou leade theſe men about the ſtreets?

Cob. Truly ſir, to weare out their ſhooes, to get my ſelfe into more worke. But indeede ſir, we make Holyday to ſee *Cæſar*, and to reioyce in his Triumph.

Mur. Wherefore reioyce?
What Conqueſt brings he home?
What Tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in Captiue bonds his Chariot Wheeles?
You Blockes, you ſtones, you worſe then ſenſleſſe things:
O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,
Knew you not *Pompey* many a time and oft?
Haue you climb'd vp to Walles and Battlements,
To Towres and Windowes? Yea, to Chimney tops,
Your Infants in your Armes, and there haue ſate
The liue-long day, with patient expectation,
To ſee great *Pompey* paſſe the ſtreets of Rome:
And when you ſaw his Chariot but appeare,
Haue you not made an Vniuerſall ſhout,
That Tyber trembled vnderneath her bankes
To heare the replication of your ſounds,
Made in her Concaue Shores?
And do you now put on your beſt attyre?
And do you now cull out a Holyday?
And do you now ſtrew Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph ouer *Pompeyes* blood?
Be gone,
Runne to your houſes, fall vpon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
That needs muſt light on this Ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault
Aſſemble all the poore men of your ſort;
Draw them to Tyber bankes, and weepe your teares
Into the Channell, till the loweſt ſtreame
Do kiſſe the moſt exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commoners.

See where their baſeſt mettle be not mou'd,
They vaniſh tongue-tyed in their guiltineſſe:
Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll,
This way will I: Diſrobe the Images,
If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies.

Mur. May we do ſo?
You know it is the Feaſt of Lupercall.

Fla. It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with *Cæſars* Trophees: Ile about,
And driue away the Vulgar from the ſtreets;
So do you too, where you perceiue them thicke.
Theſe growing Feathers, pluckt from *Cæſars* wing,
Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,
Who elſe would ſoare aboue the view of men,
And keepe vs all in ſeruile fearefulneſſe. *Exeunt*

Act I. Scene II. The ſame— a Public Place m.c.
Enter Cæſar, Antony for the Courſe, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Caſſius, Caska, a Soothſayer; after them Murellus and Flauius, in procession with Muſic &c. m.c.

Cæſ. *Calphurnia.*

Cask. Peace ho, *Cæſar* ſpeakes.

Cæſ. *Calphurnia.*

Calp. Heere my Lord.

Cæſ. Stand you directly in *Antonio's* way,
When he doth run his courſe. *Antonio.*

Ant. *Cæſar*, my Lord.

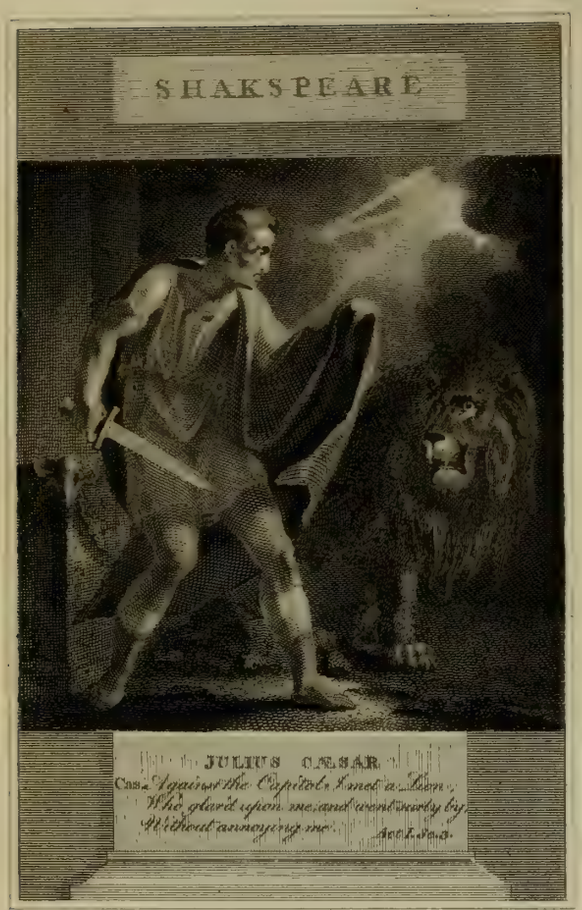
Cæſ. Forget not in your ſpeed *Antonio*,
To touch *Calphurnia*: for our Elders ſay,

The Barren touched in this holy chace,
Shake off their ſterrile curſe.
Ant. I ſhall remember,
When *Cæſar* ſayes, Do this; it is perform'd.
Cæſ. Set on, and leaue no Ceremony out.
Sooth. *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. Ha? Who calles?
Cask. Bid euery noyſe be ſtill: peace yet againe. *muſic*
Cæſ. Who is it in the preſſe, that calles on me? *Cooles me.*
I heare a Tongue ſhriller then all the Muſicke
Cry, *Cæſar*: Speake, *Cæſar* is turn'd to heare.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.
Cæſ. What man is that?
Br. A Sooth-ſayer bids you beware the Ides of March
Cæſ. Set him before me, let me ſee his face.
Caſſi. Fellow, come from the throng, look vpon *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. What ſay'ſt thou to me now? Speak once againe.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.
Cæſ. He is a Dreamer, let vs leaue him; Paſſe.
Sennet. *Exeunt.* *Manet Brut.* & *Caſſ.*
Caſſi. Will you go ſee the order of the courſe?
Brut. Not I.
Caſſi. I pray you do.
Brut. I am not Gameſom: I do lacke ſome part
Of that quicke Spirit that is in *Antony*
Let me not hinder *Caſſius* your deſires;
Ile leaue you.
Caſſi. *Brutus*, I do obſerue you now of late:
I haue not from your eyes, that gentleneſſe
And ſhew of Loue, as I was wont to haue:
You beare too ſtubborne, and too ſtrange a hand
Ouer your Friend, that loues you.
Bru. *Caſſius*,
Be not deceiu'd: If I haue veyl'd my looke,
I turne the trouble of my Countenance
Meerely vpon my ſelfe. Vexed I am
Of late, with paſſions of ſome difference,
Conceptions onely proper to my ſelfe,
Which giue ſome ſoyle (perhaps) to my Behauiours:
But let not therefore my good Friends be greeu'd
(Among which number *Caſſius* be you one)
Nor conſtrue any further my neglect,
Then that poore *Brutus* with himſelfe at warre,
Forgets the ſhewes of Loue to other men.
Caſſi. Then *Brutus*, I haue much miſtook your paſſion,
By meanes whereof, this Breſt of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.
Tell me good *Brutus*, Can you ſee your face?
Brutus. No *Caſſius*:
For the eye ſees not it ſelfe but by reflection,
By ſome other things.
Caſſius. 'Tis iuſt,
And it is very much lamented *Brutus*,
That you haue no ſuch Mirrors, as will turne
Your hidden worthineſſe into your eye,
That you might ſee your ſhadow:
I haue heard,
Where many of the beſt reſpect in Rome,
(Except immortall *Cæſar*) ſpeaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning vnderneath this Ages yoake,
Haue wiſh'd, that Noble *Brutus* had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers, would you
Leade me *Caſſius*?
That you would haue me ſeeke into my ſelfe,
For that which is not in me?
Caſ. Therefore good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to heare:
And ſince you know, you cannot ſee your ſelfe
So well as by Reflection; I your Glaſſe,
Will modeſtly diſcouer to your ſelfe
That of your ſelfe, which you yet know not of.
And be not iealous on me, gentle *Brutus*:
Were I a common Laughter, or did vſe *Coupler me.*
To ſtale with ordinary Oathes my loue
To euery new Proteſter: if you know,
That I do fawne on men, and hugge them hard,
And after ſcandall them: Or if you know,
That I profeſſe my ſelfe in Banquetting *Not in 32*
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flouriſh, and Shout.

Bru. What Meanes this Showting?
I do feare, the People chooſe *Cæſar*
For their King.
Caſſi. I, do you feare it?
Then muſt I thinke you would not haue it ſo.
Bru. I would not *Caſſius*, yet I loue him well:
But wherefore do you hold me heere ſo long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the generall good,
Set Honor in one eye, and Death i'th other,
And I will looke on both indifferently:
For let the Gods ſo ſpeed mee, as I loue
The name of Honor, more then I feare death.
Caſſi. I know that vertue to be in you *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward fauour.
Well, Honor is the ſubiect of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Thinke of this life: But for my ſingle ſelfe, *Not in 32*
I had as liefe not be, as liue to be
In awe of ſuch a Thing, as I my ſelfe.
I was borne free as *Cæſar*, ſo were you,
We both haue fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.
For once, vpon a Rawe and Guſtie day,
The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,
Cæſar ſaide to me, Dar'ſt thou *Caſſius* now
Leape in with me into this angry Flood,
And ſwim to yonder Point? Vpon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in, *Accoutred 32*
And bad him follow: ſo indeed he did.
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With luſty Sinewes, throwing it aſide,
And ſtemming it with hearts of Controuerſie.
But ere we could arriue the Point propos'd,
Cæſar cride, Helpe me *Caſſius*, or I ſinke.
I (as *Æneas*, our great Anceſtor,
Did from the Flames of Troy, vpon his ſhoulder
The old *Anchyſes* beare) ſo, from the waues of Tyber
Did I the tyred *Cæſar*: And this Man,
Is now become a God, and *Caſſius* is
A wretched Creature, and muſt bend his body,
If *Cæſar* carelefly but nod on him.
He had a Feauer when he was in Spaine,
And when the Fit was on him, I did marke
How he did ſhake: 'Tis true, this God did ſhake,
His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,
And that ſame Eye, whoſe bend doth awe the World,
Did looſe his Luſtre: I did heare him grone:
I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans
Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,
Alas, it cried, Giue me ſome drinke *Titinius*,

As


SHAKSPEARE
JULIUS CAESAR.
Cæs. Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me.
Act 2. Sc 2.

Drawn by H. Fresham R.A. Engraved by C. Warren.

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As a ſicke Girle: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould
So get the ſtart of the Maieſticke world,
And beare the Palme alone.

Shout. Flouriſh.

Bru. Another generall ſhout?
I do beleeue, that theſe applauſes are
For ſome new Honors, that are heap'd on *Cæſar.*

Caſſi. Why man, he doth beſtride the narrow world
Like a Coloſſus, and we petty men
Walke vnder his huge legges, and peepe about
To finde our ſelues diſhonourable Graues.
Men at ſometime, are Maſters of their Fates.
The fault (deere *Brutus*) is not in our Starres,
But in our Selues, that we are vnderlings.
Brutus and *Cæſar:* What ſhould be in that *Cæſar?*
Why ſhould that name be ſounded more then yours
Write them together: Yours, is as faire a Name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth aſwell:
Weigh them, it is as heauy: Coniure with 'em,
Brutus will ſtart a Spirit as ſoone as *Cæſar.*
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Vpon what meate doth this our *Cæſar* feede,
That he is growne ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd.
Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of Noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, ſince the great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more then with one man?
When could they ſay (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide Walkes incompaſt but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and Roome enough
When there is in it but one onely man.
O! you and I, haue heard our Fathers ſay,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would haue brook'd
Th'eternall Diuell to keepe his State in Rome,
As eaſily as a King.

Bru. That you do loue me, I am nothing iealous:
What you would worke me too, I haue ſome ayme:
How I haue thought of this, and of theſe times
I ſhall recount heereafter. For this preſent,
I would not ſo (with loue I might intreat you)
Be any further moou'd: What you haue ſaid,
I will conſider: what you haue to ſay
I will with patience heare, and finde a time
Both meete to heare, and anſwer ſuch high things.
Till then, my Noble Friend, chew vpon this:
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Then to repute himſelfe a Sonne of Rome
Vnder theſe hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay vpon vs.

Caſſi. I am glad that my weake words
Haue ſtrucke but thus much ſhew of fire from *Brutus.*

Re-Enter Cæſar and his Traine.

Brn. The Games are done,
And *Cæſar* is returning.

Caſſi. As they paſſe by,
Plucke *Caska* by the Sleeue,
And he will (after his ſowre faſhion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

Bru. I will do ſo: but looke you *Caſſius,*
The angry ſpot doth glow on *Cæſars* brow,
And all the reſt, looke like a chidden Traine;
Calphurnia's Cheeke is pale, and *Cicero*
Lookes with ſuch Ferret, and ſuch fiery eyes
As we haue ſeene him in the Capitoll
Being croſt in Conference, by ſome Senators.

Caſſi. Caska will tell vs what the matter is.

Cæſ. Antonio.

Ant. Cæſar.

Cæſ. Let me haue men about me, that are fat,
Sleeke-headed men, and ſuch as ſleepe a-nights:
Yond *Caſſius* has a leane and hungry looke,
He thinkes too much: ſuch men are dangerous.

Ant. Feare him not *Cæſar*, he's not dangerous,
He is a Noble Roman, and well giuen.

Cæſ. Would he were fatter; But I feare him not:
Yet if my name were lyable to feare,
I do not know the man I ſhould auoyd
So ſoone as that ſpare *Caſſius.* He reades much,
He is a great Obſeruer, and he lookes
Quite through the Deeds of men. He loues no Playes,
As thou doſt *Antony:* he heares no Muſicke;
Seldome he ſmiles, and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort
As if he mock'd himſelfe, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit
That could be mou'd to ſmile at any thing.
Such men as he, be neuer at hearts eaſe,
Whiles they behold a greater then themſelues,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Then what I feare: for alwayes I am *Cæſar.*
Come on my right hand, for this eare is deafe,
And tell me truely, what thou think'ſt of him. *Sennit.*

Exeunt Cæſar and his Traine.

Cask. You pul'd me by the cloake, would you ſpeake with me?

Bru. I *Caska*, tell vs what hath chanc'd to day
That *Cæſar* lookes ſo ſad.

Cask. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I ſhould not then aske *Caska* what had chanc'd.

Cask. Why there was a Crowne offer'd him; & being offer'd him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus, and then the people fell a ſhouting.

Bru. What was the ſecond noyſe for?

Cask. Why for that too.

Caſſi. They ſhouted thrice: what was the laſt cry for?

Cask. Why for that too.

Bru. Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?

Cask. I marry was't, and hee put it by thrice, euerie time gentler then other; and at euery putting by, mine honeſt Neighbors ſhowted.

Caſſi. Who offer'd him the Crowne?

Cask. Why *Antony.*

Bru. Tell vs the manner of it, gentle *Caska.*

Caska. I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of it: It ~~was~~ were 32 meere Foolerie, I did not marke it. I ſawe *Marke Antony* offer him a Crowne, yet 'twas not a Crowne neyther, 'twas one of theſe Coronets: and as I told you, hee put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would faine haue had it. Then hee offered it to him againe: then hee put it by againe: but to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; hee put it the third time by, and ſtill as he refus'd it, the rabblement howted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw vppe their ſweatie Night-cappes, and vttered ſuch a deale of ſtinking breath, becauſe *Cæſar* refus'd the Crowne, that it had (almoſt) choaked *Cæſar:* for hee ſwoonded, and fell downe at it: And for mine owne part, I durſt not laugh, for feare of opening my Lippes, and receyuing the bad Ayre.

Caſſi. But ſoft I pray you: what, did *Cæſar* ſwound?

Cask. He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was ſpeechleſſe.

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling ſickneſſe.

Caſſi. No, *Cæſar* hath it not: but you, and I,
And honeſt *Caska*, we haue the Falling ſickneſſe.

Cask. I know not what you meane by that, but I am ſure *Cæſar* fell downe. If the tag-ragge people did not clap him, and hiſſe him, according as he pleas'd, and diſpleas'd them, as they vſe to doe the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

Brut. What ſaid he, when he came vnto himſelfe?

Cask Marry, before he fell downe, when he perceiu'd the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut: and I had beene a man of any Occupation, if I would not haue taken him at a word, I would I might goe to Hell among the Rogues, and ſo hee fell. When he came to himſelfe againe, hee ſaid, If hee had done, or ſaid any thing amiſſe, he deſir'd their Worſhips to thinke it was his infirmitie. Three or foure Wenches where I ſtood, cryed, Alaſſe good Soule, and forgaue him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæſar* had ſtab'd their Mothers, they would haue done no leſſe.

Brut. And after that, he came thus ſad away.

Cask I.

Caſſi. Did *Cicero* ſay any thing?

Cask. I, he ſpoke Greeke.

Caſſi. To what effect?

Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're looke you i'th'face againe. But thoſe that vnderſtood him, ſmil'd at one another, and ſhooke their heads: but for mine owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more newes too: *Murrellus* and *Flauius*, for pulling Scarffes off *Cæſars* Images, are put to ſilence. Fare you well. There was more Foolerie yet, if I could remember it.

Caſſi. Will you ſuppe with me to Night, *Caska*?

Cask. No, I am promis'd forth.

Caſſi. Will you Dine with me to morrow?

Cask. I, if I be aliue, and your minde hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.

Caſſi. Good, I will expect you.

Cask. Doe ſo: farewell both. *Exit.*

Brut. What a blunt fellow is this growne to be?
He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole.

Caſſi. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold, or Noble Enterprize,
How-euer he puts on this tardie forme:
This Rudeneſſe is a Sawce to his good Wit,
Which giues men ſtomacke to diſgeſt his words
With better Appetite.

Brut. And ſo it is:
For this time I will leaue you:
To morrow, if you pleaſe to ſpeake with me,
I will come home to you: or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Caſſi. I will doe ſo: till then, thinke of the World.
Exit Brutus.
Well *Brutus*, thou art Noble: yet I ſee,
Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought
From that it is diſpos'd: therefore it is meet, 32
That Noble mindes keepe euer with their likes:
For who ſo firme, that cannot be ſeduc'd?
Cæſar doth beare me hard, but he loues *Brutus*.
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Caſſius*,
He ſhould not humor me. I will this Night,
In ſeuerall Hands, in at his Windowes throw,
As if they came from ſeuerall Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obſcurely
Cæſars Ambition ſhall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Cæſar* ſeat him ſure,
For wee will ſhake him, or worſe dayes endure.

Act I. Scene III. } The ſame. A ſtreet. n. c. *Exit.*

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Caska, from oppoſite ſides and Cicero. Casca with his Sword drawn n. c.

Cic. Good euen, *Caska*: brought you *Cæſar* home?
Why are you breathleſſe, and why ſtare you ſo?

Cask. Are not you mou'd, when all the ſway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing vnfirme? O *Cicero*,
I haue ſeene Tempeſts, when the ſcolding Winds
Haue riu'd the knottie Oakes, and I haue ſeene
Th'ambitious Ocean ſwell, and rage, and foame,
To be exalted with the threatning Clouds:
But neuer till to Night, neuer till now,
Did I goe through a Tempeſt-dropping-fire.
Eyther there is a Ciuill ſtrife in Heauen,
Or elſe the World, too ſawcie with the Gods,
Incenſes them to ſend deſtruction.

Cic. Why, ſaw you any thing more wonderfull?

Cask. A common ſlaue, you know him well by ſight,
Held vp his left Hand, which did flame and burne
Like twentie Torches ioyn'd; and yet his Hand,
Not ſenſible of fire, remain'd vnſcorch'd.
Beſides, I ha'not ſince put vp my Sword,
Againſt the Capitoll I met a Lyon,
Who glaz'd vpon me, and went ſurly by, glared n. c.
Without annoying me. And there were drawne
Vpon a heape, a hundred gaſtly Women,
Transformed with their feare, who ſwore, they ſaw
Men, all in fire, walke vp and downe the ſtreetes.
And yeſterday, the Bird of Night did ſit,
Euen at Noone-day, vpon the Market place,
Howting, and ſhreeking. When theſe Prodigies
Doe ſo conioyntly meet, let not men ſay,
Theſe are their Reaſons, they are Naturall:
For I beleeue, they are portentous things
Vnto the Clymate, that they point vpon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a ſtrange diſpoſed time:
But men may conſtrue things after their faſhion,
Cleane from the purpoſe of the things themſelues.
Comes *Cæſar* to the Capitoll to morrow?

Cask. He doth: for he did bid *Antonio*
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, *Caska*:
This diſturbed Skie is not to walke in.

Cask. Farewell *Cicero*. *Exit Cicero.*

Enter Caſſius.

Caſſi. Who's there?

Cask. A Romane.

Caſſi. *Caska*, by your Voyce.

Cask. Your Eare is good.
Caſſius, what Night is this?

Caſſi. A very pleaſing Night to honeſt men.

Cask. Who euer knew the Heauens menace ſo?

Caſſi. Thoſe that haue knowne the Earth ſo full of faults.

For

For my part, I haue walk'd about the ſtreets,
Submitting me vnto the perillous Night;
And thus vnbraced, *Caska*, as you ſee,
Haue bar'd my Boſome to the Thunder-ſtone:
And when the croſſe blew Lightning ſeem'd to open
The Breſt of Heauen, I did preſent my ſelfe
Euen in the ayme, and very flaſh of it. (uens?
Cask. But wherefore did you ſo much tempt the Hea-
It is the part of men, to feare and tremble,
When the moſt mightie Gods, by tokens ſend
Such dreadfull Heraulds, to aſtoniſh vs.
Caſſi. You are dull, *Caska*:
And thoſe ſparkes of Life, that ſhould be in a Roman,
You doe want, or elſe you vſe not.
You looke pale, and gaze, and put on feare,
And caſt your ſelfe in wonder,
To ſee the ſtrange impatience of the Heauens:
But if you would conſider the true cauſe,
Why all theſe Fires, why all theſe gliding Ghoſts,
Why Birds and Beaſts, from qualitie and kinde,
Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate,
Why all theſe things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monſtrous qualitie; why you ſhall finde,
That Heauen hath infus'd them with theſe Spirits,
To make them Inſtruments of feare, and warning,
Vnto ſome monſtrous State.
Now could I *(Caska)* name to thee a man,
Moſt like this dreadfull Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graues, and roares,
As doth the Lyon in the Capitoll:
A man no mightier then thyſelfe, or me,
In perſonall action; yet prodigious growne,
And fearefull, as theſe ſtrange eruptions are.
Cask. 'Tis *Cæſar* that you meane:
Is it not, *Caſſius*?
Caſſi. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Haue Thewes, and Limbes, like to their Anceſtors;
But woe the while, our Fathers mindes are dead,
And we are gouern'd with our Mothers ſpirits,
Our yoake, and ſufferance, ſhew vs Womaniſh.
Cask. Indeed, they ſay, the Senators to morrow
Meane to eſtabliſh *Cæſar* as a King:
And he ſhall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land,
In euery place, ſaue here in Italy.
Caſſi. I know where I will weare this Dagger then:
Caſſius from Bondage will deliuer *Caſſius*:
Therein, yee Gods, you make the weake moſt ſtrong;
Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat.
Nor Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Braſſe,
Nor ayre-leſſe Dungeon, nor ſtrong Linkes of Iron,
Can be retentiue to the ſtrength of ſpirit:
But Life being wearie of theſe worldly Barres,
Neuer lacks power to diſmiſſe it ſelfe.
If I know this, know all the World beſides,
That part of Tyrannie that I doe beare,
I can ſhake off at pleaſure. *Thunder ſtill.*
Cask. So can I:
So euery Bond-man in his owne hand beares
The power to cancell his Captiuitie.
Caſſi. And why ſhould *Cæſar* be a Tyrant then?
Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,
But that he ſees the Romans are but Sheepe:
He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes.
Thoſe that with haſte will make a mightie fire,
Begin it with weake Strawes. What traſh is Rome?
What Rubbiſh, and what Offall? when it ſerues
For the baſe matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæſar*. But oh Griefe,
Where haſt thou led me? I (perhaps) ſpeake this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My anſwere muſt be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.
Cask. You ſpeake to *Caska*, and to ſuch a man,
That is no flearing Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:
Be factious for redreſſe of all theſe Griefes,
And I will ſet this foot of mine as farre,
As who goes fartheſt.
Caſſi. There's a Bargaine made.
Now know you, *Caska*, I haue mou'd already
Some certaine of the Nobleſt minded Romans
To vnder-goe, with me, an Enterprize,
Of Honorable dangerous conſequence;
And I doe know by this, they ſtay for me
In *Pompeyes* Porch: for now this fearefull Night,
There is no ſtirre, or walking in the ſtreetes;
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Fauors, like the Worke we haue in hand,
Moſt bloodie, fierie, and moſt terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Caska. Stand cloſe a while, for heere comes one in haſte.
Caſſi. 'Tis *Cinna*, I doe know him by his Gate,
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haſte you ſo?
Cinna. To finde out you: Who's that, *Metellus Cymber*?
Caſſi. No, it is *Caska*, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not ſtay'd for, *Cinna*?
Cinna. I am glad on't.
What a fearefull Night is this?
There's two or three of vs haue ſeene ſtrange ſights.
Caſſi. Am I not ſtay'd for? tell me.
Cinna. Yes, you are. O *Caſſius*,
If you could but winne the Noble *Brutus*
To our party——
Caſſi. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this Paper,
And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre,
Where *Brutus* may but finde it: and throw this
In at his Window; ſet this vp with Waxe
Vpon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,
Repaire to *Pompeyes* Porch, where you ſhall finde vs.
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?
Cinna. All, but *Metellus Cymber*, and hee's gone
To ſeeke you at your houſe. Well, I will hie,
And ſo beſtow theſe Papers as you bad me.
Caſſi. That done, repayre to *Pompeyes* Theater.
Exit Cinna.
Come *Caska*, you and I will yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his houſe: three parts of him
Is ours alreadie, and the man entire
Vpon the next encounter, yeelds him ours.
Cask. O, he ſits high in all the Peoples hearts:
And that which would appeare Offence in vs,
His Countenance, like richeſt Alchymie,
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthineſſe.
Caſſi. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You haue right well conceited: let vs goe,
For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,
We will awake him, and be ſure of him.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Scene I. The ſame. Brutus's Orchard.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What *Lucius*, hoe?
I cannot, by the progreſſe of the Starres,
Giue gueſſe how neere to day--*Lucius*, I ſay?
I would it were my fault to ſleepe ſo ſoundly.
When *Lucius*, when? awake, I ſay: what *Lucius*?

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?
Brut. Get me a Tapor in my Study, *Lucius:*
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my Lord. *Exit.*
Brut. It muſt be by his death: and for my part,
I know no perſonall cauſe, to ſpurne at him,
But for the generall. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the queſtion?
It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,
And that craues warie walking: Crowne him that,
And then I graunt we put a Sting in him,
That at his will he may doe danger with.
Th'abuſe of Greatneſſe, is, when it dis-ioynes
Remorſe from Power: And to ſpeake truth of *Cæſar*,
I haue not knowne, when his Affections ſway'd
More then his Reaſon. But 'tis a common proofe,
That Lowlyneſſe is young Ambitions Ladder,
Whereto the Climber vpward turnes his Face:
But when he once attaines the vpmoſt Round,
He then vnto the Ladder turnes his Backe,
Lookes in the Clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees
By which he did aſcend: ſo *Cæſar* may;
Then leaſt he may, preuent. And ſince the Quarrell
Will beare no colour, for the thing he is,
Faſhion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would runne to theſe, and theſe extremities:
And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge,
Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow miſchieuous;
And kill him in the ſhell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Cloſet, Sir:
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
This Paper, thus ſeal'd vp, and I am ſure
It did not lye there when I went to Bed.

Giues him the Letter.

Brut. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day.
Is not to morrow (Boy) the firſt of March?
Luc. I know not, Sir.
Brut. Looke in the Calender, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, Sir. *Exit.*
Brut. The exhalations, whizzing in the ayre,
Giue ſo much light, that I may reade by them.

Opens the Letter, and reades.

Brutus thou ſleep'ſt; awake, and ſee thy ſelfe:
Shall Rome, &c. ſpeake, ſtrike, redreſſe.
Brutus, thou ſleep'ſt: awake.
Such inſtigations haue beene often dropt,
Where I haue tooke them vp:
Shall Rome, &c. Thus muſt I piece it out:
Shall Rome ſtand vnder one mans awe? What Rome?
My Anceſtors did from the ſtreetes of Rome
The *Tarquin* driue, when he was call'd a King.
Speake, ſtrike, redreſſe. Am I entreated
To ſpeake, and ſtrike? O Rome, I make thee promiſe,
If the redreſſe will follow, thou receiueſt
Thy full Petition at the hand of *Brutus.*

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is waſted fifteene dayes.

Knocke within.

Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, ſome body knocks:
Since *Caſſius* firſt did whet me againſt *Cæſar*,
I haue not ſlept.
Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing,
And the firſt motion, all the *Interim* is
Like a *Phantaſma*, or a hideous Dreame:
The *Genius*, and the mortall Inſtruments
Are then in councell; and the ſtate of a man,
Like to a little Kingdome, ſuffers then
The nature of an Inſurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother *Caſſius* at the Doore,
Who doth deſire to ſee you.
Brut. Is he alone?
Luc. No, Sir, there are moe with him.
Brut. Doe you know them?
Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,
And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes,
That by no meanes I may diſcouer them,
By any marke of fauour.
Brut. Let 'em enter:
They are the Faction. O Conſpiracie,
Sham'ſt thou to ſhew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When euills are moſt free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou finde a Cauerne darke enough,
To maske thy monſtrous Viſage? Seek none Conſpiracie,
Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie:
For if thou path thy natiue ſemblance on,
Not *Erebus* it ſelfe were dimme enough,
To hide thee from preuention.

Enter the Conſpirators, Caſſius, Caska, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Caſſ. I thinke we are too bold vpon your Reſt:
Good morrow *Brutus*, doe we trouble you?
Brut. I haue beene vp this howre, awake all Night:
Know I theſe men, that come along with you?
Caſſ. Yes, euery man of them; and no man here
But honors you: and euery one doth wiſh,
You had but that opinion of your ſelfe,
Which euery Noble Roman beares of you.
This is *Trebonius.*
Brut. He is welcome hither.
Caſſ. This, *Decius Brutus.*
Brut. He is welcome too.
Caſſ. This, *Caska*; this, *Cinna*; and this, *Metellus Cymber.*
Brut. They are all welcome.
What watchfull Cares doe interpoſe themſelues
Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?
Caſſ. Shall I entreat a word? *They whiſper.*
Decius. Here lyes the Eaſt: doth not the Day breake heere?
Cask. No.
Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Meſſengers of Day.
Cask. You ſhall confeſſe, that you are both deceiu'd:
Heere, as I point my Sword, the Sunne ariſes,
Which is a great way growing on the South,

Weigh-

Act 2.d JULIUS CÆSAR Scene 1.st

Mr. SHERIDAN in the Character of BRUTUS

'It must be by his Death.'

Weighing the youthfull Seaſon of the yeare.
Some two moneths hence, vp higher toward the North
He firſt preſents his fire, and the high Eaſt
Stands as the Capitoll, directly heere.
Bru. Giue me your hands all ouer, one by one.
Caſ. And let vs ſweare our Reſolution.
Brut. No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men,
The ſufferance of our Soules, the times Abuſe;
If theſe be Motiues weake, breake off betimes,
And euery man hence, to his idle bed:
So let high-ſighted-Tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by Lottery. But if theſe
(As I am ſure they do) beare fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to ſteele with valour
The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen,
What neede we any ſpurre, but our owne cauſe
To pricke vs to redreſſe? What other Bond,
Then ſecret Romans, that haue ſpoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Then Honeſty to Honeſty ingag'd,
That this ſhall be, or we will fall for it.
Sweare Prieſts and Cowards, and men Cautelous
Old feeble Carrions, and ſuch ſuffering Soules
That welcome wrongs: Vnto bad cauſes, ſweare
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not ſtaine
The euen vertue of our Enterprize,
Nor th'inſuppreſſiue Mettle of our Spirits,
To thinke, that or our Cauſe, or our Perſormance
Did neede an Oath. When euery drop of blood
That euery Roman beares, and Nobly beares
Is guilty of a ſeuerall Baſtardie,
If he do breake the ſmalleſt Particle
Of any promiſe that hath paſt from him.
Caſ. But what of *Cicero?* Shall we ſound him?
I thinke he will ſtand very ſtrong with vs.
Cask. Let vs not leaue him out.
Cyn. No, by no meanes.
Metel. O let vs haue him, for his Siluer haires
Will purchaſe vs a good opinion:
And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds:
It ſhall be ſayd, his iudgement rul'd our hands,
Our youths, and wildeneſſe, ſhall no whit appeare,
But all be buried in his Grauity.
Bru. O name him not; let vs not breake with him,
For he will neuer follow any thing
That other men begin.
Caſ. Then leaue him out.
Cask. Indeed, he is not fit.
Decius. Shall no man elſe be toucht, but onely *Cæſar?*
Caſ. Decius well vrg'd: I thinke it is not meet,
Marke Antony, ſo well belou'd of *Cæſar*,
Should out-liue *Cæſar*, we ſhall finde of him
A ſhrew'd Contriuer. And you know, his meanes
If he improue them, may well ſtretch ſo farre
As to annoy vs all: which to preuent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæſar* fall together.
Bru. Our courſe will ſeeme too bloody, *Caius Caſsius*,
To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes:
Like Wrath in death, and Enuy afterwards:
For *Antony*, is but a Limbe of *Cæſar*.
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers *Caius*:
We all ſtand vp againſt the ſpirit of *Cæſar*,
And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood:
O that we then could come by *Cæſars* Spirit,
And not diſmember *Cæſar*! But (alas)
Cæſar muſt bleed for it. And gentle Friends,
Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:
Let's carue him, as a Diſh fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carkaſſe fit for Hounds:
And let our Hearts, as ſubtle Maſters do,
Stirre vp their Seruants to an acte of Rage,
And after ſeeme to chide 'em. This ſhall make
Our purpoſe Neceſſary, and not Enuious.
Which ſo appearing to the common eyes,
We ſhall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for *Marke Antony*, thinke not of him:
For he can do no more then *Cæſars* Arme,
When *Cæſars* head is off.
Caſ. Yet I feare him,
For in the ingrafted loue he beares to *Cæſar*.
Bru. Alas, good *Caſsius*, do not thinke of him:
If he loue *Cæſar*, all that he can do
Is to himſelfe; take thought, and dye for *Cæſar*,
And that were much he ſhould: for he is giuen
To ſports, to wildeneſſe, and much company.
Treb. There is no feare in him; let him not dye,
For he will liue, and laugh at this heereafter.
Clocke ſtrikes.
Bru. Peace, count the Clocke.
Caſ. The Clocke hath ſtricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Caſſ But it is doubtfull yet,
Whether *Cæſar* will come forth to day, or no:
For he is Superſtitious growne of late,
Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,
Of Fantaſie, of Dreames, and Ceremonies:
It may be, theſe apparant Prodigies,
The vnaccuſtom'd Terror of this night,
And the perſwaſion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitoll to day.
Decius. Neuer feare that: If he be ſo reſolu'd,
I can ore-ſway him: For he loues to heare,
That Vnicornes may be betray'd with Trees,
And Beares with Glaſſes, Elephants with Holes,
Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He ſayes, he does; being then moſt flattered.
Let me worke:
For I can giue his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitoll.
Caſ. Nay, we will all of vs, be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eight houre, is that the vttermoſt?
Cin. Be that the vttermoſt, and faile not then.
Met. Caius Ligarius doth beare *Cæſar* hard, [x] hatred
Who rated him for ſpeaking well of *Pompey*;
I wonder none of you haue thought of him.
Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along by him:
He loues me well, and I haue giuen him Reaſons,
Send him but hither, and Ile faſhion him.
Caſ. The morning comes vpon's:
Wee'l leaue you *Brutus*,
And Friends diſperſe your ſelues; but all remember
What you haue ſaid, and ſhew your ſelues true Romans.
Bru. Good Gentlemen, looke freſh and merrily,
Let not our lookes put on our purpoſes,
But beare it as our Roman Actors do,
With vntyr'd Spirits, and formall Conſtancie,
And ſo good morrow to you euery one. *Exeunt.*
Manet Brutus.
Boy: *Lucius*: Faſt aſleepe? It is no matter,
Enioy the hony-heauy-Dew of Slumber:
Thou haſt no Figures, nor no Fantaſies,
Whic'

[x] In this inaccuracy Malone thus expresses himself "hatred was substituted for hard by the ignorant Editor of the 2d folio. the great corrupter of Shakespeare's text".

Which buſie care drawes, in the braines of men;
Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

Enter Portia.

Por. *Brutus*, my Lord.

Bru. *Portia:* What meane you? wherfore riſe you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. Y'haue vngently *Brutus*
Stole from my bed: and yeſternight at Supper
You ſodainly aroſe, and walk'd about,
Muſing, and ſighing, with your armes a-croſſe:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You ſtar'd vpon me, with vngentle lookes.
I vrg'd you further, then you ſcratch'd your head,
And too impatiently ſtampt with your foote:
Yet I inſiſted, yet you anſwer'd not,
But with an angry wafter of your hand
Gaue ſigne for me to leaue you: So I did,
Fearing to ſtrengthen that impatience
Which ſeem'd too much inkindled; and withall,
Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,
Which ſometime hath his houre with euery man.
It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor ſleepe;
And could it worke ſo much vpon your ſhape,
As it hath much preuayl'd on your Condition,
I ſhould not know you *Brutus*. Deare my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cauſe of greefe.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wiſe, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the meanes to come by it.

Bru. Why ſo I do: good *Portia* go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* ſicke? And is it Phyſicall
To walke vnbraced, and ſucke vp the humours
Of the danke Morning? What, is *Brutus* ſicke?
And will he ſteale out of his wholſome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rhewmy, and vnpurged Ayre,
To adde vnto hit ſickneſſe? No my *Brutus*,
You haue ſome ſicke Offence within your minde,
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place
I ought to know of: And vpon my knees,
I charme you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your vowes of Loue, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make vs one,
That you vnfold to me, your ſelfe; your halfe
Why you are heauy: and what men to night
Haue had reſort to you: for heere haue beene
Some ſixe or ſeuen, who did hide their faces
Euen from darkneſſe.

Bru. Kneele not gentle *Portia*.

Por. I ſhould not neede, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within tho Bond of Marriage, tell me *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I ſhould know no Secrets
That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe,
But as it were in ſort, or limitation?
To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,
And talke to you ſometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good pleaſure? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus* Harlot, not his Wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable Wife,
As deere to me, as are the ruddy droppes
That viſit my ſad heart.

Por. If this were true, then ſhould I know this ſecret.
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman that Lord *Brutus* tooke to Wife:
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman well reputed: *Cato's* Daughter.
Thinke you, I am no ſtronger then my Sex
Being ſo Father'd, and ſo Husbanded?
Tell me your Counſels, I will not diſcloſe 'em:
I haue made ſtrong proofe of my Conſtancie,
Giuing my ſelfe a voluntary wound
Heere, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,
And not my Husbands Secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this Noble Wife. *Knocke.*
Harke, harke, one knockes: *Portia* go in a while,
And by and by thy boſome ſhall partake
The ſecrets of my Heart.
All my engagements, I will conſtrue to thee,
All the Charractery of my ſad browes:
Leaue me with haſt. *Exit Portia.*

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knockes.

Luc. Heere is a ſicke man that would ſpeak with you.

Bru. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* ſpake of.
Boy, ſtand aſide. *Caius Ligarius*, how?

Cai. Vouchſafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O what a time haue you choſe out braue *Caius*
To weare a Kerchiefe? Would you were not ſicke.

Cai. I am not ſicke, if *Brutus* haue in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.

Bru. Such an exploit haue I in hand *Ligarius*,
Had you a healthfull eare to heare of it.

Cai. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,
I heere diſcard my ſickneſſe. Soule of Rome,
Braue Sonne, deriu'd from Honourable Loines,
Thou like an Exorciſt, haſt coniur'd vp
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne,
And I will ſtriue with things impoſſible,
Yea get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A peece of worke,
That will make ſicke men whole.

Cai. But are not ſome whole, that we muſt make ſicke?

Bru. That muſt we alſo. What it is my *Caius*,
I ſhall vnfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it muſt be done.

Cai. Set on your foote,
And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it ſufficeth
That *Brutus* leads me on. *Thunder.*

Bru. Follow me then. *Exeunt*

Sept. 21 / June 11 — The ſame—a room in Cæſars Palace. M.C.

Thunder & Lightning.

Enter Iulius Cæſar in his Night-gowne.

Cæſar. Nor Heauen, nor Earth,
Haue beene at peace to night:
Thrice hath *Calphurnia*, in her ſleepe cryed out,
Helpe, ho: They murther *Cæſar*. Who's within?

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord.

Cæſ. Go bid the Prieſts do preſent Sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of Succeſſe.

Ser. I will my Lord. *Exit*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you *Cæſar*? Think you to walk forth?
You ſhall not ſtirre out of your houſe to day.

Cæſ. *Cæſar* ſhall forth; the things that threaten'd me,
Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they ſhall ſee
The face of *Cæſar*, they are vaniſhed.

Calp.

PORTIA.

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Calp. *Cæſar*, I neuer ſtood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Beſides the things that we haue heard and ſeene,
Recounts moſt horrid ſights ſeene by the Watch.
A Lionneſſe hath whelped in the ſtreets,
And Graues haue yawn'd, and yeelded vp their dead;
Fierce fiery Warriours fight vpon the Clouds
In Rankes and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre
Which drizel'd blood vpon the Capitoll:
The noiſe of Battell hurtled in the Ayre: *hurried* Sd
Horſſes do neigh, and dying men did grone, *did* Sd
And Ghoſts did ſhrieke and ſqueale about the ſtreets.
O *Cæſar*, theſe things are beyond all vſe,
And I do feare them.
Cæſ. What can be auoyded
Whoſe end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæſar* ſhall go forth: for theſe Predictions
Are to the world in generall, as to *Cæſar*.
Calp. When Beggers dye, there are no Comets ſeen,
The Heauens themſelues blaze forth the death of Princes
Cæſ. Cowards dye many times before their deaths,
The valiant neuer taſte of death but once:
Of all the Wonders that I yet haue heard,
It ſeemes to me moſt ſtrange that men ſhould feare,
Seeing that death, a neceſſary end
Will come, when it will come.
Enter a Seruant.
What ſay the Augurers?
Ser. They would not haue you to ſtirre forth to day.
Plucking the intrailes of an Offering forth,
They could not finde a heart within the beaſt.
Cæſ. The Gods do this in ſhame of Cowardice:
Cæſar ſhould be a Beaſt without a heart
If he ſhould ſtay at home to day for feare:
No *Cæſar* ſhall not; Danger knowes full well
That *Cæſar* is more dangerous then he.
We heare two Lyons litter'd in one day, *we were* m.c. *Rider*
And I the elder and more terrible, *we are* Capton
And *Cæſar* ſhall go foorth.
Calp. Alas my Lord,
Your wiſedome is conſum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to day: Call it my feare,
That keepes you in the houſe, and not your owne.
Wee'l ſend *Mark Antony* to the Senate houſe,
And he ſhall ſay, you are not well to day:
Let me vpon my knee, preuaile in this.
Cæſ. *Mark Antony* ſhall ſay I am not well,
And for thy humor, I will ſtay at home.
Enter Decius.
Heere's *Decius Brutus*, he ſhall tell them ſo.
Deci. *Cæſar*, all haile: Good morrow worthy *Cæſar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate houſe.
Cæſ. And you are come in very happy time,
To beare my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day:
Cannot, is falſe: and that I dare not, falſer:
I will not come to day, tell them ſo *Decius*.
Calp. Say he is ſicke.
Cæſ. Shall *Cæſar* ſend a Lye?
Haue I in Conqueſt ſtretcht mine Arme ſo farre,
To be afear'd to tell Gray-beards the truth:
Decius, go tell them, *Cæſar* will not come.
Deci. Moſt mighty *Cæſar* let me know ſome cauſe,
Leſt I be laught at when I tell them ſo.
Cæſ. The cauſe is in my Will, I will not come,
That is enough to ſatisfie the Senate.
But for your priuate ſatisfaction,
Becauſe I loue you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia heere, my wife ſtayes me at home:
She dreampt to night, ſhe ſaw my Statue,
Which like a Fountaine, with an hundred ſpouts
Did run pure blood: and many luſty Romans
Came ſmiling, & did bathe their hands in it:
And theſe does ſhe apply, for warnings and portents, *omitted* m.c.
And euils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will ſtay at home to day.
Deci. This Dreame is all amiſſe interpreted,
It was a viſion, faire and fortunate:
Your Statue ſpouting blood in many pipes,
In which ſo many ſmiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome ſhall ſucke
Reuiuing blood, and that great men ſhall preſſe
For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cogniſance.
This by *Calphurnia*'s Dreame is ſignified.
Cæſ. And this way haue you well expounded it.
Deci. I haue, when you haue heard what I can ſay:
And know it now, the Senate haue concluded
To giue this day, a Crowne to mighty *Cæſar*.
If you ſhall ſend them word you will not come,
Their mindes may change. Beſides, it were a mocke
Apt to be render'd, for ſome one to ſay,
Breake vp the Senate, till another time:
When *Cæſars* wife ſhall meete with better Dreames.
If *Cæſar* hide himſelfe, ſhall they not whiſper
Loe *Cæſar* is affraid?
Pardon me *Cæſar*, for my deere deere loue
To your proceeding, bids me tell you this:
And reaſon to my loue is liable.
Cæſ. How fooliſh do your fears ſeeme now *Calphurnia*?
I am aſhamed I did yeeld to them.
Giue me my Robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska, Trebonius, Cynna, and Publius.
And looke where *Publius* is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. Welcome *Publius*.
What *Brutus*, are you ſtirr'd ſo earely too?
Good morrow *Caska*: *Caius Ligarius*,
Cæſar was ne're ſo much your enemy,
As that ſame Ague which hath made you leane.
What is't a Clocke?
Brut. *Cæſar*, 'tis ſtrucken eight.
Cæſ. I thanke you for your paines and curteſie.
Enter Antony.
See, *Antony* that Reuels long a-nights
Is notwithſtanding vp. Good morrow *Antony*.
Ant. So to moſt Noble *Cæſar*
Cæſ. Bid them prepare within:
I am too blame to be thus waited for.
Now *Cynna*, now *Metellus*: what *Trebonius*,
I haue an houres talke in ſtore for you:
Remember that you call on me to day:
Be neere me, that I may remember you.
Treb. *Cæſar* I will: and ſo neere will I be,
That your beſt Friends ſhall wiſh I had beene further.
Cæſ. Good Friends go in, and taſte ſome wine with me
And we (like Friends) will ſtraight way go together.
Bru. That euery like is not the ſame, O *Cæſar*,
The heart of *Brutus* earnes to thinke vpon. *Exeunt*
Actus 3. Scena VI. *The ſame. Enter Artemidorus.* a ſtreet near the Capitol me.
Cæſar, beware of Brutus, take heede of Caſsius; come not
neere

* Stevens: Sir Ike me was an advocate for the superiority of this folio this expresses himself "Thus the 2d folio is blundering & deficient" and "Horses do neigh" — S—

neere Caska, haue an eye to Cynna, truſt not Trebonius, marke well Metellus Cymber, Decius Brutus loues thee not: Thou haſt wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one minde in all theſe men, and it is bent againſt Cæſar: If thou beeſt not Immortall, looke about you: Security giues way to Conſpiracie. The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Louer, *Artemidorus.*

Heere will I ſtand, till *Cæſar* paſſe along,
And as a Sutor will I giue him this:
My heart laments, that Vertue cannot liue
Out of the teeth of Emulation.
If thou reade this, O *Cæſar*, thou mayeſt liue;
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contriue. *Exit*

Scene IV. The same. Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-houſe,
Stay not to anſwer me, but get thee gone.
Why doeſt thou ſtay?

Luc. To know my errand Madam.

Por. I would haue had thee there and heere agen
Ere I can tell thee what thou ſhould'ſt do there:
O Conſtancie, be ſtrong vpon my ſide,
Set a huge Mountaine 'tweene my Heart and Tongue:
I haue a mans minde, but a womans might:
How hard it is for women to keepe counſell.
Art thou heere yet?

Luc. Madam, what ſhould I do?
Run to the Capitoll, and nothing elſe?
And ſo returne to you, and nothing elſe?

Por. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went ſickly forth: and take good note
What *Cæſar* doth, what Sutors preſſe to him.
Hearke Boy, what noyſe is that?

Luc. I heare none Madam.

Por. Prythee liſten well:
I heard a buſsling Rumor like a Fray,
And the winde brings it from the Capitoll.

Luc. Sooth Madam, I heare nothing.

Enter the Soothſayer.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way haſt thou bin?

Sooth. At mine owne houſe, good Lady.

Por. What is't a clocke?

Sooth. About the ninth houre Lady.

Por. Is *Cæſar* yet gone to the Capitoll?

Sooth. Madam not yet, I go to take my ſtand,
To ſee him paſſe on to the Capitoll.

Por. Thou haſt ſome ſuite to *Cæſar*, haſt thou not?

Sooth. That I haue Lady, if it will pleaſe *Cæſar*
To be ſo good to *Cæſar*, as to heare me:
I ſhall beſeech him to befriend himſelfe.

Por. Why know'ſt thou any harme's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be,
Much that I feare may chance:
Good morrow to you: heere the ſtreet is narrow:
The throng that followes *Cæſar* at the heeles,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Sutors,
Will crowd a feeble man (almoſt) to death:
Ile get me to a place more voyd, and there
Speake to great *Cæſar* as he comes along. *Exit*

Por. I muſt go in:
Aye me! How weake a thing
The heart of woman is? O *Brutus*,
The Heauens ſpeede thee in thine enterprize.
Sure the Boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a ſuite
That *Cæſar* will not grant. O, I grow faint:
Run *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,
Say I am merry; Come to me againe,
And bring me word what he doth ſay to thee. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius.

Flouriſh.

Enter Cæſar, Brutus, Caſſius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cynna, Antony, Lepidus, Artimedorus, Popilius Publius, and the Soothſayer.

Cæſ. The Ides of March are come.

Sooth. I *Cæſar*, but not gone.

Art. Haile *Cæſar*: Read this Scedule.

Deci. Trebonius doth deſire you to ore-read
(At your beſt leyſure) this his humble ſuite.

Art. O *Cæſar*, reade mine firſt: for mine's a ſuite
That touches *Cæſar* neerer. Read it great *Cæſar*.

Cæſ. What touches vs our ſelfe, ſhall be laſt ſeru'd.

Art. Delay not *Cæſar*, read it inſtantly.

Cæſ. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirra, giue place.

Caſſi. What, vrge you your Petitions in the ſtreet?
Come to the Capitoll.

Popil. I wiſh your enterprize to day may thriue.

Caſſi. What enterprize *Popillius*?

Popil. Fare you well.

Bru. What ſaid *Popillius Lena*?

Caſſi. He wiſht to day our enterprize might thriue:
I feare our purpoſe is diſcouered.

Bru. Looke how he makes to *Cæſar*: marke him.

Caſſi. Caska be ſodaine, for we feare preuention.
Brutus what ſhall be done? If this be knowne,
Caſſius or *Cæſar* neuer ſhall turne backe,
For I will ſlay my ſelfe.

Bru. Caſſius be conſtant:
Popillius Lena ſpeakes not of our purpoſes,
For looke he ſmiles, and *Cæſar* doth not change.

Caſſi. Trebonius knowes his time: for look you *Brutus*
He drawes *Mark Antony* out of the way.

Deci. Where is *Metellus Cimber*, let him go,
And preſently preferre his ſuite to *Cæſar*.

Bru. He is addreſt: preſſe neere, and ſecond him.

Cin. Caska, you are the firſt that reares your hand.

Cæſ. Are we all ready? What is now amiſſe,
That *Cæſar* and his Senate muſt redreſſe?

Metel. Moſt high, moſt mighty, and moſt puiſant *Cæſar*
Metellus Cymber throwes before thy Seate
An humble heart.

Cæſ. I muſt preuent thee *Cymber*:
Theſe couchings, and theſe lowly courteſies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turne pre-Ordinance, and firſt Decree
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,
To thinke that *Cæſar* beares ſuch Rebell blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth Fooles, I meane ſweet words,
Low-crooked-curtſies, and baſe Spaniell fawning:
Thy Brother by decree is baniſhed:
If thou doeſt bend, and pray, and fawne for him,
I ſpurne thee like a Curre out of my way:
Know, *Cæſar* doth not wrong, nor without cauſe
Will he be ſatisfied.

Metel. Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne,

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SHAKSPEARE
JULIUS CÆSAR.
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from Hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry Havock, and let slip the Dogs of War.
Act III. Sc. 1.

To ſound more ſweetly in great *Cæſars* eare,
For the repealing of my baniſh'd Brother?
Bru. I kiſſe thy hand, but not in flattery *Cæſar*:
Deſiring thee, that *Publius Cymber* may
Haue an immediate freedome of repeale.
Cæſ. What *Brutus?*
Caſſi. Pardon *Cæſar*: *Cæſar* pardon:
As lowe as to thy foote doth *Caſſius* fall,
To begge infranchiſement for *Publius Cymber.*
Cæſ. I could be well mou'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to moone, Prayers would moone me:
But I am conſtant as the Northerne Starre,
Of whoſe true fixt, and reſting quality,
There is no fellow in the Firmament.
The Skies are painted with vnnumbred ſparkes,
They are all Fire, and euery one doth ſhine:
But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the World; 'Tis furniſh'd well with Men,
And Men are Fleſh and Blood, and apprehenſiue;
Yet in the number, I do know but One
That vnaſſayleable holds on his Ranke,
Vnſhak'd of Motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little ſhew it, euen in this:
That I was conſtant *Cymber* ſhould be baniſh'd,
And conſtant do remaine to keepe him ſo.
Cinna. O *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. Hence: Wilt thou lift vp Olympus?
Decius. Great *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. Doth not *Brutus* bootleſſe kneele? *Do not*
Cask. Speake hands for me.
They ſtab Cæſar.
Cæſ. Et Tu Brutè?——Then fall *Cæſar.* *Dyes*
Cin. Liberty, Freedome; Tyranny is dead,
Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets.
Caſſi. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out
Liberty, Freedome, and Enfranchiſement.
Bru. People and Senators, be not affrighted:
Fly not, ſtand ſtill: Ambitions debt is paid.
Cask. Go to the Pulpit *Brutus.*
Dec. And *Caſſius* too.
Bru. Where's *Publius?*
Cin. Heere, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand faſt together, leaſt ſome Friend of *Cæſars*
Should chance——
Bru. Talke not of ſtanding. *Publius* good cheere,
There is no harme intended to your perſon,
Nor to no Roman elſe: ſo tell them *Publius.*
Caſſi. And leaue vs *Publius*, leaſt that the people
Ruſhing on vs, ſhould do your Age ſome miſchiefe.
Bru. Do ſo, and let no man abide this deede,
But we the Doers.
Enter Trebonius.
Caſſi. Where is *Antony?*
Treb. Fled to his Houſe amaz'd:
Men, Wiues, and Children, ſtare, cry out, and run,
As it were Doomeſday.
Bru. Fates, we will know your pleaſures:
That we ſhall dye we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing dayes out, that men ſtand vpon.
Cask Why he that cuts off twenty yeares of life,
Cuts off ſo many yeares of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit:
So are we *Cæſars* Friends, that haue abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, ſtoope,
And let vs bathe our hands in *Cæſars* blood
Vp to the Elbowes, and beſmeare our Swords:
Then walke we forth, euen to the Market place,
And wauing our red Weapons o're our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedome, and Liberty.
Caſſi. Stoop then, and waſh. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted ouer,
In State vnborne, and Accents yet vnknowne?
Bru. How many times ſhall *Cæſar* bleed in ſport,
That now on *Pompeyes* Baſis lye along,
No worthier then the duſt?
Caſſi. So oft as that ſhall be,
So often ſhall the knot of vs be call'd,
The Men that gaue their Country liberty.
Dec. What, ſhall we forth?
Caſſi. I, euery man away.
Brutus ſhall leade, and we will grace his heeles
With the moſt boldeſt, and beſt hearts of Rome.
Enter a Seruant.
Bru. Soft, who comes heere? A friend of *Antonies.*
Ser. Thus *Brutus* did my Maſter bid me kneele;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall downe,
And being proſtrate, thus he bad me ſay:
Brutus is Noble, Wiſe, Valiant, and Honeſt;
Cæſar was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Louing:
Say, I loue *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæſar*, honour'd him, and lou'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchſafe, that *Antony*
May ſafely come to him, and be reſolu'd
How *Cæſar* hath deſeru'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony, ſhall not loue *Cæſar* dead
So well as *Brutus* liuing; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affayres of Noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this vntrod State,
With all true Faith. So ſayes my Maſter *Antony.*
Bru. Thy Maſter is a Wiſe and Valiant Romane,
I neuer thought him worſe:
Tell him, ſo pleaſe him come vnto this place
He ſhall be ſatisfied: and by my Honor
Depart vntouch'd.
Ser. Ile fetch him preſently. *Exit Seruant.*
Bru. I know that we ſhall haue him well to Friend.
Caſſi. I wiſh we may: But yet haue I a minde
That feares him much: and my miſgiuing ſtill
Falles ſhrewdly to the purpoſe.
Enter Antony.
Bru. But heere comes *Antony:*
Welcome *Mark Antony.*
Ant. O mighty *Cæſar!* Doſt thou lye ſo lowe?
Are all thy Conqueſts, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles,
Shrunke to this little Meaſure? Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Who elſe muſt be let blood, who elſe is ranke:
If I my ſelfe, there is no houre ſo fit
As *Cæſars* deaths houre; nor no Inſtrument
Of halfe that worth, as thoſe your Swords; made rich
With the moſt Noble blood of all this World.
I do beſeech yee, if you beare me hard,
Now, whil'ſt your purpled hands do reeke and ſmoake,
Fulfill your pleaſure. Liue a thouſand yeeres,
I ſhall not finde my ſelfe ſo apt to dye.
No place will pleaſe me ſo, no meane of death,
As heere by *Cæſar*, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Maſter Spirits of this Age.
Bru. O *Antony!* Begge not your death of vs:
Though now we muſt appeare bloody and cruell,
As by our hands, and this our preſent Acte
You ſee we do: Yet ſee you but our hands,

And this, the bleeding buſineſſe they haue done:
Our hearts you ſee not, they are pittifull:
And pitty to the generall wrong of Rome,
As fire driues out fire, ſo pitty, pitty
Hath done this deed on *Cæſar*. For your part,
To you, our Swords haue leaden points *Marke Antony*:
Our Armes in ſtrength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receiue you in,
With all kinde loue, good thoughts, and reuerence.
Caſſi. Your voyce ſhall be as ſtrong as any mans,
In the diſpoſing of new Dignities.
Bru. Onely be patient, till we haue appeas'd
The Multitude, beſide themſelues with feare,
And then, we will deliuer you the cauſe,
Why I, that did loue *Cæſar* when I ſtrooke him,
Haue thus proceeded.
Ant. I doubt not of your Wiſedome:
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
Firſt *Marcus Brutus* will I ſhake with you;
Next *Caius Caſſius* do I take your hand;
Now *Decius Brutus* yours; now yours *Metellus*;
Yours *Cinna*; and my valiant *Caſka*, yours;
Though laſt, not leaſt in loue, yours good *Trebonius*,
Gentlemen all: Alas, what ſhall I ſay,
My credit now ſtands on ſuch ſlippery ground,
That one of two bad wayes you muſt conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
That I did loue thee *Cæſar*, O 'tis true:
If then thy Spirit looke vpon vs now,
Shall it not greeue thee deerer then thy death,
To ſee thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes?
Moſt Noble, in the preſence of thy Coarſe,
Had I as many eyes, as thou haſt wounds,
Weeping as faſt as they ſtreame forth thy blood,
It would become me better, then to cloſe
In tearmes of Friendſhip with thine enemies.
Pardon me *Iulius*, heere was't thou bay'd braue Hart,
Heere did'ſt thou fall, and heere thy Hunters ſtand
Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crimſon'd in thy Lethee.
O World! thou waſt the Forreſt to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deere, ſtroken by many Princes,
Doſt thou heere lye?
Caſſi. Mark Antony.
Ant. Pardon me *Caius Caſſius:*
The Enemies of *Cæſar*, ſhall ſay this:
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modeſtie.
Caſſi. I blame you not for praiſing *Cæſar* ſo,
But what compact meane you to haue with vs?
Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
Or ſhall we on, and not depend on you?
Ant. Therefore I tooke your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on *Cæſar*.
Friends am I with you all, and loue you all,
Vpon this hope, that you ſhall giue me Reaſons,
Why, and wherein, *Cæſar* was dangerous.
Bru. Or elſe were this a ſauage Spectacle:
Our Reaſons are ſo full of good regard,
That were you *Antony*, the Sonne of *Cæſar*,
You ſhould be ſatisfied.
Ant. That's all I ſeeke,
And am moreouer ſutor, that I may
Produce his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
Speake in the Order of his Funerall.
Bru. You ſhall *Marke Antony.*
Caſſi. Brutus, a word with you:
You know not what you do; Do not conſent
That *Antony* ſpeake in his Funerall:
Know you how much the people may be mou'd
By that which he will vtter.
Bru. By your pardon:
I will my ſelfe into the Pulpit firſt,
And ſhew the reaſon of our *Cæſars* death.
What *Antony* ſhall ſpeake, I will proteſt
He ſpeakes by leaue, and by permiſsion:
And that we are contented *Cæſar* ſhall
Haue all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies,
It ſhall aduantage more, then do vs wrong.
Caſſi. I know not what may fall, I like it not.
Bru. Mark Antony, heere take you *Cæſars* body:
You ſhall not in your Funerall ſpeech blame vs,
But ſpeake all good you can deuiſe of *Cæſar*,
And ſay you doo't by our permiſsion:
Elſe ſhall you not haue any hand at all
About his Funerall. And you ſhall ſpeake
In the ſame Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my ſpeech is ended.
Ant. Be it ſo:
I do deſire no more.
Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow vs. *Exeunt.*

Manet Antony.

O pardon me, thou bleeding peece of Earth:
That I am meeke and gentle with theſe Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Nobleſt man
That euer liued in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that ſhed this coſtly Blood.
Ouer thy wounds, now do I Propheſie,
(Which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby lips,
To begge the voyce and vtterance of my Tongue)
A Curſe ſhall light vpon the limbes of men;
Domeſticke Fury, and fierce Ciuill ſtrife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in vſe,
And dreadfull Obiects ſo familiar,
That Mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre:
All pitty choak'd with cuſtome of fell deeds,
And *Cæſars* Spirit ranging for Reuenge,
With *Ate* by his ſide, come hot from Hell,
Shall in theſe Confines, with a Monarkes voyce,
Cry hauocke, and let ſlip the Dogges of Warre,
That this foule deede, ſhall ſmell aboue the earth
With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.

Enter Octauio's Seruant.

You ſerue *Octauius Cæſar*, do you not?
Ser. I do *Marke Antony.*
Ant. Cæſar did write for him to come to Rome.
Ser. He did receiue his Letters, and is comming,
And bid me ſay to you by word of mouth——
O *Cæſar!* [Seeing the body.]
Ant. Thy heart is bigge: get thee a-part and weepe:
Paſsion I ſee is catching from mine eyes,
Seeing thoſe Beads of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Maſter comming?
Ser. He lies to night within ſeuen Leagues of Rome.
Ant. Poſt backe with ſpeede,
And tell him what hath chanc'd:
Heere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of ſafety for *Octauius* yet,
Hie hence, and tell him ſo. Yet ſtay a-while,

Thou

Thou ſhalt not backe, till I haue borne this courſe
Into the Market place: There ſhall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruell iſſue of theſe bloody men,
According to the which, thou ſhalt diſcourſe
To yong *Octauius*, of the ſtate of things.
Lend me your hand. *Exeunt*

Enter Brutus, and goes into the Pulpit, and Caſſius, with the Plebeians.

Ple. We will be ſatisfied: let vs be ſatisfied,
Bru. Then follow me, and giue me Audience friends.
Caſſius go you into the other ſtreete,
And part the Numbers:
Thoſe that will heare me ſpeake, let 'em ſtay heere;
Thoſe that will follow *Caſſius*, go with him,
And publike Reaſons ſhall be rendred
Of *Cæsars* death.
1. *Ple.* I will heare *Brutus* ſpeake.
2. I will heare *Caſſius*, and compare their Reaſons,
When ſeuerally we heare them rendred.
3. The Noble *Brutus* is aſcended: Silence.
Bru. Be patient till the laſt.
Romans, Countrey-men, and Louers, heare mee for my cauſe, and be ſilent, that you may heare. Beleeue me for mine Honor, and haue reſpect to mine Honor, that you may beleeue. Cenſure me in your Wiſedom, and awake your Senſes, that you may the better Iudge. If there bee any in this Aſſembly, any deere Friend of *Cæsars*, to him I ſay, that *Brutus* loue to *Cæsar*, was no leſſe then his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* roſe againſt *Cæsar*, this is my anſwer: not that I lou'd *Cæsar* leſſe, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were liuing, and dye all *Slaues*; then that *Cæsar* were dead, to liue all Free-men? As *Cæsar* lou'd mee, I weepe for him; as he was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I ſlew him. There is Teares, for his Loue: Ioy, for his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere ſo baſe, that would be a Bondman? If any, ſpeak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere ſo rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, ſpeak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere ſo vile, that will not loue his Countrey? If any, ſpeake, for him haue I offended. I pauſe for a Reply.
All. None *Btutus*, none.
Brutus. Then none haue I offended. I haue done no more to *Cæsar*, then you ſhall do to *Brutus*. The Queſtion of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he ſuffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Cæsars body.

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by *Marke Antony*, who though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receiue the benefit of his dying, a place in the Cōmonwealth, as which of you ſhall not. With this I depart, that as I ſlewe my beſt Louer for the good of Rome, I haue the ſame Dagger for my ſelfe, when it ſhall pleaſe my Country to need my death.
All. Liue *Brutus*, liue, liue.
1. Bring him with Triumph home vnto his houſe.
2. Giue him a Statue with his Anceſtors.
3. Let him be *Cæsar*.
4. *Cæsars* better parts,
Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.
1. Wee'l bring him to his Houſe,
With Showts and Clamors.
Bru. My Country-men.
2. Peace, ſilence, *Brutus* ſpeakes.
1. Peace ho.
Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And (for my ſake) ſtay heere with *Antony*:
Do grace to *Cæsars* Corpes, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Cæsars* Glories, which *Marke Antony*
(By our permiſſion) is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Saue I alone, till *Antony* haue ſpoke. *Exit*
1 Stay ho, and let vs heare *Mark Antony*.
3 Let him go vp into the publike Chaire,
Wee'l heare him: Noble *Antony* go vp.
Ant. For *Brutus* ſake, I am beholding to you.
4 What does he ſay of *Brutus*?
3 He ſayes, for *Brutus* ſake
He findes himſelfe beholding to vs all.
4 'Twere beſt he ſpeake no harme of *Brutus* heere?
1 This *Cæsar* was a Tyrant.
3 Nay that's certaine:
We are bleſt that Rome is rid of him.
2 Peace, let vs heare what *Antony* can ſay.
Ant. You gentle Romans.
All. Peace hoe, let vs heare him.
An. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praiſe him:
The euill that men do, liues after them,
The good is oft enterred with their bones,
So let it be with *Cæsar*. The Noble *Brutus*,
Hath told you *Cæsar* was Ambitious:
If it were ſo, it was a greeuous Fault,
And greeuouſly hath *Cæsar* anſwer'd it.
Heere, vnder leaue of *Brutus*, and the reſt
(For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,
So are they all; all Honourable men)
Come I to ſpeake in *Cæsars* Funerall.
He was my Friend, faithfull, and iuſt to me;
But *Brutus* ſayes, he was Ambitious,
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
He hath brought many Captiues home to Rome,
Whoſe Ranſomes, did the generall Coffers fill:
Did this in *Cæsar* ſeeme Ambitious?
When that the poore haue cry'de, *Cæsar* hath wept:
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuffe,
Yet *Brutus* ſayes, he was Ambitious:
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
You all did ſee, that on the *Lupercall*,
I thrice preſented him a Kingly Crowne,
Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this Ambition?
Yet *Brutus* ſayes, he was Ambitious:
And ſure he is an Honourable man.
I ſpeake not to diſproone what *Brutus* ſpoke,
But heere I am, to ſpeake what I do know;
You all did loue him once, not without cauſe,
What cauſe with-holds you then, to mourne for him?
O Iudgement! thou are fled to brutiſh Beaſts,
And Men haue loſt their Reaſon. Beare with me,
My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæsar*,
And I muſt pawſe, till it come backe to me.
1 Me thinkes there is much reaſon in his ſayings.
2 If thou conſider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar ha's had great wrong.
3 Ha's hee Maſters? I feare there will a worſe come in his place.

4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take y^e Crown,
Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.
1. If it be found ſo, ſome will deere abide it.
2. Poore ſoule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome then *Antony*.
4. Now marke him, he begins againe to ſpeake.
Ant. But yeſterday, the word of *Cæſar* might
Haue ſtood againſt the World: Now lies he there,
And none ſo poore to do him reuerence.
O Maiſters! If I were diſpos'd to ſtirre
Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,
I ſhould do *Brutus* wrong, and *Caſſius* wrong:
Who (you all know) are Honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather chooſe
To wrong the dead, to wrong my ſelfe and you,
Then I will wrong ſuch Honourable men.
But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Cæſar*,
I found it in his Cloſſet, 'tis his Will:
Let but the Commons heare this Teſtament:
(Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade,
And they would go and kiſſe dead *Cæſars* wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Willes,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie
Vnto their iſſue.
4 Wee'l heare the Will, reade it *Marke Antony*.
All. The Will, the Will; we will heare *Cæſars* Will.
Ant. Haue patience gentle Friends, I muſt not read it.
It is not meete you know how *Cæſar* lou'd you:
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:
And being men, hearing the Will of *Cæſar*,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,
For if you ſhould, O what would come of it?
4 Read the Will, wee'l heare it *Antony:*
You ſhall reade vs the Will, *Cæſars* Will.
Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you ſtay a-while?
I haue o're-ſhot my ſelfe to tell you of it,
I feare I wrong the Honourable men,
Whoſe Daggers haue ſtabb'd *Cæſar:* I do feare it.
4 They were Traitors: Honourable men?
All. The Will, the Teſtament.
2 They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will, read the Will.
Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will:
Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Cæſar*,
And let me ſhew you him that made the Will:
Shall I deſcend? And will you giue me leaue?
All. Come downe.
2 Deſcend.
3 You ſhall haue leaue.
4 A Ring, ſtand round.
1 Stand from the Hearſe, ſtand from the Body.
2 Roome for *Antony*, moſt Noble *Antony*.
Ant. Nay preſſe not ſo vpon me, ſtand farre off.
All. Stand backe: roome, beare backe.
Ant. If you haue teares, prepare to ſhed them now.
You all do know this Mantle, I remember
The firſt time euer *Cæſar* put it on,
'Twas on a Summers Euening in his Tent,
That day he ouercame the *Neruij*.
Looke, in this place ran *Caſſius* Dagger through:
See what a rent the enuious *Caska* made:
Through this, the wel-beloued *Brutus* ſtabb'd,
And as he pluck'd his curſed Steele away:
Marke how the blood of *Cæſar* followed it,
As ruſhing out of doores, to be reſolu'd
If *Brutus* ſo vnkindely knock'd, or no:
For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæſars* Angel.
Iudge, O you Gods, how deerely *Cæſar* lou'd him:
This was the moſt vnkindeſt cut of all.
For when the Noble *Cæſar* ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong then Traitors armes,
Quite vanquiſh'd him: then burſt his Mighty heart,
And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,
Euen at the Baſe of *Pompeyes* Statue *Statua m.e.*
(Which all the while ran blood) great *Cæſar* fell.
O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?
Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe,
Whil'ſt bloody Treaſon flouriſh'd ouer vs.
O now you weepe, and I perceiue you feele
The dint of pitty: Theſe are gracious droppes.
Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold
Our *Cæſars* Veſture wounded? Looke you heere,
Heere is Himſelfe, marr'd as you ſee with Traitors.
1. O pitteous ſpectacle!
2. O Noble *Cæſar*!
3. O wofull day!
4. O Traitors, Villaines!
1. O moſt bloody ſight!
2. We will be reueng'd: Reuenge
About, ſeeke, burne, fire, kill, ſlay,
Let not a Traitor liue.
Ant. Stay Country-men.
1. Peace there, heare the Noble *Antony*.
2. Wee'l heare him, wee'l follow him, wee'l dy with him. (you vp
Ant. Good Friends, ſweet Friends, let me not ſtirre
To ſuch a ſodaine Flood of Mutiny:
They that haue done this Deede, are honourable.
What priuate greefes they haue, alas I know not,
That made them do it: They are Wiſe, and Honourable,
And will no doubt with Reaſons anſwer you.
I come not (Friends) to ſteale away your hearts,
I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;
But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man
That loue my Friend, and that they know full well,
That gaue me publike leaue to ſpeake of him:
For I haue neyther writ nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,
To ſtirre mens Blood. I onely ſpeake right on:
I tell you that, which you your ſelues do know,
Shew you ſweet *Cæſars* wounds, poor poor dum mouths
And bid them ſpeake for me: But were I *Brutus*,
And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In euery Wound of *Cæſar*, that ſhould moue
The ſtones of Rome, to riſe and Mutiny.
All. Wee'l Mutiny.
1 Wee'l burne the houſe of *Brutus*.
3 Away then, come, ſeeke the Conſpirators.
Ant. Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me ſpeake
All. Peace hoe, heare *Antony*, moſt Noble *Antony*.
Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath *Cæſar* thus deſeru'd your loues?
Alas you know not, I muſt tell you then:
You haue forgot the Will I told you of.
All. Moſt true, the Will, let's ſtay and heare the Wil.
Ant. Heere is the Will, and vnder *Cæſars* Seale:
To euery Roman Citizen he giues,
To euery ſeuerall man, ſeuenty fiue Drachmaes.

2 *Ple.* Moſt Noble *Cæſar*, wee'l reuenge his death.
3 *Ple.* O Royall *Cæſar.*
Ant. Heare me with patience.
All. Peace hoe
Ant. Moreouer, he hath left you all his Walkes,
His priuate Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,
On this ſide Tyber, he hath left them you,
And to your heyres for euer: common pleaſures
To walke abroad, and recreate your ſelues.
Heere was a *Cæſar*: when comes ſuch another?
1. *Ple.* Neuer, neuer: come, away, away:
Wee'l burne his body in the holy place,
And with the Brands fire the Traitors houſes. all /32
Take vp the body.
2. *Ple.* Go fetch fire.
3. *Ple.* Plucke downe Benches.
4. *Ple.* Plucke downe Formes, Windowes, any thing.
Exeunt /32 *Exit Plebeians.* with the body m.c.
Ant. Now let it worke: Miſcheefe thou art a-foot,
Take thou what courſe thou wilt.
How now Fellow?

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Sir, *Octauius* is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is hee?
Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæſars* houſe.
Ant. And thither will I ſtraight, to viſit him:
He comes vpon a wiſh. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will giue vs any thing.
Ser. I heard him ſay, *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike they had ſome notice of the people
How I had moued them. Bring me to *Octauius.* *Exeunt*
Actus Tertius. Scena Tertia. The Same - A Street m.c
Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cinna. I dreamt to night, that I did feaſt with *Cæſar*,
And things vnluckily charge my Fantaſie:
I haue no will to wander foorth of doores,
Yet ſomething leads me foorth.
1. What is your name?
2. Whether are you going?
3. Where do you dwell?
4. Are you a married man, or a Batchellor?
2. Anſwer euery man directly.
1. I, and breefely.
4. I, and wiſely.
3. I, and truly, you were beſt.
Cin. What is my name? Whether am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchellour? Then to anſwer euery man, directly and breefely, wiſely and truly: wiſely I ſay, I am a Batchellor.
2 That's as much as to ſay, they are fooles that marrie: you'l beare me a bang for that I feare: proceede directly.
Cinna. Directly I am going to *Cæſars* Funerall.
1. As a Friend, or an Enemy?
Cinna. As a friend.
2. That matter is anſwered directly.
4. For your dwelling: breefely.
Cinna. Breefely, I dwell by the Capitoll.
3. Your name ſir, truly.
Cinna. Truly, my name is *Cinna.*
1. Teare him to peeces, hee's a Conſpirator.
Cinna. I am *Cinna* the Poet, I am *Cinna* the Poet.
4. Teare him for his bad verſes, teare him for his bad verſes.
Cin. I am not *Cinna* the Conſpirator.
4. It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*, plucke but his name out of his heart, and turne him going.
3. Teare him, tear him; Come Brands hoe, Firebrands: to *Brutus*, to *Caſſius*, burne all. Some to *Decius* Houſe, and ſome to *Caska*'s; ſome to *Ligarius*: Away, go.
Exeunt all the Plebeians.

Actus Quartus.

Scene 1. A room in Anthonys House m.c
Seated at a Table m.c.

Enter Antony, Octauius, and Lepidus.

Ant. Theſe many then ſhall die, their names are prickt
Octa. Your Brother too muſt dye: conſent you *Lepidus?*
Lep. I do conſent.
Octa. Pricke him downe *Antony.*
Lep. Vpon condition *Publius* ſhall not liue,
Who is your Siſters ſonne, *Marke Antony.*
Ant. He ſhall not liue; looke, with a ſpot I dam him.
But *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæſars* houſe:
Fetch the Will hither, and we ſhall determine
How to cut off ſome charge in Legacies.
Lep. What? ſhall I finde you heere?
Octa. Or heere, or at the Capitoll. *Exit Lepidus*
Ant. This is a ſlight vnmeritable man,
Meet to be ſent on Errands: is it fit
The three-fold World diuided, he ſhould ſtand
One of the three to ſhare it?
Octa. So you thought him,
And tooke his voyce who ſhould be prickt to dye
In our blacke Sentence and Proſcription.
Ant. Octauius, I haue ſeene more dayes then you,
And though we lay theſe Honours on this man,
To eaſe our ſelues of diuers ſland'rous loads,
He ſhall but beare them, as the Aſſe beares Gold,
To groane and ſwet vnder the Buſineſſe,
Either led or driuen, as we point the way:
And hauing brought our Treaſure, where we will,
Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off
(Like to the empty Aſſe) to ſhake his eares,
And graze in Commons.
Octa. You may do your will:
But hee's a tried, and valiant Souldier.
Ant. So is my Horſe *Octauius*, and for that
I do appoint him ſtore of Prouender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To winde, to ſtop, to run directly on:
His corporall Motion, gouern'd by my Spirit,
And in ſome taſte, is *Lepidus* but ſo:
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren ſpirited Fellow; one that feeds
On Obiects, Arts, and Imitations. Abjects Orts Mootals
Which out of vſe, and ſtal'de by other men
Begin his faſhion. Do not talke of him,
But as a property: and now *Octauius*,
Liſten great things. *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are leuying Powers; We muſt ſtraight make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our beſt Friends made, our meanes ſtretcht, and Lest, /32 *
And let vs preſently go ſit in Councell,
How couert matters may be beſt diſclos'd,
And open Perils ſureſt anſwered.
Octa. Let vs do ſo: for we are at the ſtake,

1795 * "Steevens has adopted the line as it appears in this Edition" (1632) Sherwin

And bayed about with many Enemies,
And some that smile haue in their hearts I feare
Millions of Mischeefes. *Exeunt*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucillius, and the Army. Titinius and Pindarus meete them.

Bru. Stand ho.

Lucil. Giue the word ho, and Stand.

Bru. What now *Lucillius*, is *Cassius* neere?

Lucil. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his Master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your Master *Pindarus*
In his owne change, or by ill Officers,
Hath giuen me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, vndone: But if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Master will appeare
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word *Lucillius*
How he receiu'd you: let me be resolu'd.

Lucil. With courtesie, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath vs'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Euer note *Lucillius*,
When Loue begins to sicken and decay
It vseth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no trickes, in plaine and simple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:
Low March within.
But when they should endure the bloody Spurre,
They fall their Crests, and like deceitfull Iades
Sinke in the Triall. Comes his Army on?

Lucil. They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horse in generall
Are come with *Cassius*.

Enter Cassius and his Powers.

Bru. Hearke, he is arriu'd:
March gently on to meete him.

Cassi. Stand ho.

Bru. Stand ho, speake the word along.

Stand.

Stand.

Stand.

Cassi. Most Noble Brother, you haue done me wrong.

Bru. Iudge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother.

Cassi. Brutus, this sober forme of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them———

Brut. Cassius, be content,
Speake your greefes softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our Armies heere
(Which should perceiue nothing but Loue from vs)
Let vs not wrangle. Bid them moue away:
Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your Greefes,
And I will giue you Audience.

Cassi. Pindarus,
Bid our Commanders leade their Charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucillius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we haue done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doore. *Exeunt*

Manet Brutus and Cassius.

Cassi. That you haue wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You haue condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*
For taking Bribes heere of the Sardians;
Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man was slighted off.

Brn. You wrong'd your selfe to write in such a case.

Cassi. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That euery nice offence should beare his Comment.

Bru. Let me tell you *Cassius*, you your selfe
Are much condemn'd to haue an itching Palme,
To sell, and Mart your Offices for Gold
To Vndeseruers.

Cassi. I, an itching Palme?
You know that you are *Brutus* that speakes this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of *Cassius* Honors this corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cassi. Chastisement?

Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great *Iulius* bleede for Iustice sake?
What Villaine touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for Iustice? What? Shall one of Vs,
That strucke the Formost man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers: shall we now,
Contaminate our fingers, with base Bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large Honors
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone,
Then such a Roman.

Cassi. Brutus, baite not me,
Ile not indure it: you forget your selfe
To hedge me in. I am a Souldier, I,
Older in practice, Abler then your selfe
To make Conditions.

Bru. Go too: you are not *Cassius*.

Cassi. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cassi. Vrge me no more, I shall forget my selfe:
Haue minde vpon your health: Tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away slight man.

Cassi. Is't possible?

Bru. Heare me, for I will speake.
Must I giue way, and roome to your rash Choller?
Shall I be frighted, when a Madman stares?

Cassi. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? I more: Fret till your proud hart break.
Go shew your Slaues how Chollericke you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I bouge?
Must I obserue you? Must I stand and crouch
Vnder your Testie Humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the Venom of your Spleene
Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,
Ile vse you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter
When you are Waspish.

Cassi. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better Souldier:
Let it appeare so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine owne part,
I shall be glad to learne of Noble men.

Cass. You wrong me euery way:
You wrong me *Brutus*:
I saide, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.
Did I say Better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cass. When *Cæsar* liu'd, he durst not thus haue mou'd
Brut. Peace, peace, you durst not so haue tempted him.

Cass

Caſſi. I durſt not.
Bru. No.
Caſſi. What? durſt not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durſt not.
Caſſi. Do not preſume too much vpon my Loue,
I may do that I ſhall be ſorry for.
Bru. You haue done that you ſhould be ſorry for.
There is no terror *Caſſius* in your threats:
For I am Arm'd ſo ſtrong in Honeſty,
That they paſſe by me, as the idle winde,
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certaine ſummes of Gold, which you deny'd me,
For I can raiſe no money by vile meanes:
By Heauen, I had rather Coine my Heart,
And drop my blood for Drachmaes, then to wring
From the hard hands of Peazants, their vile traſh
By any indirection. I did ſend
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like *Caſſius*?
Should I haue anſwer'd *Caius Caſſius* ſo?
When *Marcus Brutus* growes ſo Couetous,
To locke ſuch Raſcall Counters from his Friends,
Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,
Daſh him to peeces.
Caſſi. I deny'd you not.
Bru. You did.
Caſſi. I did not. He was but a Foole
That brought my anſwer back. *Brutus* hath riu'd my hart:
A Friend ſhould beare his Friends infirmities;
But *Brutus* makes mine greater then they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.
Caſſi. You loue me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Caſſi. A friendly eye could neuer ſee ſuch faults.
Bru. A Flatterers would not, though they do appeare
As huge as high Olympus.
Caſſi. Come *Antony*, and yong *Octauius* come,
Reuenge your ſelues alone on *Caſſius*,
For *Caſſius* is a-weary of the World:
Hated by one he loues, brau'd by his Brother,
Check'd like a bondman, all his faults obſeru'd,
Set in a Note-booke, learn'd, and con'd by roate
To caſt into my Teeth. O I could weepe
My Spirit from mine eyes. There is my Dagger,
And heere my naked Breaſt: Within, a Heart
Deerer then *Pluto*'s Mine, Richer then Gold:
If that thou bee'ſt a Roman, take it foorth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will giue my Heart:
Strike as thou did'ſt at *Cæſar*: For I know,
When thou did'ſt hate him worſt, & loued'ſt him better
Then euer thou loued'ſt *Caſſius*.
Bru. Sheath your Dagger:
Be angry when you will, it ſhall haue ſcope:
Do what you will, Diſhonor, ſhall be Humour.
O *Caſſius*, you are yoaked with a Lambe
That carries Anger, as the Flint beares fire,
Who much inforced, ſhewes a haſtie Sparke,
And ſtraite is cold agen.
Caſſi. Hath *Caſſius* liu'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,
When greefe and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill temper'd too.
Caſſi. Do you confeſſe ſo much? Giue me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Caſſi. O *Brutus*!
Bru. What's the matter?
Caſſi. Haue not you loue enough to beare with me,
When that raſh humour which my Mother gaue me
Makes me forgetfull.
Bru. Yes *Caſsius*, and from henceforth omitted m.c.
When you are ouer-earneſt with your *Brutus*,
Hee'l thinke your Mother chides, and leaue you ſo.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to ſee the Generals,
There is ſome grudge betweene 'em, 'tis not meete
They be alone.
Lucil. You ſhall not come to them.
Poet. Nothing but death ſhall ſtay me.
Caſ. How now? What's the matter?
Poet. For ſhame you Generals; what do you meane?
Loue, and be Friends, as two ſuch men ſhould bee,
For I haue ſeene more yeeres I'me ſure then yee.
Caſ. Ha, ha, how vildely doth this Cynicke rime?
Bru. Get you hence ſirra: Sawcy Fellow, hence.
Caſ. Beare with him *Brutus*, 'tis his faſhion.
Brut. Ile know his humor, when he knowes his time:
What ſhould the Warres do with theſe Iigging Fooles?
Companion, hence.
Caſ Away, away be gone. *Exit Poet*
Bru. Lucillius and *Titinius* bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.
Caſ. And come your ſelues, & bring *Meſſala* with you
Immediately to vs. *Exeunt Lucilius & Titinius* m.c.
Bru. Lucius, a bowle of Wine.
Caſ. I did not thinke you could haue bin ſo angry.
Bru. O *Caſſius*, I am ſicke of many greefes.
Caſ. Of your Philoſophy you make no vſe,
If you giue place to accidentall euills.
Bru. No man beares ſorrow better. *Portia* is dead.
Caſ. Ha? *Portia*?
Bru. She is dead.
Caſ. How ſcap'd I killing, when I croſt you ſo?
O inſupportable, and touching loſſe!
Vpon what ſickneſſe?
Bru. Impatient of my abſence,
And greefe, that yong *Octauius* with *Mark Antony*
Haue made themſelues ſo ſtrong: For with her death
That tydings came. With this ſhe fell diſtract,
And (her Attendants abſent) ſwallow'd fire.
Caſ. And dy'd ſo?
Bru. Euen ſo.
Caſ. O ye immortall Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine, and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: Giue me a bowl of wine,
In this I bury all vnkindneſſe *Caſsius*. *Drinkes*
Caſ. My heart is thirſty for that Noble pledge.
Fill *Lucius*, till the Wine ore-ſwell the Cup:
I cannot drinke too much of *Brutus* loue.

Enter Titinius and Meſſala.

Brutus. Come in *Titinius*:
Welcome good *Meſſala*:
Now ſit we cloſe about this Taper heere,
And call in queſtion our neceſſities.
Caſſ. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more I pray you.
Meſſala, I haue heere receiued Letters, *here 32*
That yong *Octauius*, and *Marke Antony*
Come downe vpon vs with a mighty power,
Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.

Meſſ. My ſelfe haue Letters of the ſelfe-ſame Tenure.
Bru. With what addition.
Meſſ. That by proſcription, and billes of Outlarie,
Octauius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*,
Haue put to death, an hundred Senators.
Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree:
Mine ſpeake of ſeuenty Senators, that dy'de
By their proſcriptions, *Cicero* being one.
Caſſi. *Cicero* one?
Meſſa. *Cicero* is dead, and by that order of proſcription
Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?
Bru. No *Meſſala*.
Meſſa. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing *Meſſala*.
Meſſa. That me thinkes is ſtrange.
Bru. Why aske you?
Heare you ought of her, in yours?
Meſſa. No my Lord.
Bru. Now as you are a Roman tell me true.
Meſſa. Then like a Roman beare the truth I tell,
For certaine ſhe is dead, and by ſtrange manner.
Bru. Why farewell *Portia*: We muſt die *Meſſala*:
With meditating that ſhe muſt dye once,
I haue the patience to endure it now.
Meſſa. Euen ſo great men, great loſſes ſhold indure.
Caſſi. I haue as much of this in Art as you,
But yet my Nature could not beare it ſo.
Bru. Well, to our worke aliue. What do you thinke
Of marching to *Philippi* preſently.
Caſſi. I do not thinke it good.
Bru. Your reaſon?
Caſſi. This it is:
'Tis better that the Enemie ſeeke vs;
So ſhall he waſte his meanes, weary his Souldiers,
Doing himſelfe offence, whil'ſt we lying ſtill,
Are full of reſt, defence, and nimbleneſſe.
Bru. Good reaſons muſt of force giue place to better:
The people 'twixt *Philippi*, and this ground
Do ſtand but in a forc'd affection:
For they haue grug'd vs Contribution.
The Enemy, marching along by them,
By them ſhall make a fuller number vp,
Come on refreſht, new added, and encourag'd:
From which aduantage ſhall we cut him off.
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
Theſe people at our backe.
Caſſi. Heare me good Brother.
Bru. Vnder your pardon. You muſt note beſide,
That we haue tride the vtmoſt of our Friends:
Our Legions are brim full, our cauſe is ripe,
The Enemy encreaſeth euery day,
We at the height, are readie to decline.
There is a Tide in the affayres of men,
Which taken at the Flood, leades on to Fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miſeries.
On ſuch a full Sea are we now a-float,
And we muſt take the current when it ſerues,
Or looſe our Ventures.
Caſſi. Then with your will go on: wee'l along
Our ſelues, and meet them at *Philippi*.
Bru. The deepe of night is crept vpon our talke,
And Nature muſt obey Neceſſitie,
Which we will niggard with a little reſt:
There is no more to say.
Caſſi. No more, good night,
Early to morrow will we riſe, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius* my Gowne: farewell good *Meſſala*,
Good night *Titinius*: Noble, Noble *Caſſius*,
Good night, and good repoſe.
Caſſi. O my deere Brother:
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Neuer come ſuch diuiſion 'tweene our ſoules:
Let it not *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius with the Gowne.

Bru. Euery thing is well.
Caſſi. Good night my Lord.
Bru. Good night good Brother.
Tit. Meſſa. Good night Lord *Brutus*.
Bru. Farwell euery one. *Exeunt.*
Giue me the Gowne. Where is thy Inſtrument?
Luc. Heere in the Tent.
Bru. What, thou ſpeak'ſt drowſily?
Poore knaue I blame thee not, thou art ore-watch'd.
Call *Claudio*, and ſome other of my men,
Ile haue them ſleepe on Cuſhions in my Tent.
Luc. *Varrus*, and *Claudio*.

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Var. Cals my Lord?
Bru. I pray you ſirs, lye in my Tent and ſleepe,
It may be I ſhall raiſe you by and by
On buſineſſe to my Brother *Caſſius*.
Var. So pleaſe you, we will ſtand,
And watch your pleaſure.
Bru. I will it not haue it ſo: Lye downe good ſirs,
It may be I ſhall otherwiſe bethinke me.
Looke *Lucius*, heere's the booke I ſought for ſo:
I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.
Luc. I was ſure your Lordſhip did not giue it me.
Bru. Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.
Canſt thou hold vp thy heauie eyes a-while,
And touch thy Inſtrument a ſtraine or two.
Luc. I my Lord, an't pleaſe you.
Bru. It does my Boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty Sir.
Brut. I ſhould not vrge thy duty paſt thy might,
I know yong bloods looke for a time of reſt.
Luc. I haue ſlept my Lord already.
Bru. It was well done, and thou ſhalt ſleepe againe:
I will not hold thee long. If I do liue,
I will be good to thee.

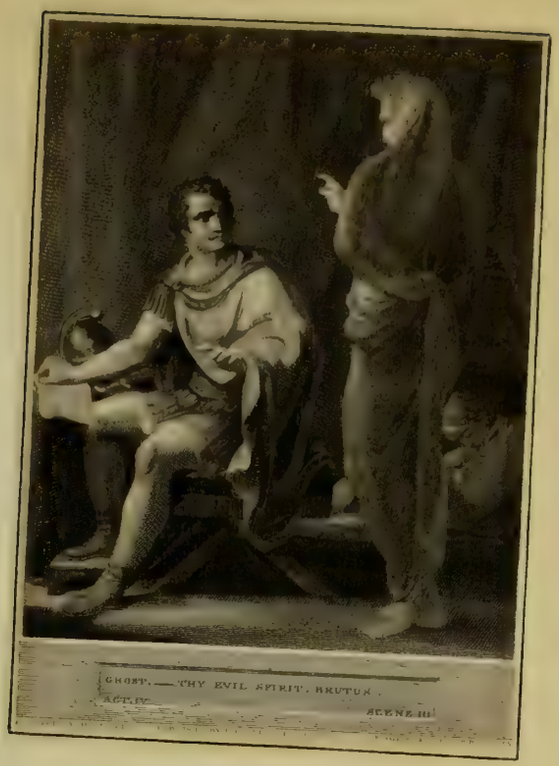
Muſicke, and a Song.

This is a ſleepy Tune: O Murd'rous ſlumbler!
Layeſt thou thy Leaden Mace vpon my Boy,
That playes thee Muſicke? Gentle knaue good night:
I will not do thee ſo much wrong to wake thee:
If thou do'ſt nod, thou break'ſt thy Inſtrument,
Ile take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.
Let me ſee, let me ſee; is not the Leafe turn'd downe
Where I left reading? Heere it is I thinke.

Enter the Ghoſt of Cæſar.

How ill this Taper burnes. Ha! Who comes heere?
I thinke it is the weakeneſſe of mine eyes
That ſhapes this monſtrous Apparition.
It comes vpon me: Art thou any thing?
Art thou ſome God, ſome Angell, or ſome Diuell,
That mak'ſt my blood cold, and my haire to ſtare?
Speake to me, what thou art.
Ghoſt. Thy euill Spirit *Brutus*?
Bru. Why com'ſt thou?

Ghoſt.



GHOST.—THY EVIL SPIRIT, BRUTUS.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Act IV.

E. Edwards del. *T. Bissire sculp.*

I am thy Evil Genius Brutus.

March 1. 1773 Published according to Act of Parliament for John Bell in the Strand.

Ghoſt. To tell thee thou ſhalt ſee me at *Philippi*.
Brut. Well: then I ſhall ſee thee againe?
Ghoſt. I, at *Philippi*. Ghost vanishes m.e.
Brut. Why I will ſee thee at *Philippi* then:
Now I haue taken heart, thou vaniſheſt.
Ill Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.
Boy, *Lucius*, *Varrus*, *Claudio*, Sirs: Awake:
Claudio.
Luc. The ſtrings my Lord, are falſe.
Bru. He thinkes he ſtill is at his Inſtrument.
Lucius, awake.
Luc. My Lord. Lucius 32
Bru. Did'ſt thou dreame *Lucus*, that thou ſo cryedſt out?
Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes that thou did'ſt: Did'ſt thou ſee any thing?
Luc. Nothing my Lord.
Bru. Sleepe againe *Lucius*: Sirra *Claudio*, Fellow,
Thou: Awake.
Var. My Lord.
Clæu. My Lord.
Bru. Why did you ſo cry out ſirs, in your ſleepe?
Both. Did we my Lord?
Bru. I: ſaw you any thing?
Var. No my Lord, I ſaw nothing.
Clau. Nor I my Lord.
Bru. Go, and commend me to my Brother *Caſſius*:
Bid him ſet on his Powres betimes before,
And we will follow.
Both. It ſhall be done my Lord. *Exeunt*

Scene I. The Plains of Philippi m.e.
Actus Quintus.

Enter Octauius, Antony, and their Army.
Octa. Now *Antony*, our hopes are anſwered,
You ſaid the Enemy would not come downe,
But keepe the Hilles and vpper Regions:
It proues not ſo: their battailes are at hand,
They meane to warne vs at *Philippi* heere:
Anſwering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut I am in their boſomes, and I know
Wherefore they do it: They could be content
To viſit other places, and come downe
With fearefull brauery: thinking by this face
To faſten in our thoughts that they haue Courage;
But 'tis not ſo.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. Prepare you Generals,
The Enemy comes on in gallant ſhew:
Their bloody ſigne of Battell is hung out,
And ſomething to be done immediately.
Ant. Octauius, leade your Battaile ſoftly on
Vpon the left hand of the euen Field.
Octa. Vpon the right hand I, keepe thou the left.
Ant. Why do you croſſe me in this exigent.
Octa. I do not croſſe you: but I will do ſo. *March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Caſſius, & their Army.
Bru. They ſtand, and would haue parley.
Caſſi. Stand faſt *Titinius*, we muſt out and talke.
Octa. Mark Antony, ſhall we giue ſigne of Battaile?
Ant. No *Cæſar*, we will anſwer on their Charge.
Make forth, the Generals would haue ſome words.
Oct. Stirre not vntill the Signall.
Bru. Words before blowes: is it ſo Countrymen?
Octa. Not that we loue words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better then bad ſtrokes *Octauius*.
An. In your bad ſtrokes *Brutus*, you giue good words
Witneſſe the hole you made in *Cæſars* heart,
Crying long liue, Haile *Cæſar*.
Caſſi Antony,
The poſture of your blowes are yet vnknowne;
But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees,
And leaue them Hony-leſſe.
Ant. Not ſtingleſſe too.
Bru. O yes, and ſoundleſſe too:
For you haue ſtolne their buzzing *Antony*,
And very wiſely threat before you ſting.
Ant. Villains: you did not ſo, when your vile daggers
Hackt one another in the ſides of *Cæſar*:
You ſhew'd your teethes like Apes,
And fawn'd like Hounds,
And bow'd like Bondmen, kiſſing *Cæſars* feete;
Whil'ſt damned *Caska*, like a Curre, behinde
Strooke *Cæſar* on the necke. O you Flatterers. omitted m.e.
Caſſi. Flatterers? Now *Brutus* thanke your ſelfe,
This tongue had not offended ſo to day,
If *Caſſius* might haue rul'd.
Octa. Come, come, the cauſe. If arguing make vs ſwet,
The proofe of it will turne to redder drops:
Looke, I draw a Sword againſt Conſpirators,
When thinke you that the Sword goes vp againe?
Neuer till *Cæſars* three and thirtie wounds Twenty m.e.
Be well aueng'd; or till another *Cæſar*
Haue added ſlaughter to the Sword of Traitors.
Brut. Cæſar, thou canſt not dye by Traitors hands,
Vnleſſe thou bring'ſt them with thee.
Octa. So I hope:
I was not borne to dye on *Brutus* Sword.
Bru. O if thou wer't the Nobleſt of thy Straine,
Yong-man, thou could'ſt not dye more honourable.
Caſſi. A peeuiſh School-boy, worthles 32 of ſuch Honor
Ioyn'd with a Masker, and a Reueller.
Ant. Old *Caſſius* ſtill.
Octa. Come *Antony*: away:
Defiance Traitors, hurle we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;
If not, when you haue ſtomackes.
Exit Octauius, Antony, and Army
Caſſi. Why now blow winde, ſwell Billow,
And ſwimme Barke:
The Storme is vp, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho *Lucillius*, hearke, a word with you.
Lucillius and Meſſala ſtand forth.
Luc. My Lord.
Caſſi Meſſala.
Meſſa. What ſayes my Generall?
Caſſi. Meſſala, this is my Birth-day: as this very day
Was *Caſſius* borne. Giue me thy hand *Meſſala*:
Be thou my witneſſe, that againſt my will
(As *Pompey* was) am I compell'd to ſet
Vpon one Battell all our Liberties;
You know, that I held *Epicurus* ſtrong,
And his Opinion: Now I change my minde,
And partly credit things that do preſage.
Comming from *Sardis*, on our former Enſigne 4/32
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they pearch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,
Who

Who to *Philippi* heere conſorted vs:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their ſteeds, do Rauens, Crowes, and Kites
Fly ore our heads, and downward looke on vs
As we were ſickely prey; their ſhadowes ſeeme
A Canopy moſt fatall, vnder which
Our Army lies, ready to giue vp the Ghoſt.
Meſſa. Beleeue not ſo.
Caſſi. I but beleeue it partly,
For I am freſh of ſpirit, and reſolu'd
To meete all perils, very conſtantly.
Bru. Euen ſo *Lucillius.*
Caſſi. Now moſt Noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to day ſtand friendly, that we may
Louers in peace, leade on our dayes to age.
But ſince the affayres of men reſts ſtill incertaine,
Let's reaſon with the worſt that may befall.
If we do loſe this Battaile, then is this
The very laſt time we ſhall ſpeake together:
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Euen by the rule of that Philoſophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
Which he did giue himſelfe, I know not how:
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
For feare of what might fall, ſo to preuent
The time of life, arming my ſelfe with patience,
To ſtay the prouidence of ſome high Powers,
That gouerne vs below.
Caſſi. Then, if we looſe this Battaile,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thorow the ſtreets of Rome.
Bru. No *Caſſius*, no:
Thinke not thou Noble Romane,
That euer *Brutus* will go bound to Rome,
He beares too great a minde. But this ſame day
Muſt end that worke, the Ides of March begun.
And whether we ſhall meete againe, I know not:
Therefore our euerlaſting farewell take:
For euer, and for euer, farewell *Caſſius*,
If we do meete againe, why we ſhall ſmile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.
Caſſi. For euer, and for euer, farewell *Brutus*:
If we do meete againe, wee'l ſmile indeede;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Bru. Why then leade on. O that a man might know
The end of this dayes buſineſſe, ere it come:
But it ſufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away. *Exeunt.*

Actv. The same - the fields of Battle m.c.
Scene II. *Alarum.* *Enter Brutus and Meſſala.*

Bru. Ride, ride *Meſſala*, ride and giue theſe Billes
Vnto the Legions, on the other ſide.
Lowd Alarum.
Let them ſet on at once: for I perceiue
But cold demeanor in *Octauio*'s wing:
And ſodaine puſh giues them the ouerthrow:
Ride, ride *Meſſala*, let them all come downe. *Exeunt*

Scene III. The same - another part of the Field. m.c.
Alarums. *Enter Caſſius and Titinius.*

Caſſi. O looke *Titinius*, looke, the Villaines flye:
My ſelfe haue to mine owne turn'd Enemy:
This Enſigne heere of mine was turning backe,
I ſlew the Coward, and did take it from him.
Titin. O *Caſſius*, *Brutus* gaue the word too early,
Who hauing ſome aduantage on *Octauius*,
Tooke it too eagerly: his Soldiers fell to ſpoyle,
Whil'ſt we by *Antony* are all incloſ'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pind. Fly further off my Lord: flye further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents my Lord:
Flye therefore Noble *Caſſius*, flye farre off.
Caſſi. This Hill is farre enough. Looke, look *Titinius*
Are thoſe my Tents where I perceiue the fire?
Tit. They are, my Lord.
Caſſi. Titinius, if thou loueſt me,
Mount thou my horſe, and hide thy ſpurres in him,
Till he haue brought thee vp to yonder Troopes
And heere againe, that I may reſt aſſur'd
Whether yond Troopes, are Friend or Enemy.
Tit. I will be heere againe, euen with a thought. *Exit.*
Caſſi. Go *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill, the more
My ſight was euer thicke: regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'ſt about the Field.
This day I breathed firſt, Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there ſhall I end,
My life is run his compaſſe. Sirra, what newes?
Pind. Aboue. O my Lord.
Caſſi. What newes?
Pind. Titinius is encloſed round about
With Horſemen, that make to him on the Spurre,
Yet he ſpurres on. Now they are almoſt on him:
Now *Titinius*. Now ſome light: O he lights too.
Hee's tane. *Showt.*
And hearke, they ſhout for ioy.
Caſſi. Come downe, behold no more:
O Coward that I am, to liue ſo long,
To ſee my beſt Friend tane before my face.

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither ſirrah: In Parthia did I take thee Priſoner,
And then I ſwore thee, ſauing of thy life,
That whatſoeuer I did bid thee do,
Thou ſhould'ſt attempt it. Come now, keepe thine oath,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Cæſars* bowels, ſearch this boſome.
Stand not to anſwer: Heere, take thou the Hilts,
And when my face is couer'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword——*Cæſar*, thou art reueng'd,
Euen with the Sword that kill'd thee.
Pin. So, I am free,
Yet would not ſo haue beene
Durſt I haue done my will. O *Caſſius*,
Farre from this Country *Pindarus* ſhall run,
Where neuer Roman ſhall take note of him.

Enter Titinius and Meſſala.

Meſſa. It is but change, *Titinius*: for *Octauius*
Is ouerthrowne by Noble *Brutus* power,
As *Caſſius* Legions are by *Antony*.
Titin. Theſe tydings will well comfort *Caſſius*.
Meſſa. Where did you leaue him.
Titin. All diſconſolate,
With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this Hill.
Meſſa. Is not that he that lyes vpon the ground?
Titin. He lies not like the Liuing. O my heart!
Meſſa. Is not that hee?
Titin No, this was he *Meſſala*,
But *Caſſius* is no more. O ſetting Sunne:
As in thy red Rayes thou doeſt ſinke to night;

S.

So in his red blood *Caſsius* day is ſet.
The Sunne of Rome is ſet. Our day is gone,
Clowds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:
Miſtruſt of my ſucceſſe hath done this deed.
Meſſa. Miſtruſt of good ſucceſſe hath done this deed.
O hatefull Error, Melancholies Childe:
Why do'ſt thou ſhew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error ſoone conceyu'd,
Thou neuer com'ſt vnto a happy byrth,
But kil'ſt the Mother that engendred thee.
Tit. What *Pindarus*? Where art thou *Pindarus*?
Meſſa. Seeke him *Titinius*, whilſt I go to meet
The Noble *Brutus*, thruſting this report
Into his eares; I may ſay thruſting it:
For piercing Steele, and Darts inuenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the eares of *Brutus*,
As tydings of this fight.
Tit. Hye you *Meſſala*,
And I will ſeeke for *Pindarus* the while:
Why did'ſt thou ſend me forth braue *Caſsius*?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Browes this wreath of Victorie,
And bid me giue it thee? Did'ſt thou not heare their (ſhowts?
Alas, thou haſt miſconſtrued euery thing.
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy *Brutus* bid me giue it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,
And ſee how I regarded *Caius Caſsius*:
By your leaue Gods: This is a Romans part,
Come *Caſsius* Sword, and finde *Titinius* hart. *Dies*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Meſſala, yong Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucillius.

Bru. Where, where *Meſſala*, doth his body lye?
Meſſa. Loe yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.
Bru. *Titinius* face is vpward.
Cato. He is ſlaine.
Bru. O *Iulius Cæſar*, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walkes abroad, and turnes our Swords
In our owne proper Entrailes. *Low Alarums.*
Cato. Braue *Titinius*,
Looke where he haue not crown'd dead *Caſsius*.
Bru. Are yet two Romans liuing ſuch as theſe?
The laſt of all the Romans, far thee well:
It is impoſſible, that euer Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe mo teares
To this dead man, then you ſhall ſee me pay.
I ſhall finde time, *Caſsius*: I ſhall finde time.
Come therefore, and to *Tharſus* ſend his body,
His Funerals ſhall not be in our Campe,
Leaſt it diſcomfort vs. *Lucillius* come,
And come yong *Cato*, let vs to the Field,
Labio and *Flauio* ſet our Battailes on: 'Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,
We ſhall try Fortune in a ſecond fight. *Exeunt.*

Act v. Scene v. Another part of the Field

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Meſſala, Cato, Lucillius, Flauius.

Bru. Yet Country-men: O yet, hold vp your heads.
Cato. What Baſtard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaime my name about the Field.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.
A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.

Enter Souldiers, and fight.

And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I,
Brutus my Countries Friend: Know me for *Brutus*.
Luc. O yong and Noble *Cato*, art thou downe?
Why now thou dyeſt, as brauely as *Titinius*,
And may'ſt be honour'd, being *Cato*'s Sonne.
Sold. Yeeld, or thou dyeſt.
Luc. Onely I yeeld to dye:
There is ſo much, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight:
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.
Sold. We muſt not: a Noble Priſoner.

Enter Antony.

2.*Sold.* Roome hoe: tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is tane.
1.*Sold.* Ile tell thee newes. Heere comes the Generall, *Brutus* is tane, *Brutus* is tane my Lord.
Ant. Where is hee?
Luc. Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is ſafe enough:
I dare aſſure thee, that no Enemy
Shall euer take aliue the Noble *Brutus*:
The Gods defend him from ſo great a ſhame,
When you do finde him, or aliue, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himſelfe.
Ant. This is not *Brutus* friend, but I aſſure you,
A prize no leſſe in worth; keepe this man ſafe,
Giue him all kindneſſe. I had rather haue
Such men my Friends, then Enemies. Go on,
And ſee where *Brutus* be aliue or dead,
And bring vs word, vnto *Octauius* Tent:
How euery thing is chanc'd. *Exeunt.*

Act v. Scene vi. Another part of the Field

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Brut. Come poore remaines of friends, reſt on this Rocke.
Clit. *Statillius* ſhew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord
He came not backe: he is or tane, or ſlaine.
Brut. Sit thee downe, *Clitus*: ſlaying is the word,
It is a deed in faſhion. Hearke thee, *Clitus*.
Clit. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.
Brut. Peace then, no words.
Clit. Ile rather kill my ſelfe.
Brut. Hearke thee, *Dardanius*.
Dard. Shall I doe ſuch a deed?
Clit. O *Dardanius*.
Dard. O *Clitus*.
Clit. What ill requeſt did *Brutus* make to thee?
Dard. To kill him, *Clitus*: looke he meditates.
Clit. Now is that Noble Veſſell full of griefe,
That it runnes ouer euen at his eyes.
Brut. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, liſt a word.
Volum. What ſayes my Lord?
Brut. Why this, *Volumnius*:
The Ghoſt of *Cæſar* hath appear'd to me
Two ſeuerall times by Night: at Sardis, once;
And this laſt Night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my houre is come.
Volum. Not ſo, my Lord.
Brut. Nay, I am ſure it is, *Volumnius*.
Thou ſeeſt the World, *Volumnius*, how it goes,
Our Enemies haue beat vs to the Pit: *Low Alarums.*
It is more worthy, to leape in our ſelues,
Then tarry till they puſh vs. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou know'ſt, that we two went to Schoole together:
Euen for that our loue of old, I prethee
Hold thou my Sword Hilts, whileſt I runne on it.
Vol. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.

Alarum still.

Clit. Fly,

Cly. Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying heere.
Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and you *Volumnius.*
Strato, thou haſt bin all this while aſleepe:
Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen:
My heart doth ioy, that yet in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I ſhall haue glory by this looſing day
More then *Octauius*, and *Marke Antony*,
By this vile Conqueſt ſhall attaine vnto.
So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue
Hath almoſt ended his liues Hiſtory:
Night hangs vpon mine eyes, my Bones would reſt,
That haue but labour'd, to attaine this houre.

Alarum. Cry within, Flye, flye, flye.
Cly. Fly my Lord, flye.
Bru. Hence: I will follow.
I prythee *Strato*, ſtay thou by thy Lord,
Thou art a Fellow of a good reſpect:
Thy life hath had ſome ſmatch of Honor in it,
Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,
While I do run vpon it. Wilt thou *Strato*?
Stra. Giue me your hand firſt. Fare you wel my Lord.
Bru. Farewell good *Strato*. ——*Cæſar*, now be ſtill,
I kill'd not thee with halfe ſo good a will. *He runs on his Sword and Dyes.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octauius, Meſſala, Lucillius, and the Army.
Octa. What man is that?
Meſſa. My Maſters man. *Strato*, where is thy Maſter?
Stra. Free from the Bondage you are in *Meſſala*,
The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:
For *Brutus* onely ouercame himſelfe,
And no man elſe hath Honor by his death.
Lucil. So *Brutus* ſhould be found. I thank thee *Brutus*
That thou haſt prou'd *Lucillius* ſaying true,
Octa. All that ſeru'd *Brutus*, I will entertaine them.
Fellow, wilt thou beſtow thy time with me?
Stra. I, if *Meſſala* will preferre me to you.
Octa. Do ſo, good *Meſſala*.
Meſſa. How dyed my Maſter *Strato*?
Stra. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.
Meſſa. Octauius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the lateſt ſeruice to my Maſter.
Ant. This was the Nobleſt Roman of them all:
All the Conſpirators ſaue onely hee,
Did that they did, in enuy of great *Cæſar*:
He, onely in a generall honeſt thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might ſtand vp,
And ſay to all the world; This was a man.
Octa. According to his Vertue, let vs vſe him
Withall Reſpect, and Rites of Buriall.
Within my Tent his bones to night ſhall ly,
Moſt like a Souldier ordered Honourably:
So call the Field to reſt, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

The character of Mark Anthony has acquired with us a degree of favor to which he is not entitled. We is judged of not from History but from the colouring under which he is exhibited by Shakespeare and Dryden. In this Play we see him only as the grateful and affectionate friend of his benefactor Julius Cæsar; as the gallant avenger of his death, and as a powerful orator possessed of all the arts of persuasion. In Dryden's "All for Love" he appears to still greater advantage. The murder of Cicero, had he committed no other great crime, is sufficient to transmit his name to posterity as a Ruffian, not less insensible to the claims of Genius than shamefully indifferent to the censure or approbation of Mankind. What opinion too severe can be formed of his disposition who could deliberately wade through the slaughter of a most cruel and bloody proscription to get at the throat of a helpless old man whom by his own insolence he had provoked to be his enemy? To estimate the whole of a character from its exhibition in a Play would be folly.

We are told by the same writer (Tephson) that three of Julius Cæsar's Legions returning from Macedonia refused to follow him. He described the Defection to the influence of their Centurions; and to revenge it he ordered them to the number 300, to be butchered in his presence; his wife Fulvia, with great composure looking on. This execrable woman had all the diabolical qualities which the imagination of Shakespeare has combined in the character of Lady Macbeth.

Extracted from Dr. Shirwen's copy of Shakespeares Tragedies 1632.

THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. When shall we three meet againe?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?
2. When the Hurley-burley's done,
When the Battaile's lost, and wonne.
3. That will be ere the set of Sunne. omitted m.c.
1. Where the place?
2. Vpon the Heath.
3. There to meet with *Macbeth*.
1. I come, *Gray-Malkin*.
All. Padock calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire,
Houer through the fogge and filthie ayre. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King Malcome, Donalbaine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the Reuolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the Serieant,
Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought
'Gainst my Captiuitie: Haile braue friend; Haile 32
Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,
As thou didst leaue it.
Cap. Doubtfull it stood, Doubtfully - Stevens & m.c.
As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
And choake their Art: The mercilesse *Macdonwald* the m.c. Nell 32
(Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Doe swarme vpon him) from the Westerne Isles
Of Kernes and Gallowgrosses is supply'd, glasses 32 m.c.
And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling, Quarrel m.c.
Shew'd like a Rebells Whore: but all's too weake:
For braue *Macbeth* (well hee deserues that Name)
Disdayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele,
Which smoak'd with bloody execution
(Like Valours Minion) caru'd out his passage,
Till hee fac'd the Slaue:
Which neu'r shooke hands, nor bad farwell to him,
Till he vnseam'd him from the Naue toth' Chops, a m.c.
And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.
Cap. As whence the Sunne 'gins his reflection,
Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders:
So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
No sooner Iustice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,
But the Norweyan Lord, surueying vantage,
With furbusht Armes, and new supplyes of men,
Began a fresh assault.
King. Dismay'd not this our Captaines, *Macbeth* and *Banquoh*?
Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon:
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled stroakes vpon the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell: but I am faint,
My Gashes cry for helpe.
King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,
They smack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy *Thane* of Rosse.
Lenox. What a haste lookes through his eyes?
So should he looke, that seemes to speake things strange.
Rosse. God saue the King.
King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?
Rosse. From Fife, great King, om. f. in 32
Where the Norweyan Banners flowt the Skie,
And fanne our people cold.
Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor,
The *Thane* of Cawdor, began a dismall Conflict,
Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroome, lapt in proofe,
Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,
Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,
Curbing his lauish spirit: and to conclude,
The Victorie fell on vs.
King. Great happinesse.
Rosse. That now *Sweno*, the Norwayes King,
Craues composition:
Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men,
Till he disburse, at Saint *Colmes* ynch, hill 32 / inch m.c.
Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall vse.

King. No

Broke King 32, Breuk according to Stevens, the above word is wanting in the oldest copy" Sherwin

King. No more that *Thane* of Cawdor ſhall deceiue
Our Boſome intereſt: Goe pronounce his preſent death,
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth.* omits m-e
Roſſe. Ile ſee it done. great 32
King. What he hath loſt, Noble *Macbeth* hath wonne.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where haſt thou beene, Siſter?
2. Killing Swine.
3. Siſter, where thou?
1. A Saylors Wife had Cheſtnuts in her Lappe,
And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht:
Giue me, quoth I.
*Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cryes.
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Maſter o'th' *Tiger:*
But in a Syue Ile thither ſayle,
And like a Rat without a tayle,
Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.
2. Ile giue thee a Winde.
1. Th'art kinde.
3. And I another.
1. I my ſelfe haue all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I'th' Ship-mans Card.
Ile dreyne him drie as Hay:
Sleepe ſhall neyther Night nor Day
Hang vpon his Pent-houſe Lid:
He ſhall liue a man forbid:
Wearie Seu'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be Tempeſt-toſt.
Looke what I haue.
2. Shew me, ſhew me.
1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,
Wrackt, as homeward he did come. *Drum within.*
3. A Drumme, a Drumme:
Macbeth doth come.
weyward m-e
All. The weyward Siſters, hand in hand,
Poſters of the Sea and Land,
Thus doe goe, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make vp nine.
Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foule and faire a day I haue not ſeene.
Lord m-e Pope
Banquo. How farre is't call'd to Soris? What are theſe,
So wither'd, and ſo wilde in their attyre,
That looke not like th'Inhabitants o'th'Earth,
And yet are on't? Liue you, or are you aught
That man may queſtion? you ſeeme to vnderſtand me,
By each at once her choppie finger laying
Vpon her skinnie Lips: you ſhould be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interprete
That you are ſo.
Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?
1. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Glamis.
2. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Cawdor.
3. All haile *Macbeth*, that ſhalt be King hereafter.
Banq. Good Sir, why doe you ſtart, and ſeeme to feare
Things that doe ſound ſo faire? i'th'name of truth
Are ye fantaſticall, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye ſhew? My Noble Partner
You greet with preſent Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble hauing, and of Royall hope,
That he ſeemes wrapt withall: to me you ſpeake not.
If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,
And ſay, which Graine will grow, and which will not,
Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare
Your fauors, nor your hate.
1. Hayle.
2. Hayle.
3. Hayle.
1. Leſſer then *Macbeth*, and greater.
2. Not ſo happy, yet much happyer.
3. Thou ſhalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all haile *Macbeth*, and *Banquo.*
1. *Banquo*, and *Macbeth*, all haile.
Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
By *Sinells* death, I know I am *Thane* of Glamis,
But how, of Cawdor? the *Thane* of Cawdor liues
A proſperous Gentleman: And to be King,
Stands not within the proſpect of beleefe,
No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this ſtrange Intelligence, or why
Vpon this blaſted Heath you ſtop our way
With ſuch Prophetique greeting?
Speake, I charge you. *Witches vaniſh.*
Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha's,
And theſe are of them: whither are they vaniſh'd?
Macb. Into the Ayre: and what ſeem'd corporall,
Melted, as breath into the Winde.
Would they had ſtay'd.
Banq. Were ſuch things here, as we doe ſpeake about?
Or haue we eaten on the inſane Root, of on-e
That takes the Reaſon Priſoner? "on was anciently used for of" S-
Macb. Your Children ſhall be Kings.
Banq. You ſhall be King.
Macb. And *Thane* of Cawdor too: went it not ſo?
Banq. Toth' ſelfe-ſame tune, and words: who's here?

Enter Roſſe and Angus.

Roſſe. The King hath happily receiu'd, *Macbeth*,
The newes of thy ſucceſſe: and when he reades
Thy perſonall Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonders and his Prayſes doe contend,
Which ſhould be thine, or his: ſilenc'd with that,
In viewing o're the reſt o'th'ſelfe-ſame day,
He findes thee in the ſtout Norweyan Rankes,
Nothing afeard of what thy ſelfe didſt make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale
Can poſt with poſt, and euery one did beare Came m-e
Thy prayſes in his Kingdomes great defence,
And powr'd them downe before him.
Ang. Wee are ſent,
To giue thee from our Royall Maſter thanks,
Onely to harrold thee into his ſight, omits m-e
Not pay thee. herrold 32
Roſſe. And for an earneſt of a greater Honor,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of Cawdor:
In

* In the folio 1664 this line is "Anoint the witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cryes!"

In which addition, haile moſt worthy *Thane*,
For it is thine.
Banq. What, can the Deuill ſpeake true?
Macb. The *Thane* of Cawdor liues:
Why doe you dreſſe me in borrowed Robes?
Ang. Who was the *Thane*, liues yet,
But vnder heauie Iudgement beares that Life,
Which he deſerues to looſe.
Whether he was combin'd with thoſe of Norway,
Or did Iyne the Rebell with hidden helpe,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Countreyes wracke, I know not:
But Treaſons Capitall, confeſs'd, and prou'd,
Haue ouerthrowne him.
Macb. Glamys, and *Thane* of Cawdor:
The greateſt is behinde. Thankes for your paines.
Doe you not hope your Children ſhall be Kings,
When thoſe that gaue the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no leſſe to them.
Banq. That truſted home,
Might yet enkindle you vnto the Crowne,
Beſides the *Thane* of Cawdor. But 'tis ſtrange:
And oftentimes, to winne vs to our harme,
The Inſtruments of Darkneſſe tell vs Truths,
Winne vs with honeſt Trifles, to betray's
In deepeſt conſequence.
Couſins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. Two Truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the ſwelling Act
Of the Imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen:
This ſupernaturall ſolliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.
If ill? why hath it giuen me earneſt of ſucceſſe,
Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of Cawdor.
If good? why doe I yeeld to that ſuggeſtion,
Whoſe horrid Image doth vnfixe my Heire,
And make my ſeated Heart knock at my Ribbes,
Againſt the vſe of Nature? Preſent Feares
Are leſſe then horrible Imaginings:
My Thought, whoſe Murther yet is but fantaſticall,
Shakes ſo my ſingle ſtate of Man,
That Function is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe,
And nothing is, but what is not.
Banq. Looke how our Partner's rapt.
Macb. If Chance will haue me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me,
Without my ſtirre.
Banq. New Honors come vpon him
Like our ſtrange Garments, cleaue not to their mould,
But with the aid of vſe.
Macb. Come what come may,
Time, and the Houre, runs through the rougheſt Day.
Banq. Worthy *Macbeth*, wee ſtay vpon your leyſure.
Macb. Giue me your fauour:
My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.
Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are regiſtred,
Where euery day I turne the Leafe,
To reade them.
Let vs toward the King: thinke vpon
What hath chanc'd: and at more time,
The *Interim* hauing weigh'd it, let vs ſpeake
Our free Hearts each to other.
Banq. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then enough:
Come friends. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Flouriſh. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme, Donalbaine, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor*?
Or not thoſe in Commiſſion yet return'd?
Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I haue ſpoke with one that ſaw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly hee
Confeſs'd his Treaſons, implor'd your Highneſſe Pardon,
And ſet forth a deepe Repentance:
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leauing it. Hee dy'de,
As one that had beene ſtudied in his death,
To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careleſſe Trifle.
King. There's no Art,
To finde the Mindes conſtruction in the Face:
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An abſolute Truſt.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Roſſe, and Angus.

O worthyeſt Couſin,
The ſinne of my Ingratitude euen now
Was heauie on me. Thou art ſo farre before,
That ſwifteſt Wing of Recompence is ſlow,
To ouertake thee. Would thou hadſt leſſe deſeru'd,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,
Might haue beene mine: onely I haue left to ſay,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.
Macb. The ſeruice, and the loyaltie I owe,
In doing it, payes it ſelfe.
Your Highneſſe part, is to receiue our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Seruants; which doe but what they ſhould,
By doing euery thing ſafe toward your Loue
And Honor.
King. Welcome hither:
I haue begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
That haſt no leſſe deſeru'd, nor muſt be knowne
No leſſe to haue done ſo: Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.
Banq. There if I grow,
The Harueſt is your owne.
King. My pleuteous Ioyes,
Wanton in fulneſſe, ſeeke to hide themſelues
In drops of ſorrow. Sonnes, Kinſmen, *Thanes*,
And you whoſe places are the neareſt, know,
We will eſtabliſh our Eſtate vpon
Our eldeſt, *Malcolme*, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor muſt
Not vnaccompanied, inueſt him onely,
But ſignes of Nobleneſſe, like Starres, ſhall ſhine
On all deſeruers. From hence to Envernes,
And binde vs further to you.
Macb. The Reſt is Labor, which is not vs'd for you:
Ile be my ſelfe the Herbenger, and make ioyfull
The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:
So humbly take my leaue.
King. My worthy *Cawdor*.
Macb. The Prince of Cumberland: that is a ſtep,
On which I muſt fall downe, or elſe o're-leape,

For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,
Let not Light see my black and deepe desires:
The Eye winke at the Hand; yet let that bee,
Which the Eye feares, when it is done to see. *Exit.*

King. True, worthy *Banquo*: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed:
It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid vs welcome:
It is a peereleſſe Kinſman. *Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. *They met me in the day of ſucceſſe: and I haue learn'd by the perfect'ſt report, they haue more in them, then mortall knowledge. When I burnt in deſire to queſtion them further, they made themſelues Ayre, into which they vaniſh'd. Whiles I ſtood rapt in the wonder of it, came Miſſiues from the King, who all-hail'd me* Thane *of Cawdor, by which Title before, theſe weyward Siſters ſaluted me, and referr'd me to the comming on of time, with haile King that ſhalt be. This haue I thought good to deliuer thee (my deareſt Partner of Greatneſſe) that thou might'ſt not looſe the dues of reioycing by being ignorant of what Greatneſſe is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*
Glamys thou art, and Cawdor, and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature,
It is too full o'th'Milke of humane kindneſſe,
To catch the neereſt way. Thou would'ſt be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without
The illneſſe ſhould attend it. What thou would'ſt highly,
That would'ſt thou holily; would'ſt not play falſe,
And yet would'ſt wrongly winne.
Thould'ſt haue, great Glamys, that which cryes,
Thus thou muſt doe, if thou haue it;
And that which rather thou do'ſt feare to doe,
Then wiſheſt ſhould be vndone. High thee hither,
That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,
And chaſtiſe with the valour of my Tongue
All that impeides thee from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphyſicall ayde doth ſeeme
To haue thee crown'd withall. *Enter Meſſenger.*
What is your tidings?

Meſſ. The King comes here to Night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to ſay it.
Is not thy Maſter with him? who, wer't ſo,
Would haue inform'd for preparation.

Meſſ. So pleaſe you, it is true: our *Thane* is comming:
One of my fellowes had the ſpeed of him;
Who almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Then would make vp his Meſſage.

Lady. Giue him tending,
He brings great newes. *Exit Meſſenger.*
The Rauen himſelfe is hoarſe,
That croakes the fatall entrance of *Duncan*
Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortall thoughts, vnſex me here,
And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full
Of direſt Crueltie: make thick my blood,
Stop vp th'acceſſe, and paſſage to Remorſe,
That no compunctious viſitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keepe peace betweene
Th'effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Breſts,
And take my Milke for Gall, you murth'ring Miniſters,
Where-euer, in your ſightleſſe ſubſtances,
You wait on Natures Miſchiefe. Come thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoake of Hell,
That my keene Knife ſee not the Wound it makes,
Nor Heauen peepe through the Blanket of the darke,
To cry, hold, hold. *Enter Macbeth.*
Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,
Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,
Thy Letters haue tranſported me beyond
This ignorant preſent, and I feele now
The future in the inſtant.

Macb. My deareſt Loue,
Duncan comes here to Night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purpoſes.

Lady. O neuer,
Shall Sunne that Morrow ſee.
Your Face, my *Thane*, is as a Booke, where men
May reade ſtrange matters, to beguile the time.
Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like th'innocent flower,
But be the Serpent vnder't. He that's comming,
Muſt be prouided for: and you ſhall put
This Nights great Buſineſſe into my diſpatch,
Which ſhall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,
Giue ſolely ſouereigne ſway, and Maſterdome.

Macb. We will ſpeake further.

Lady. Onely looke vp cleare:
To alter fauor, euer is to feare:
Leaue all the reſt to me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Roſſe, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This Caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat,
The ayre nimbly and ſweetly recommends it ſelfe
Vnto our gentle ſences.

Banq. This Gueſt of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approue,
By his loued Manſonry, that the Heauens breath
Smells wooingly here: no Iutty frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,
Where they muſt breed, and haunt: I haue obſeru'd
The ayre is delicate. *Enter Lady.*

King. See, ſee, our honor'd Hoſteſſe:
The Loue that followes vs, ſometime is our trouble,
Which ſtill we thanke as Loue. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhall bid God-eyld vs for your paines,
And thanke vs for your trouble.

Lady. All our ſeruice,
In euery point twice done, and then done double,
Were poore, and ſingle Buſineſſe, to contend
Againſt thoſe Honors deepe, and broad,
Wherewith your Maieſtie loades our Houſe:
For thoſe of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd vp to them, we reſt your Ermites.

King. Where's

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We courſt him at the heeles, and had a purpoſe
To be his Purueyor: But he rides well,
And his great Loue (ſharpe as his Spurre) hath holp him
To his home before vs: Faire and Noble Hoſteſſe
We are your gueſt to night.
La. Your Seruants euer,
Haue theirs, themſelues, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their Audit at your Highneſſe pleaſure,
Still to returne your owne.
King. Giue me your hand:
Conduct me to mine Hoſt we loue him highly,
And ſhall continue, our Graces towards him.
By your leaue Hoſteſſe. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

Ho-boyes. Torches.

Enter a Sewer, and diuers Seruants with Diſhes and Seruice ouer the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twer well,
It were done quickly: If th'Aſſaſſination
Could trammell vp the Conſequence, and catch
With his ſurceaſe, Succeſſe: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,
But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,
Wee'ld iumpe the life to come. But in theſe Caſes,
We ſtill haue iudgement heere, that we but teach
Bloody Inſtructions, which being taught, returne
To plague th'Inuenter, This euen-handed Iuſtice
Commends th'Ingredience of our poyſon'd Challice
To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double truſt;
Firſt, as I am his Kinſman, and his Subiect,
Strong both againſt the Deed: Then, as his Hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his Murtherer ſhut the doore,
Not beare the knife my ſelfe. Beſides, this *Duncane*
Hath borne his Faculties ſo meeke; hath bin
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd againſt
The deepe damnation of his taking off:
And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,
Striding the blaſt, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd
Vpon the ſightleſſe Curriors of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,
That teares ſhall drowne the winde. I haue no Spurre
To pricke the ſides of my intent, but onely
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it ſelfe,
And falles on th'other. *Enter Lady.*
How now? What Newes?
La. He has almoſt ſupt: why haue you left the chamber?
Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?
La. Know you not, he ha's?
Mac. We will proceed no further in this Buſineſſe:
He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought
Golden Opinions from all ſorts of people,
Which would be worne now in their neweſt gloſſe,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoone.
La. Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you dreſt your ſelfe? Hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now to looke ſo greene, and pale,
At what it did ſo freely? From this time,
Such I account thy loue. Art thou affear'd
To be the ſame in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in deſire? Would'ſt thou haue that
Which thou eſteem'ſt the Ornament of Life,
And liue a Coward in thine owne Eſteeme?
Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would,
Like the poore Cat i'th'Addage.
Macb. Prythee peace:
I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares no more, is none.
La. What Beaſt was't then
That made you breake this enterprize to me?
When you durſt do it, then you were a man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be ſo much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They haue made themſelues, and that their fitneſſe now
Do's vnmake you. I haue giuen Sucke, and know
How tender 'tis to loue the Babe that milkes me,
I would, while it was ſmyling in my Face,
Haue pluckt my Nipple from his Boneleſſe Gummes,
And daſht the Braines out, had I ſo ſworne
As you haue done to this.
Macb. If we ſhould faile?
Lady. We faile?
But ſcrew your courage to the ſticking place,
And wee'le not fayle: when *Duncan* is aſleepe,
(Whereto the rather ſhall his dayes hard Iourney
Soundly inuite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will I with Wine, and Waſſell, ſo conuince,
That Memorie, the Warder of the Braine,
Shall be a Fume, and the Receit of Reaſon
A Lymbeck onely: when in Swiniſh ſleepe,
Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death,
What cannot you and I performe vpon
Th'vnguarded *Duncan?* What not put vpon
His ſpungie Officers? who ſhall beare the guilt
Of our great quell.
Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely:
For thy vndaunted Mettle ſhould compoſe
Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiu'd,
When we haue mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepie two
Of his owne Chamber, and vs'd their very Daggers,
That they haue don't?
Lady. Who dares receiue it other,
As we ſhall make our Griefes and Clamor rore,
Vpon his Death?
Macb. I am ſettled, and bend vp
Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat.
Away, and mock the time with faireſt ſhow,
Falſe Face muſt hide what the falſe Heart doth know.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch before him.

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?
Fleance. The Moone is downe: I haue not heard the Clock.
Banq. And ſhe goes downe at Twelue.
Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.
Banq. Hold, take my Sword:
There's Husbandry in Heauen,
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

A heauie Summons lyes like Lead vpon me,
And yet I would not ſleepe:
Mercifull Powers, reſtraine in me the curſed thoughts
That Nature giues way to in repoſe.

Enter Macbeth, and a Seruant with a Torch.

Giue me my Sword: who's there?
Macb. A Friend.
Banq. What Sir, not yet at reſt? the King's a bed.
He hath beene in vnuſuall Pleaſure,
And ſent forth great Largeſſe to your Offices.
This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall,
By the name of moſt kind Hoſteſſe,
And ſhut vp in meaſureleſſe content.
Mac. Being vnprepar'd,
Our will became the ſeruant to defect,
Which elſe ſhould free haue wrought.
Banq. All's well.
I dreamt laſt Night of the three weyward Siſters:
To you they haue ſhew'd ſome truth.
Macb. I thinke not of them:
Yet when we can entreat an houre to ſerue,
We would ſpend it in ſome words vpon that Buſineſſe,
If you would graunt the time.
Banq. At your kind'ſt leyſure.
Macb. If you ſhall cleaue to my conſent,
When 'tis, it ſhall make Honor for you.
Banq. So I loſe none,
In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keepe
My Boſome franchis'd, and Allegeance cleare,
I ſhall be counſail'd.
Macb. Good repoſe the while.
Banq. Thankes Sir: the like to you. *Exit Banquo.*
Macb. Goe bid thy Miſtreſſe, when my drinke is ready,
She ſtrike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed. *Exit.*
Is this a Dagger, which I ſee before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I haue thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill.
Art thou not fatall Viſion, ſenſible
To feeling, as to ſight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde, a falſe Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed Braine?
I ſee thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.
Thou marſhall'ſt me the way that I was going,
And ſuch an Inſtrument I was to vſe.
Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th'other Sences,
Or elſe worth all the reſt: I ſee thee ſtill;
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
Which was not ſo before. There's no ſuch thing:
It is the bloody Buſineſſe, which informes
Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World
Nature ſeemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuſe
The Curtain'd ſleepe: Witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecats* Offrings: and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,
Whoſe howle's his Watch, thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With *Tarquins* rauiſhing ſides, towards his deſigne
Moues like a Ghoſt. Thou ſowre and firme-ſet Earth
Heare not my ſteps, which they may walke, for feare
Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about,
And take the preſent horror from the time,
Which now ſuits with it. Whiles I threat, he liues:
Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath giues.
A Bell rings.
I goe, and it is done: the Bell inuites me.
Heare it not, *Duncan*, for it is a Knell,
That ſummons thee to Heauen, or to Hell. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made thē drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath giuen me fire.
Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that ſhriek'd,
The fatall Bell-man, which giues the ſtern'ſt good-night.
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the ſurfeted Groomes doe mock their charge
With Snores. I haue drugg'd their Poſſets,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they liue, or dye.
Enter Macbeth.
Macb. Who's there? what hoa?
Lady. Alack, I am afraid they haue awak'd,
And 'tis not done: th'attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds vs: hearke: I lay'd their Daggers ready,
He could not miſſe 'em. Had he not reſembled
My Father as he ſlept, I had don't.
My Husband?
Macb. I haue done the deed:
Didſt thou not heare a noyſe?
Lady. I heard the Owle ſchreame, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you ſpeake?
Macb. When?
Lady. Now.
Macb. As I deſcended?
Lady. I.
Macb. Hearke, who lyes i'th'ſecond Chamber?
Lady. Donalbaine.
Mac. This is a ſorry ſight.
Lady. A fooliſh thought, to ſay a ſorry ſight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in's ſleepe,
And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other:
I ſtood, and heard them: But they did ſay their Prayers,
And addreſt them againe to ſleepe.
Lady. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cry'd God bleſſe vs, and Amen the other,
As they had ſeene me with theſe Hangmans hands:
Liſtning their feare, I could not ſay Amen,
When they did ſay God bleſſe vs.
Lady. Conſider it not ſo deepely.
Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had moſt need of Bleſſing, and Amen ſtuck in my throat.
Lady. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought
After theſe wayes: ſo, it will make vs mad.
Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:
Macbeth does murther Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,
Sleepe that knits vp the rauel'd Sleeue of Care,
The death of each dayes Life, ſore Labors Bath,
Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures ſecond Courſe,
Chiefe nouriſher in Life's Feaſt.
Lady. What doe you meane?
Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the Houſe:
Glamis hath murther'd Sleepe, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall ſleepe no more: *Macbeth* ſhall ſleepe no more.
Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy *Thane*,
You doe vnbend your Noble ſtrength, to thinke
So braine-ſickly of things: Goe get ſome Water,

And

× Sides] "I think I have authority for understanding Sides as long side paces such as a midnight Ravisher or Tarquin might be supposed to take in stealing to the Chamber of sleeping chastity" Sherwin

Printed for J. Bell, British Library Strand London Aug.st 9.th 1784.

And waſh this filthie Witneſſe from your Hand.
Why did you bring theſe Daggers from the place?
They muſt lye there: goe carry them, and ſineare
The ſleepie Groomes with blood.
Macb. Ile goe no more:
I am afraid, to thinke what I haue done:
Looke on't againe, I dare not.
Lady. Infirme of purpoſe:
Giue me the Daggers: the ſleeping, and the dead,
Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,
That feares a painted Diuell: If he doe bleed,
Ile guild the Faces of the Groomes withall,
For it muſt ſeeme their Guilt. *Exit.*
Knocke within.
Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when euery noyſe appalls me?
What Hands are here? hah: they pluck out mine Eyes.
Will all great *Neptunes* Ocean waſh this blood
Cleane from my Hand? no: this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,
Making the Greene one, Red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My Hands are of your colour: but I ſhame
To weare a Heart ſo white. *Knocke.*
I heare a knocking at the South entry:
Retyre we to our Chamber:
A little Water cleares vs of this deed.
How eaſie is it then? your Conſtancie
Hath left you vnattended. *Knocke.*
Hearke, more knocking.
Get on your Night-Gowne, leaſt occaſion call vs,
And ſhew vs to be Watchers: be not loſt
So poorely in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, *Knocke.*
'Twere beſt not know my ſelfe.
Wake *Duncan* with thy knocking:
I would thou could'ſt. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter a Porter.
Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were Porter of Hell Gate, hee ſhould haue old turning the Key. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there i'th'name of *Belzebub?* Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himſelfe on th'expectation of Plentie: Come in time, haue Napkins enow about you, here you'le ſweat for't. *Knock.* Knock, knock. Who's there in th'other Deuils Name? Faith here's an Equiuocator, that could ſweare in both the Scales againſt eyther Scale, who committed Treaſon enough for Gods ſake, yet could not equiuocate to Heauen: oh come in, Equiuocator. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there? 'Faith here's an Engliſh Taylor come hither, for ſtealing out of a French Hoſe: Come in Taylor, here you may roſt your Gooſe. *Knock.* Knock, Knock. Neuer at quiet: What are you? but this place is too cold for Hell. Ile Deuill-Porter it no further: I had thought to haue let in ſome of all Profeſſions, that goe the Primroſe way to th'euerlaſting Bonfire. *Knock.* Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it ſo late, friend, ere you went to Bed,
That you doe lye ſo late?
Port. Faith Sir, we were carowſing till the ſecond Cock:
And Drinke, Sir, is a great prouoker of three things.
Macd. What three things does Drinke eſpecially prouoke?
Port. Marry, Sir, Noſe-painting, Sleepe, and Vrine. Lecherie, Sir, it prouokes, and vnprouokes: it prouokes the deſire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drinke may be ſaid to be an Equiuocator with Lecherie: it makes him, and it marres him; it ſets him on, and it takes him off; it perſwades him, and diſ-heartens him; makes him ſtand too, and not ſtand too: in concluſion, equiuocates him in a ſleepe, and giuing him the Lye, leaues him.
Macd. I beleeue, Drinke gaue thee the Lye laſt Night.
Port. That it did, Sir, i'the very Throat on me: but I requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too ſtrong for him, though he tooke vp my Legges ſometime, yet I made a Shift to caſt him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Maſter ſtirring?
Our knocking ha's awak'd him: here he comes.
Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.
Macb. Good morrow both.
Macd. Is the King ſtirring, worthy *Thane?*
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I haue almoſt ſlipt the houre.
Macb. Ile bring you to him.
Macd. I know this is a ioyfull trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in, Phyſicks paine:
This is the Doore.
Macd. Ile make ſo bold to call, for 'tis my limitted ſeruice. *Exit Macduffe.*
Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?
Macb. He does: he did appoint ſo.
Lenox. The night ha's been vnruly: Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they ſay) lamentings heard i'th'Ayre;
Strange Schreemes of Death,
And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,
Of dyre Combuſtion, and confus'd Euents,
New hatch'd toth' wofull time.
The obſcure Bird clamor'd the liue-long Night.
Some ſay, the Earth was feuorous,
And did ſhake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.
Lenox. My young remembrance cannot paralell
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror,
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceiue, nor name thee.
Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?
Macd. Confuſion now hath made his Maſter-peece:
Moſt ſacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lords anoynted Temple, and ſtole thence
The Life o'th'Building.
Macb. What is't you ſay, the Life?
Lenox. Meane you his Maieſtie?
Macd. Approch the Chamber, and deſtroy your ſight
With a new *Gorgon.* Doe not bid me ſpeake:

See, and then ſpeake your ſelues: awake, awake,
Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.
Ring the Alarum Bell: Murther, and Treaſon,
Banquo, and *Donalbaine*: *Malcolme* awake,
Shake off this Downey ſleepe, Deaths counterfeit,
And looke on Death it ſelfe: vp, vp, and ſee
The great Doomes Image: *Malcolme*, *Banquo*,
As from your Graues riſe vp, and walke like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell. *M.C. Bell rings.* *Enter Lady.*
Lady. What's the Buſineſſe?
That ſuch a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The ſleepers of the Houſe? ſpeake, ſpeake.
Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to heare what I can ſpeake:
The repetition in a Womans eare,
Would murther as it fell.
Enter Banquo.
O *Banquo*, *Banquo*, Our Royall Maſter's murther'd.
Lady. Woe, alas:
What, in our Houſe?
Ban. Too cruell, any where.
Deare *Duff*, I prythee contradict thy ſelfe,
And ſay, it is not ſo.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Roſſe.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had liu'd a bleſſed time: for from this inſtant,
There's nothing ſerious in Mortalitie:
All is but Toyes: Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees
Is left this Vault, to brag of.

Enter Malcolme and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amiſſe?
Macb. You are, and doe not know't:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is ſtopt, the very Source of it is ſtopt.
Macd. Your Royall Father's murther'd.
Mal. Oh, by whom?
Lenox. Thoſe of his Chamber, as it ſeem'd, had don't:
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which vnwip'd, we found
Vpon their Pillowes: they ſtar'd, and were diſtracted,
No mans Life was to be truſted with them.
Macb. O, yet I doe repent me of my furie,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you ſo?
Macb. Who can be wiſe, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,
Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man:
Th'expedition of my violent Loue
Out-run the pawſer, Reaſon. Here lay *Duncan*,
His Siluer skinne, lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gaſh'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines waſtfull entrance: there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Vnmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refraine,
That had a heart to loue; and in that heart,
Courage, to make's loue knowne?
Lady. Helpe me hence, hoa.
Macd. Looke to the Lady.
Mal. Why doe we hold our tongues,
That moſt may clayme this argument for ours?
Donal. What ſhould be ſpoken here,
Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,
May ruſh, and ſeize vs? Let's away,
Our Teares are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our ſtrong Sorrow
Vpon the foot of Motion.
Banq. Looke to the Lady:
And when we haue our naked Frailties hid,
That ſuffer in expoſure; let vs meet,
And queſtion this moſt bloody piece of worke,
To know it further. Feares and ſcruples ſhake vs;
In the great Hand of God I ſtand, and thence,
Againſt the vndivulg'd pretence, I fight
Of Treaſonous Mallice.
Macd. And ſo doe I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefely put on manly readineſſe,
And meet i'th'Hall together.
All. Well contented. *Exeunt.*
Malc. What will you doe?
Let's not conſort with them:
To ſhew an vnfelt Sorrow, is an Office
Which the falſe man do's eaſie.
Ile to England.
Don. To Ireland, I:
Our ſeperated fortune ſhall keepe vs both the ſafer:
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;
The neere in blood, the neerer bloody.
Malc. This murtherous Shaft that's ſhot,
Hath not yet lighted: and our ſafeſt way,
Is to auoid the ayme. Therefore to Horſe,
And let vs not be daintie of leaue-taking,
But ſhift away: there's warrant in that Theft,
Which ſteales it ſelfe, when there's no mercie left.
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Roſſe, with an Old man.

Old man. Threeſcore and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time, I haue ſeene
Houres dreadfull, and things ſtrange: but this ſore Night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Roſſe. Ha, good Father,
Thou ſeeſt the Heauens, as troubled with mans Act,
Threatens his bloody Stage: byth'Clock 'tis Day,
And yet darke Night ſtrangles the trauailing Lampe:
Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes ſhame,
That Darkneſſe does the face of Earth intombe,
When liuing Light ſhould kiſſe it?
Old man. 'Tis vnnaturall,
Euen like the deed that's done: On Tueſday laſt,
A Faulcon towring in her pride of place,
Was by a Mowſing Owle hawkt at, and kill'd.
Roſſe. And *Duncans* Horſes,
(A thing moſt ſtrange, and certaine)
Beauteous, and ſwift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their ſtalls, flong out,
Contending 'gainſt Obedience, as they would
Make Warre with Mankinde.
Old man. 'Tis ſaid, they eate each other.
Roſſe. They did ſo:

To

To th'amazement of mine eyes that look'd vpon't.

Enter Macduffe.

Heere comes the good *Macduffe*.
How goes the world Sir, now?
Macd. Why ſee you not?
Roſſ. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?
Macd. Thoſe that *Macbeth* hath ſlaine.
Roſſ. Alas the day,
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were ſubborned,
Malcolme, and *Donalbaine* the Kings two Sonnes
Are ſtolne away and fled, which puts vpon them
Suſpition of the deed.
Roſſe. 'Gainſt Nature ſtill, two sei m.c.
Thriftleſſe Ambition, that will ravven vp upon 32
Thine owne liues meanes: Then 'tis moſt like,
The Soueraignty will fall vpon *Macbeth*.
Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be inueſted.
Roſſe. Where is *Duncans* body?
Macd. Carried to Colmekill,
The Sacred Store-houſe of his Predeceſſors,
And Guardian of their Bones.
Roſſe. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No Coſin, Ile to Fife.
Roſſe. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well may you ſee things wel done there: Adieu
Leaſt our old Robes ſit eaſier then our new.
Roſſe. Farewell, Father.
Old M. Gods benyſon go with you, and with thoſe
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.
Exeunt omnes

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou haſt it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weyard Women promis'd, and I feare weir'd m.c.
Thou play'dſt moſt fowly for't: yet it was ſaide foully
It ſhould not ſtand in thy Poſterity, 32
But that my ſelfe ſhould be the Roote, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As vpon thee *Macbeth*, their Speeches ſhine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And ſet me vp in hope. But huſh, no more.

Senit ſounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox, Roſſe, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. Heere's our chiefe Gueſt.
La. If he had beene forgotten,
It had bene as a gap in our great Feaſt,
And all-thing vnbecomming.
Macb. To night we hold a ſolemne Supper ſir,
And Ile requeſt your preſence.
Banq. Let your Highneſſe Lay Rowe. m.c.
Command vpon me, to the which my duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tye
For euer knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoone?
Ban. I, my good Lord.
Macb. We ſhould haue elſe deſir'd your good aduice
(Which ſtill hath been both graue, and proſperous)
In this dayes Councell: but wee'le take to morrow.
Is't farre you ride?
Ban. As farre, my Lord, as will fill vp the time
'Twixt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horſe the better,
I muſt become a borrower of the Night,
For a darke houre, or twaine.
Macb. Faile not our Feaſt.
Ban. My Lord, I will not.
Macb. We heare our bloody Cozens are beſtow'd
In England, and in Ireland, not confeſsing
Their cruell Parricide, filling their hearers
With ſtrange inuention. But of that to morrow,
When therewithall, we ſhall haue cauſe of State,
Crauing vs ioyntly. Hye you to Horſe:
Adieu, till you returne at Night.
Goes *Fleance* with you?
Ban. I, my good Lord: our time does call vpon's.
Macb. I wiſh your Horſes ſwift, and ſure of foot:
And ſo I doe commend you to their backs.
Farwell. *Exit Banquo.*
Let euery man be maſter of his time,
Till ſeuen at Night, to make ſocietie
The ſweeter welcome:
We will keepe our ſelfe till Supper time alone:
While then, God be with you. *Exeunt Lords.*
Sirrha, a word with you: Attend thoſe men omitted in m.c. by Steevens
Our pleaſure?
Seruant. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace Gate.
Macb. Bring them before vs. *Exit Seruant.*
To be thus, is nothing, but to be ſafely thus:
Our feares in *Banquo* ſticke deepe,
And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that
Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntleſſe temper of his Minde,
He hath a Wiſdome, that doth guide his Valour,
To act in ſafetie. There is none but he,
Whoſe being I doe feare: and vnder him
My *Genius* is rebuk'd, as it is ſaid
Mark Anthonies was by *Cæſar*. He chid the Siſters,
When firſt they put the Name of King vpon me,
And bad them ſpeake to him. Then Prophet-like,
They hayl'd him Father to a Line of Kings.
Vpon my Head they plac'd a fruitleſſe Crowne,
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
Thence to be wrencht with an vnlineall Hand,
No Sonne of mine ſucceeding: if't be ſo,
For *Banquo's* Iſſue haue I fil'd my Minde,
For them, the gracious *Duncan* haue I murther'd,
Put Rancours in the Veſſell of my Peace
Onely for them, and mine eternall Iewell
Giuen to the common Enemie of Man,
To make them Kings, the Seedes of *Banquo* Kings. Seed Pope
Rather then ſo, come Fate into the Lyſt,
And champion me to th'vtterance.
Who's there?

Enter Seruant, and two Murtherers.

Now goe to the Doore, and ſtay there till we call. omitted m.c.
Exit Seruant.
Was it not yeſterday we ſpoke together?
Murth. It was, ſo pleaſe your Highneſſe.
Macb. Well then,
Now haue you conſider'd of my ſpeeches:

Know.

Know, that it was he, in the times paſt,
Which held you ſo vnder fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent ſelfe.
This I made good to you, in our laſt conference,
Paſt in Probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how croſt:
The Inſtruments: who wrought with them:
And all things elſe, that might
To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did *Banquo.*

1. *Murth.* You made it knowne to vs.

Macb. I did ſo:
And went further, which is now
Our point of ſecond meeting.
Doe you finde your patience ſo predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this goe?
Are you ſo Goſpell'd, to pray for this good man,
And for his Iſſue, whoſe heauie hand
Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begger'd
Yours for euer?

1. *Murth.* We are men, my Liege.

Macb. I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolues are clipt
All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
The Houſe-keeper, the Hunter, euery one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receiue
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and ſo of men.
Now, if you haue a ſtation in the file,
Not i'th' worſt ranke of Manhood, ſay't, *and not in the worst rank of*
And I will put that Buſineſſe in your Boſomes, *mankind*
Whoſe execution takes your Enemie off, *for it*
Grapples you to the heart; and loue of vs, *m.c.*
Who weare our Health but ſickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2. *Murth.* I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World
Hath ſo incens'd, that I am reckleſſe what I doe,
To ſpight the World.

1. *Murth.* And I another,
So wearie with Diſaſters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would ſet my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemie.

Murth. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloody diſtance,
That euery minute of his being, thruſts
Againſt my neer'ſt of Life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power ſweepe him from my ſight,
And bid my will auouch it; yet I muſt not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whoſe loues I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
Who I my ſelfe ſtruck downe: and thence it is,
That I to your aſſiſtance doe make loue,
Masking the Buſineſſe from the common Eye,
For ſundry weightie Reaſons.

2. *Murth.* We ſhall, my Lord,
Performe what you command vs.

1. *Murth.* Though our Liues--

Macb. Your Spirits ſhine through you.
Within this houre, at moſt,
I will aduiſe you where to plant your ſelues,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,
The moment on't, for't muſt be done to Night,
And ſomething from the Pallace: alwayes thought,
That I require a cleareneſſe; and with him,
To leaue no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke:
Fleans, his Sonne, that keepes him companie,
Whoſe abſence is no leſſe materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, muſt embrace the fate
Of that darke houre: reſolue your ſelues apart,
Ile come to you anon.

Murth. We are reſolu'd, my Lord.

Macb. Ile call vpon you ſtraight: abide within,
It is concluded: *Banquo*, thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heauen, muſt finde it out to Night. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Seruant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Seruant. I, Madame, but returnes againe to Night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leyſure,
For a few words.

Seruant. Madame, I will. *Exit.*

Lady. Nought's had, all's ſpent,
Where our deſire is got without content:
'Tis ſafer, to be that which we deſtroy,
Then by deſtruction dwell in doubtfull ioy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone?
Of ſorryeſt Fancies your Companions making,
Vſing thoſe Thoughts, which ſhould indeed haue dy'd
With them they thinke on: things without all remedie
Should be without regard: what's done, is done. *omitted in m.c.*

Macb. We haue ſcorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
Shee'le cloſe, and be her ſelfe, whileſt our poore Mallice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth. *Scorch'd is*
But let the frame of things diſ-ioynt, *mistakenly an*
Both the Worlds ſuffer, *error for Scotch'd*
Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and ſleepe *m.c.*
In the affliction of theſe terrible Dreames,
That ſhake vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gayne our *place*, haue ſent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In reſtleſſe extaſie.
Duncane is in his Graue:
After Lifes fitfull Feuer, he ſleepes well,
Treaſon ha's done his worſt: nor Steele, nor Poyſon,
Mallice domeſtique, forraine Leuie, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:
Gentle my Lord, ſleeke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and Iouiall among your Gueſts to Night.

Macb. So ſhall I Loue, and ſo I pray be you:
Let your remembrance apply to *Banquo*,
Preſent him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Vnſafe the while, that wee muſt laue
Our Honors in theſe flattering ſtreames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Diſguiſing what they are.

Lady. You muſt leaue this.

Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou know'ſt, that *Banquo* and his *Fleans* liues.

Lady. But

Lady. But in them, Natures Coppie's not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailcable,
Then be thou iocund: ere the Bat hath flowne
His Cloyster'd flight, ere to black *Hecates* summons
The shard-borne Beetle, with his drowsie hums,
Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,
There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.
Lady. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed: Come, seeling Night,
Skarfe vp the tender Eye of pittifull Day,
And with thy bloodie and inuisible Hand
Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond,
Which keepes me pale. Light thickens,
And the Crow makes Wing toth' Rookie Wood:
Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowse,
Whiles Nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowse.
Thou maruell'st at my words: but hold thee still,
Things bad begun, make strong themselues by ill:
So prythee goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter three Murtherers.

1. But who did bid thee ioyne with vs?
3. *Macbeth.*
2. He needes not our mistrust, since he deliuers
Our Offices, and what we haue to doe,
To the direction iust.
1. Then stand with vs:
The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.
Now spurres the lated Traueller apace,
To gayne the timely Inne, and neere approches
The subiect of our Watch.
3. Hearke, I heare Horses.
Banquo within. Giue vs a Light there, hoa.
2. Then 'tis hee:
The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Alreadie are i'th'Court.
1. His Horses goe about.
3. Almost a mile: but he does vsually,
So all men doe, from hence toth'Pallace Gate
Make it their Walke.

Enter Banquo and Fleans, with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light.
3. 'Tis hee.
1. Stand too't.
Ban. It will be Rayne to Night.
1. Let it come downe.
Ban. O, Trecherie!
Flye good *Fleans*, flye, flye, flye,
Thou may'st reuenge. O Slaue!
3. Who did strike out the Light?
1. Was't not the way?
3. There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled.
2. We haue lost
Best halfe of our Affaire.
1. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
Exeunt.

Scœna Quarta.

Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your owne degrees, sit downe:
At first and last, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thankes to your Maiesty.
Macb. Our selfe will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Host:
Our Hostesse keepes her State, but in best time
We will require her welcome.
La. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart speakes, they are welcome.
Enter first Murtherer.
Macb. See they encounter thee with their harts thanks
Both sides are euen: heere Ile sit i'th'mid'st,
Be large in mirth, anon wee'l drinke a Measure
The Table round. There's blood vpon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.
Is he dispatch'd?
Mur. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.
Mac. Thou art the best o'th'Cut-throats,
Yet hee's good that did the like for *Fleans*:
If thou did'st it, thou art the Non-pareill.
Mur. Most Royall Sir
Fleans is scap'd.
Macb. Then comes my Fit againe:
I had else beene perfect;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
As broad, and generall, as the casing Ayre:
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawcy doubts, and feares. But *Banquo's* safe?
Mur. I, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a Death to Nature.
Macb. Thankes for that:
There the growne Serpent lyes, the worme that's fled
Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,
No teeth for th'present. Get thee gone, to morrow
Wee'l heare our selues againe. *Exit Murderer.*
Lady. My Royall Lord,
You do not giue the Cheere, the Feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:
'Tis giuen, with welcome: to feede were best at home:
From thence, the sawce to meate is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeths place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer:
Now good digestion waite on Appetite,
And health on both.
Lenox. May't please your Highnesse sit.
Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present:
Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindnesse,
Then pitty for Mischance.
Rosse. His absence (Sir)
Layes blame vpon his promise. Pleas't your Highnesse
To grace vs with your Royall Company?

Macb. The Table's full.
Lenox. Heere is a place reſeru'd Sir.
Macb. Where?
Lenox. Heere my good Lord. *omitted in m.c. Stevens*
What is't that moues your Highneſſe?
Macb. Which of you haue done this?
Lords. What, my good Lord?
Macb. Thou canſt not ſay I did it: neuer ſhake
Thy goary lockes at me.
Roſſe. Gentlemen riſe, his Highneſſe is not well.
Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
And hath beene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat,
The fit is momentary, vpon a thought
He will againe be well. If much you note him
You ſhall offend him, and extend his Paſſion,
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that
Which might appall the Diuell.
La. O proper ſtuffe:
This is the very painting of your feare:
This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which you ſaid
Led you to *Duncan.* O, theſe flawes and ſtarts
(Impoſtors to true feare) would well become
A womans ſtory, at a Winters fire
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: ſhame it ſelfe,
Why do you make ſuch faces? When all's done
You looke but on a ſtoole.
Macb. Prythee ſee there:
Behold, looke, loe, how ſay you:
Why what care I, if thou canſt nod, ſpeake too.
If Charnell houſes, and our Graues muſt ſend
Thoſe that we bury, backe; our Monuments
Shall be the Mawes of Kytes. *Exit Ghost 32.*
La. What? quite vnmann'd in folly.
Macb. If I ſtand heere, I ſaw him.
La. Fie for ſhame.
Macb. Blood hath bene ſhed ere now, i'th'olden time
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:
I, and ſince too, Murthers haue bene perform'd
Too terrible for the eare. The times has bene, *haue 32*
That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,
And there an end: But now they riſe againe
With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,
And puſh vs from our ſtooles. This is more ſtrange
Then ſuch a murther is.
La. My worthy Lord
Your Noble Friends do lacke you.
Macb. I do forget:
Do not muſe at me my moſt worthy Friends,
I haue a ſtrange infirmity, which is nothing
To thoſe that know me. Come, loue and health to all,
Then Ile ſit downe: Giue me ſome Wine, fill full:
Enter Ghoſt.
I drinke to th'generall ioy o'th'whole Table,
And to our deere Friend *Banquo*, whom we miſſe:
Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirſt,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Mac. Auant, & quit my ſight, let the earth hide thee:
Thy bones are marrowleſſe, thy blood is cold:
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes
Which thou doſt glare with.
La. Thinke of this good Peeres
But as a thing of Cuſtome: 'Tis no other,
Onely it ſpoyles the pleaſure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Ruſſian Beare,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th'Hircan Tiger,
Take any ſhape but that, and my firme Nerues
Shall neuer tremble. Or be aliue againe,
And dare me to the Deſart with thy Sword:
If trembling I inhabit then, proteſt mee *inhibit, thee*
The Baby of a Girle. Hence horrible ſhadow *Reject m.c.*
Vnreall mock'ry hence. Why ſo, being gone
I am a man againe: pray you ſit ſtill.
La. You haue diſplac'd the mirth,
Broke the good meeting, with moſt admir'd diſorder.
Macb. Can ſuch things be,
And ouercome vs like a Summers Clowd,
Without our ſpeciall wonder? You make me ſtrange
Euen to the diſpoſition that I owe,
When now I thinke you can behold ſuch ſights,
And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,
When mine is blanch'd with feare. *are Stevens & m.c.*
Roſſe. What ſights, my Lord? *Sights 32.*
La. I pray you ſpeake not: he growes worſe & worſe
Queſtion enrages him: at once, goodnight.
Stand not vpon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Maieſty.
La. A kinde goodnight to all. *Exit Lords.*
Macb. It will haue blood they ſay:
Blood will haue Blood:
Stones haue beene knowne to moue, & Trees to ſpeake:
Augures, and vnderſtood Relations, haue
By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth
The ſecret'ſt man of Blood. What is the night?
La. Almoſt at oddes with morning, which is which.
Macb. How ſay'ſt thou that *Macduff* denies his perſon
At our great bidding.
La. Did you ſend to him Sir?
Macb. I heare it by the way: But I will ſend:
There's not a one of them but in his houſe
I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weyard Siſters. *omitted un m.c.*
More ſhall they ſpeake: for now I am bent to know
By the worſt meanes, the worſt, for mine owne good,
All cauſes ſhall giue way. I am in blood
Stept in ſo farre, that ſhould I wade no more, *Spent 32*
Returning were as tedious as go ore:
Strange things I haue in head, that will to hand,
Which muſt be acted, ere they may be ſcand.
La. You lacke the ſeaſon of all Natures, ſleepe.
Macb. Come, wee'l to ſleepe: My ſtrange & ſelf-abuſe
Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vſe:
We are yet but yong indeed. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecat.

1. Why how now *Hecat*, you looke angerly?
Hec. Haue I not reaſon (Beldams) as you are?
Sawcy, and ouer-bold, how did you dare
To Trade, and Trafficke with *Macbeth*,
In Riddles, and Affaires of death;

And

And I the Miſtris of your Charmes,
The cloſe contriuer of all harmes,
Was neuer call'd to beare my part,
Or ſhew the glory of our Art?
And which is worſe, all you haue done
Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,
Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)
Loues for his owne ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gon,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meete me i'th'Morning: thither he
Will come, to know his Deſtinie.
Your Veſſels, and your Spels prouide,
Your Charmes, and euery thing beſide;
I am for th'Ayre: This night Ile ſpend
Vnto a diſmall, and a Fatall end. *omitted m.c.*
Great buſineſſe muſt be wrought ere Noone.
Vpon the Corner of the Moone
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
Ile catch it ere it come to ground;
And that diſtill'd by Magicke ſlights,
Shall raiſe ſuch Artificiall Sprights,
As by the ſtrength of their illuſion,
Shall draw him on to his Confuſion.
He ſhall ſpurne Fate, ſcorne Death, and beare
His hopes 'boue Wiſedome, Grace, and Feare:
And you all know, Security
Is Mortals cheefeſt Enemie.

Muſicke, and a Song.

Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit ſee
Sits in a Foggy cloud, and ſtayes for me.

Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.

1 Come, let's make haſt, ſhee'l ſoone be
Backe againe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Scena Secunda m.c.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
Haue but hit your Thoughts
Which can interpret farther: Onely I ſay
Things haue bin ſtrangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pittied of *Macbeth*: marry he was dead:
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late,
Whom you may ſay (if't pleaſe you) *Fleans* kill'd,
For *Fleans* fled: Men muſt not walke too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monſtrous
It was for *Malcolme*, and for *Donalbane*
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact,
How it did greeue *Macbeth*? Did he not ſtraight
In pious rage, the two delinquents teare,
That were the Slaues of drinke, and thralles of ſleepe?
Was not that Nobly done? I, and wiſely too:
For 'twould haue anger'd any heart aliue
To heare the men deny't. So that I ſay,
He ha's borne all things well, and I do thinke,
That had he *Duncans* Sonnes vnder his Key, *the* 32
(As, and't pleaſe Heauen he ſhall not) they ſhould finde
What 'twere to kill a Father: So ſhould *Fleans*.
But peace; for from broad words, and cauſe he fayl'd
His preſence at the Tyrants Feaſt, I heare
Macduffe liues in diſgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he beſtowes himſelfe?

Lord. The Sonnes of *Duncane* *Son Theobald & m.c.*
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Liues in the Engliſh Court, and is receyu'd *omitted* 32
Of the moſt Pious *Edward*, with ſuch grace,
That the maleuolence of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high reſpect. Thither *Macduffe*
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, vpon his ayd *On his* *Theobald & m.c.*
To wake Northumberland, and warlike *Seyward*,
That by the helpe of theſe (with him aboue)
To ratifie the Worke) we may againe
Giue to our Tables meate, ſleepe to our Nights:
Free from our Feaſts, and Banquets bloody kniues;
Do faithfull Homage, and receiue free Honors,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath ſo exaſperate their King, that hee *The m.c.*
Prepares for ſome attempt of Warre.

Len. Sent he to *Macduffe*?

Lord. He did: and with an abſolute Sir, not I
The clowdy Meſſenger turnes me his backe,
And hums; as who ſhould ſay, you'l rue the time
That clogges me with this Anſwer.

Lenox. And that well might
Aduiſe him to a Caution, t hold what diſtance
His wiſedome can prouide. Some holy Angell
Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold
His Meſſage ere he come, that a ſwift bleſſing
May ſoone returne to this our ſuffering Country,
Vnder a hand accurs'd.

Lord. Ile ſend my Prayers with him. *Exeunt*

omitted m.c. Stevens

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Quintus 32 Scena v. actus m.c.

A Dark cave – In the middle a cauldron boiling m.c.
Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
2 Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.
3 Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.
1 Round about the Caldron go:
In the poyſond Entrailes throw
Toad, that vnder cold ſtone, *Coldest m.c. Stevens / The c. Pope*
Dayes and Nights, ha's thirty one: *Roast / m.c. Sta. H.*
Sweltred Venom ſleeping got,
Boyle thou firſt i'th'charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toile and trouble;
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

2 Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron boyle and bake:
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,
Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:
Adders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting,
Lizards legge, and Howlets wing:
For a Charme of powrefull trouble,
Like a Hell-broth, boyle and bubble.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

3 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,
Witches Mummey, Maw, and Gulfe
Of the rauin'd ſalt Sea ſharke:
Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th'darke:
Liuer of Blaſpheming Iew,
Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,
Sliuer'd in the Moones Eccliſpe:

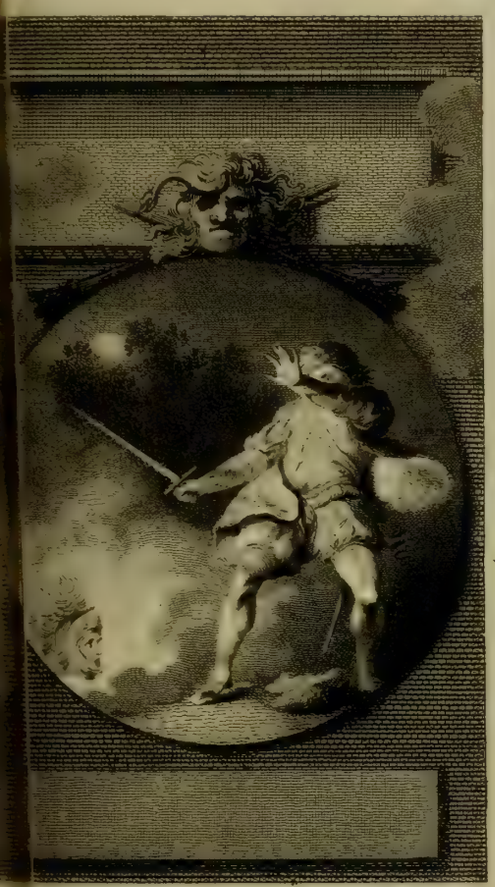
Noſe

Noſe of Turke, and Tartars lips:
Finger of Birth-ſtrangled Babe,
Ditch-deliuer'd by a Drab,
Make the Grewell thicke, and ſlab.
Adde thereto a Tigers Chawdron,
For th'Ingredience of our Cawdron.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
2 Coole it with a Baboones blood,
Then the Charme is firme and good.

Enter Hecat, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O well done: I commend your paines,
And euery one ſhall ſhare i'th'gaines:
And now about the Cauld'ron ſing
Like Elues and Fairies in a Ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.
Muſicke and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.
2 By the pricking of my Thumbes,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open Lockes, who euer knockes.
Enter Macbeth.
Macb. How now you ſecret, black, & midnight Hags?
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I coniure you, by that which you Profeſſe,
(How ere you come to know it) anſwer me:
Though you vntye the Windes, and let them fight
Againſt the Churches: Though the yeſty Waues
Confound and ſwallow Nauigation vp:
Though bladed Corne be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,
Though Caſtles topple on their Warders heads:
Though Pallaces, and Pyramids do ſlope
Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treaſure
Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether, *Germins m.c Theobald*
Euen till deſtruction ſicken: Anſwer me
To what I aske you.
1 Speake.
2 Demand.
3 Wee'l anſwer.
1 Say, if th'hadſt rather heare it from our mouthes,
Or from our Maſters.
Macb. Call 'em: let me ſee 'em.
1 Powre in Sowes blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Greaze that's ſweaten
From the Murderers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.
All. Come high or low:
Thy Selfe and Office deaftly ſhow. *Thunder.*
1. *Apparition, an Armed Head.*
Macb. Tell me, thou vnknowne power.
1 He knowes thy thought:
Heare his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought.
1 *Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:*
Beware *Macduffe*,
Beware the Thane of Fife: diſmiſſe me. Enough.
He Deſcends.
Macb. What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou haſt harp'd my feare aright. But one word more.
1 He will not be commanded: heere's another
More potent then the firſt. *Thunder.*
2 *Apparition, a Bloody Childe.*
2 *Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.*
Macb. Had I three eares, Il'd heare thee.
2 *Appar.* Be bloody, bold, & reſolute:
Laugh to ſcorne
The powre of man: For none of woman borne
Shall harme *Macbeth.* *Deſcends.*
Mac. Then liue *Macduffe*: what need I feare of thee?
But yet Ile make aſſurance: double ſure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou ſhalt not liue,
That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies;
And ſleepe in ſpight of Thunder. *Thunder*
3 *Apparition, a Childe Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.*
What is this, that riſes like the iſſue of a King,
And weares vpon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Soueraignty?
All. Liſten, but ſpeake not too't.
3 *Appar.* Be Lyon metled, proud, and take no care:
Who chaſes, who frets, or where Conſpirers are:
Macbeth ſhall neuer vanquiſh'd be, vntill
Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunſinane Hill
Shall come againſt him. *Deſcend.*
Macb. That will neuer bee:
Who can impreſſe the Forreſt, bid the Tree
Vnfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadments, good:
Rebellious dead, riſe neuer till the Wood *Heed Theobald m.c*
Of Byrnan riſe, and our high plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall liue the Leaſe of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortall Cuſtome. Yet my Hart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art
Can tell ſo much: Shall *Banquo*'s iſſue euer
Reigne in this Kingdome?
All. Seeke to know no more.
Macb. I will be ſatisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternall Curſe fall on you: Let me know.
Why ſinkes that Caldron? & what noiſe is this? *Hoboyes*
1 Shew.
2 Shew.
3 Shew.
All. Shew his Eyes, and greeue his Hart,
Come like ſhadowes, ſo depart.
A ſhew of eight Kings, and Banquo laſt, with a glaſſe in his hand.
Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of *Banquo*: Down:
Thy Crowne do's ſeare mine Eye-bals. And thy haire
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the firſt:
A third, is like the former. Filthy Hagges,
Why do you ſhew me this?——A fourth? Start eyes!
What will the Line ſtretch out to'th'cracke of Doome?
Another yet? a ſeauenth? Ile ſee no more:
And yet the eight appeares, who beares a glaſſe,
Which ſhewes me many more: and ſome I ſee,
That two-fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry.
Horrible ſight: Now I ſee 'tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd *Banquo* ſmiles vpon me,
And points at them for his. What? is this ſo?
1 I Sir, all this is ſo. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?
Come Siſters, cheere we vp his ſprights,
And ſhew the beſt of our delights.
Ile Charme the Ayre to giue a ſound,
While you performe your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly ſay,
Our duties, did his welcome pay. *Muſicke.*
The Witches Dance, and vaniſh.
Macb. Where are they? Gone?
Let this pernitious houre,
Stand aye accurſed in the Kalender.
Come in, without there. *Enter Lenox.*
Lenox. What's your Graces will.

Macl



Macb. Saw you the Weyard Sifters? Wizard 32
Lenox. No my Lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Lenox. No indeed my Lord.
Macb. Infected be the Ayre whereon they ride,
And damn'd all thoſe that truſt them. I did heare
The galloping of Horſe. Who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Len. I, my good Lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'ſt my dread exploits:
The flighty purpoſe neuer is o're-tooke
Vnleſſe the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firſtlings of my heart ſhall be
The firſtlings of my hand. And euen now
To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thoght & done:
The Caſtle of *Macduff*, I will ſurprize,
Seize vpon Fife; giue to th'edge o'th'Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all vnfortunate Soules
That trace him in his Line. No boaſting like a Foole,
This deed Ile do, before this purpoſe coole,
But no more ſights. Where are theſe Gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Roſſe.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?
Roſſe. You muſt haue patience Madam.
Wife. He had none:
His flight was madneſſe: when our Actions do not,
Our feares do make vs Traitors.
Roſſe. You know not
Whether it was his wiſedome, or his feare.
Wife. Wiſedom? to leaue his wife, to leaue his Babes,
His Manſion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himſelfe do's flye? He loues vs not,
He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren
(The moſt diminitiue of Birds) will fight,
Her yong ones in her Neſt, againſt the Owle:
All is the Feare, and nothing is the Loue;
As little is the Wiſedome, where the flight
So runnes againſt all reaſon.
Roſſe. My deereſt Cooz,
I pray you ſchoole your ſelfe. But for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wiſe, Iudicious, and beſt knowes
The fits o'th'Seaſon. I dare not ſpeake much further,
But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our ſelues: when we hold Rumor
From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,
But floate vpon a wilde and violent Sea
Each way, and moue. I take my leaue of you:
Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe:
Things at the worſt will ceaſe, or elſe climbe vpward,
To what they were before. My pretty Coſine,
Bleſſing vpon you.
Wife. Father'd he is,
And yet hee's Father-leſſe.
Roſſe. I am ſo much a Foole, ſhould I ſtay longer
It would be my diſgrace, and your diſcomfort.
I take my leaue at once. *Exit Roſſe.*

Wife. Sirra, your Fathers dead,
And what will you do now? How will you liue?
Son. As Birds do Mother.
Wife. What with Wormes, and Flyes?
Son. With what I get I meane, and ſo do they. nothing 32
Wife. Poore Bird,
Thou'dſt neuer Feare the Net, nor Lime,
The Pitfall, nor the Gin.
Son. Why ſhould I Mother?
Poore Birds they are not ſet for:
My Father is not dead for all your ſaying.
Wife. Yes, he is dead:
How wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband?
Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.
Son. Then you'l by 'em to ſell againe.
Wife. Thou ſpeak'ſt withall thy wit,
And yet l'faith with wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?
Wife. I, that he was.
Son. What is a Traitor?
Wife. Why one that ſweares, and lyes.
Son. And be all Traitors, that do ſo.
Wife. Euery one that do's ſo, is a Traitor,
And muſt be hang'd.
Son. And muſt they all be hang'd, that ſwear and lye?
Wife. Euery one.
Son. Who muſt hang them?
Wife. Why, the honeſt men.
Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beate the honeſt men, and hang vp them.
Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:
But how wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. If he were dead, you'l weepe for him: if you would not, it were a good ſigne, that I ſhould quickely haue a new Father.
Wife. Poore pratler, how thou talk'ſt?
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. Bleſſe you faire Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your ſtate of Honor I am perfect;
I doubt ſome danger do's approach you neerely.
If you will take a homely mans aduice,
Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones
To fright you thus. Me thinkes I am too ſauage:
To do worſe to you, were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nie your perſon. Heauen preſerue you,
I dare abide no longer. *Exit Meſſenger*
Wife. Whether ſhould I flye?
I haue done no harme. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where to do harme
Is often laudable, to do good ſometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Do I put vp that womanly defence,
To ſay I haue done no harme? Had 32
What are theſe faces?
Enter Murtherers.
Mur. Where is your Husband?
Wife. I hope in no place ſo vnſanctified,
Where ſuch as thou may'ſt finde him.
Mur. He's a Traitor.
Son. Thou ly'ſt thou ſhagge-ear'd Villaine.
Mur. What you Egge?
Yong fry of Treachery?
Son. He ha's kill'd me Mother,
Run away I pray you. *Exit crying Murther.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Malcolme and Macduffe.

Mal. Let vs ſeeke out ſome deſolate ſhade, & there
Weepe our ſad boſomes empty.
Macd. Let vs rather
Hold faſt the mortall Sword: and like good men,
Beſtride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne,
New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new ſorowes
Strike heauen on the face, that it reſounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like Syllable of Dolour.
Mal. What I beleeue, Ile waile;
What know, beleeue; and what I can redreſſe,
As I ſhall finde the time to friend: I wil.
What you haue ſpoke, it may be ſo perchance.
This Tyrant, whoſe ſole name bliſters our tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: you haue lou'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but ſomething
You may diſcerne of him through me, and wiſedome
To offer vp a weake, poore innocent Lambe
T'appeaſe an angry God.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Malc. But *Macbeth* is.
A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle
In an Imperiall charge. But I ſhall craue your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranſpoſe;
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell.
Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace
Yet Grace muſt ſtill looke ſo.
Macd. I haue loſt my Hopes.
Malc. Perchance euen there
Where I did finde my doubts.
Why in that rawneſſe left you Wife, and Childe? Thoſe precious Motiues, thoſe ſtrong knots of Loue,
Without leaue-taking. I pray you,
Let not my Iealouſies, be your Diſhonors,
But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly iuſt,
What euer I ſhall thinke.
Macd. Bleed, bleed poore Country,
Great Tyrrany, lay thou thy baſis ſure,
For goodneſſe dare not check thee: wear ỹ thy wrongs,
The Title, is affear'd. Far thee well Lord,
I would not be the Villaine that thou think'ſt,
For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graſpe,
And the rich Eaſt to boot.
Mal. Be not offended:
I ſpeake not as in abſolute feare of you:
I thinke our Country ſinkes beneath the yoake,
It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,
There would be hands vplifted in my right:
And heere from gracious England haue I offer
Of goodly thouſands. But for all this,
When I ſhall treade vpon the Tyrants head,
Or weare it on my Sword; yet my poore Country
Shall haue more vices then it had before,
More ſuffer, and more ſundry wayes then euer,
By him that ſhall ſucceede.
Macd. What ſhould he be?
Mal. It is my ſelfe I meane: in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice ſo grafted,
That when they ſhall be open'd, blacke *Macbeth*
Will ſeeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State
Eſteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd
With my confineleſſe harmes.
Macd. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Diuell more damn'd
In euils, to top *Macbeth*.
Mal. I grant him Bloody,
Luxurious, Auaricious, Falſe, Deceitfull,
Sodaine, Malicious, ſmacking of euery ſinne
That ha's a name. But there's no bottome, none
In my Voluptuouſneſſe: Your Wiues, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp
The Ceſterne of my Luſt, and my Deſire
All continent Impediments would ore-beare
That did oppoſe my will. Better *Macbeth*,
Then ſuch an one to reigne.
Macd. Boundleſſe intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath beene
Th'vntimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet
To take vpon you what is yours: you may
Conuey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeeme cold. The time you may ſo hoodwinke:
We haue willing Dames enough: there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to deuoure ſo many
As will to Greatneſſe dedicate themſelues,
Finding it ſo inclinde.
Mal With this, there growes
In my moſt ill-compos'd Affection, ſuch
A ſtanchleſſe Auarice, that were I King,
I ſhould cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Deſire his Iewels, and this others Houſe,
And my more-hauing, would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I ſhould forge
Quarrels vniuſt againſt the Good and Loyall,
Deſtroying them for wealth.
Macd. This Auarice
ſtickes deeper: growes with more pernicious roote
Then Summer-ſeeming Luſt: and it hath bin
The Sword of our ſlaine Kings: yet do not feare,
Scotland hath Foyſons, to fill vp your will
Of your meere Owne. All theſe are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.
Mal. But I haue none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Iuſtice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableneſſe,
Bounty, Perſeuerance, Mercy, Lowlineſſe,
Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,
I haue no relliſh of them, but abound
In the diuiſion of each ſeuerall Crime,
Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I ſhould
Poure the ſweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,
Vprore the vniuerſall peace, confound
All vnity on earth.
Macd. O Scotland, Scotland.
Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to gouerne, ſpeake:
I am as I haue ſpoken.
Mac. Fit to gouern? No not to liue. O Natiõ miſerable!
With an vntitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholſome dayes againe?
Since that the trueſt Iſſue of thy Throne
By his owne Interdiction ſtands accurſt,
And do's blaſpheme his breed? Thy Royall Father
Was a moſt Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee,
Oftner vpon her knees, then on her feet,
Dy'de euery day ſhe liu'd. Fare thee well,

Theſe

Diſcerne m.c & Rhoboſ

omitted m.c

dares 3 folio

Children 32

Seeding m.c by S. & Bl.

32

32

32

* "Summer-seeding is a very improper alteration — See my M.S. notes. p" S.

* "Stevens. Rather pedantly corrects this line to Downfall birthdom — I can find neither difficulty nor impropriety in Down fall birthdom for down fallen. These repeated corrections deprive us of the genuine old English language" S—

Theſe Euils thou repeat'ſt vpon thy ſelfe,
Hath baniſh'd me from Scotland. O my Breſt,
Thy hope ends heere.
Mal. *Macduff*, this Noble paſſion
Childe of integrity, hath from my ſoule
Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good Truth, and Honor. Diuelliſh *Macbeth*,
By many of theſe traines, hath ſought to win me
Into his power: and modeſt Wiſedome pluckes me
From ouer-credulous haſt: but God aboue
Deale betweene thee and me; For euen now
I put my ſelfe to thy Direction, and
Vnſpeake mine owne detraction. Heere abiure
The taints, and blames I laide vpon my ſelfe,
For ſtrangers to my Nature. I am yet
Vnknowne to Woman, neuer was forſworne, *women* 32
Scarſely haue coueted what was mine owne.
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight
No leſſe in truth then life. My firſt falſe ſpeaking
Was this vpon my ſelfe. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poore Countries to command:
Whither indeed, before they heere approach *They* /32
Old *Seyward* with ten thouſand warlike men *They haue* old copy
Already at a point, was ſetting foorth:
Now wee'l together, and the chance of goodneſſe
Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you ſilent?
Macd. Such welcome, and vnwelcom things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth
I pray you?
Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules
That ſtay his Cure: their malady conuinces
The great aſſay of Art. But at his touch,
Such ſanctity hath Heauen giuen his hand,
They preſently amend. *Exit.*
Mal. I thanke you Doctor.
Macd. What's the Diſeaſe he meanes?
Mal. 'Tis call'd the Euill.
A moſt myraculous worke in this good King,
Which often ſince my heere remaine in England,
I haue ſeene him do: How he ſolicites heauen
Himſelfe beſt knowes: but ſtrangely viſited people
All ſwolne and Vlcerous, pittifull to the eye,
The meere diſpaire of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden ſtampe about their neckes,
Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis ſpoken
To the ſucceeding Royalty he leaues
The healing Benediction. With this ſtrange vertue,
He hath a heauenly guift of Propheſie,
And ſundry Bleſſings hang about his Throne,
That ſpeake him full of Grace.

Enter Roſſe.

Macd. See who comes heere.
Malc. My Countryman: but yet I know him nor.
Macd. My euer gentle Cozen, welcome hither.
Malc. I know him now. Good God betimes remoue
The meanes that makes vs Strangers. *Repeate in* 32
Roſſe. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Roſſe. Alas poore Countrey,
Almoſt affraid to know it ſelfe. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing
But who knowes nothing, is once ſeene to ſmile:
Where ſighes, and groanes, and ſhrieks that rent the ayre
Are made, not mark'd: Where violent ſorrow ſeemes
A Moderne extaſie: The Deadmans knell,
Is there ſcarſe ask'd for who, and good mens liues
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or ere they ſicken.
Macd. Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true.
Malc. What's the neweſt griefe?
Roſſe. That of an houres age, doth hiſſe the ſpeaker,
Each minute teemes a new one.
Macd. How do's my Wife?
Roſſe. Why well.
Macd. And all my Children?
Roſſe. Well too.
Macd. The Tyrant ha's not batter'd at their peace?
Roſſe. No, they were wel at peace, when I did leaue 'em
Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech: How goes't?
Roſſe. When I came hither to tranſport the Tydings
Which I haue heauily borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
Which was to my beleefe witneſt the rather,
For that I ſaw the Tyrants Power a-foot.
Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,
To doffe their dire diſtreſſes.
Malc. Bee't their comfort
We are comming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent vs good *Seyward*, and ten thouſand men,
An older, and a better Soulдier, none
That Chriſtendome giues out.
Roſſe. Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the like. But I haue words
That would be howl'd out in the deſert ayre,
Where hearing ſhould not latch them.
Macd. What concerne they,
The generall cauſe, or is it a Fee-griefe
Due to ſome ſingle breſt?
Roſſe. No minde that's honeſt
But in it ſhares ſome woe, though the maine part
Pertaines to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine
Keepe it not from me, quickly let me haue it.
Roſſe. Let not your eares diſpiſe my tongue for euer,
Which ſhall poſſeſſe them with the heauieſt ſound
That euer yet they heard.
Macd. Humh: I gueſſe at it.
Roſſe. Your Caſtle is ſurpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes
Sauagely ſlaughter'd: To relate the manner
Were on the Quarry of theſe murther'd Deere
To adde the death of you.
Malc. Mercifull Heauen:
What man, ne're pull your hat vpon your browes:
Giue ſorrow words; the griefe that do's not ſpeake,
Whiſpers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake.
Macd. My Children too?
Ro. Wife, Children, Seruants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I muſt be from thence? My wife kil'd too?
Roſſe. I haue ſaid.
Malc. Be comforted.
Let's make vs Med'cines of our great Reuenge,
To cure this deadly greefe.
Macd. He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you ſay All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme
At one fell ſwoope?
Malc. Diſpute it like a man.
Macd. I ſhall do ſo:

But I muſt alſo feele it as a man;
I cannot but remember ſuch things were
That were moſt precious to me: Did heauen looke on,
And would not take their part? Sinfull *Macduff*,
They were all ſtrooke for thee: Naught that I am,
Not for their owne demerits, but for mine
Fell ſlaughter on their ſoules: Heauen reſt them now.

Mal. Be this the Whetſtone of your ſword, let griefe
Conuert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heauens,
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion: Front to Front,
Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my ſelfe
Within my Swords length ſet him, if he ſcape
Heauen forgiue him too.

Mal. This time goes manly: Come we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lacke is nothing but our leaue. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the Powres aboue
Put on their Inſtruments: Receiue what cheere you may,
The Night is long, that neuer findes the Day. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Doctor of Phyſicke, and a Wayting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I haue too Nights watch'd with you, but can perceiue no truth in your report. When was it ſhee laſt walk'd?

Gent. Since his Maieſty went into the Field, I haue ſeene her riſe from her bed, throw her Night-Gown vpon her, vnlocke her Cloſſet, take foorth paper, folde it, write vpon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe returne to bed; yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleepe.

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature, to receyue at once the benefit of ſleep, and do the effects of watching. In this ſlumbry agitation, beſides her walking, and other actuall performances, what (at any time) haue you heard her ſay?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis moſt meet you ſhould.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, hauing no witneſſe to confirme my ſpeech. *Enter Lady, with a Taper.* Lo you, heere ſhe comes: This is her very guiſe, and vpon my life faſt aſleepe: obſerue her, ſtand cloſe.

Doct. How came ſhe by that light?

Gent. Why it ſtood by her: ſhe ha's light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You ſee her eyes are open.

Gent. I but their ſenſe are ſhut.

Doct. What is it ſhe do's now?
Looke how ſhe rubbes her hands.

Gent. It is an accuſtom'd action with her, to ſeeme thus waſhing her hands: I haue knowne her continue in this a quarter of an houre.

Lad. Yet heere's a ſpot.

Doct. Heark, ſhe ſpeaks, I will ſet downe what comes from her, to ſatisfie my remembrance the more ſtrongly.

La. Out damned ſpot: out I ſay. One: Two: Why then 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie, a Souldier, and affear'd? what need we feare? who knowes it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who would haue thought the olde man to haue had ſo much blood in him.

Doct. Do you marke that?

Lad. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is ſhe now? What will theſe hands ne're be cleane? No more o'that my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this ſtarting.

Doct. Go too, go too:
You haue knowne what you ſhould not.

Gent. She ha's ſpoke what ſhee ſhould not, I am ſure of that: Heauen knowes what ſhe ha's knowne.

La. Heere's the ſmell of the blood ſtill: all the perfumes of Arabia will not ſweeten this little hand.
Oh, oh, oh.

Doct. What a ſigh is there? The hart is ſorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not haue ſuch a heart in my boſome, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be ſir.

Doct. This diſeaſe is beyond my practiſe: yet I haue knowne thoſe which haue walkt in their ſleep, who haue dyed holily in their beds.

Lad. Waſh your hands, put on your Night-Gowne, looke not ſo pale: I tell you yet againe *Banquo*'s buried; he cannot come out on's graue.

Doct. Euen ſo?

Lady. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate: Come, come, come, come, giue me your hand: What's done, cannot be vndone. To bed, to bed, to bed. *Exit Lady.*

Doct. Will ſhe go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foule whiſp'rings are abroad: vnnaturall deeds
Do breed vnnaturall troubles: infected mindes
To their deafe pillowes will diſcharge their Secrets:
More needs ſhe the Diuine, then the Phyſitian:
God, God forgiue vs all. Looke after her,
Remoue from her the meanes of all annoyance,
And ſtill keepe eyes vpon her: So goodnight,
My minde ſhe ha's mated, and amaz'd my ſight,
I thinke, but dare not ſpeake.

Gent. Good night good Doctor. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.

Ment. The Engliſh powre is neere, led on by *Malcolm*,
His Vnkle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Reuenges burne in them: for their deere cauſes
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Neere Byrnan wood
Shall we well meet them, that way are they comming.

Cath. Who knowes if *Donalbane* be with his brother?

Len. For certaine Sir, he is not: I haue a File
Of all the Gentry; there is *Seywards* Sonne,
And many vnruffe youths, that euen now
Proteſt their firſt of Manhood.

Ment. What do's the Tyrant.

Cath. Great Dunſinane he ſtrongly Fortifies:
Some ſay hee's mad: Others, that leſſer hate him,
Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine

He

× "I rather think the meaning is - "This time it goes manly." It being left out by Ellipsis Malcolm had often been insidiously, treacherously applied to. "This time [it] goes manly. Things are in a good train" Steevens

* Would to the bleeding and the grim

Act 5. MACBETH. Line 33.

J. Rhamberg del! Delattre fc.

Mrs SIDDONS in LADY MACBETH.

"Yet here's a Spot."

Printed for John Bell, British Library London, Augt 26, 1785.

He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd cauſe
Within the belt of Rule.
Ang. Now do's he feele
His ſecret Murthers ſticking on his hands,
Now minutely Reuolts vpbraid his Faith-breach:
Thoſe he commands, moue onely in command,
Nothing in loue: Now do's he feele his Title
Hang looſe about him, like a Giants Robe
Vpon a dwarfiſh Theefe.
Ment. Who then ſhall blame
His peſter'd Senſes to recoyle, and ſtart,
When all that is within him, do's condemne
It ſelfe, for being there.
Cath. Well, march we on,
To giue Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the Med'cine of the ſickly Weale,
And with him poure we in our Countries purge,
Each drop of vs.
Lenox. Or ſo much as it needes,
To dew the Soueraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:
Make we our March towards Birnan. *Exeunt marching.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:
Till Byrnane wood remoue to Dunſinane,
I cannot taint with Feare. What's the Boy *Malcolme*?
Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know
All mortall Conſequences, haue pronounc'd me thus:
Feare not *Macbeth*, no man that's borne of woman
Shall ere haue power vpon thee. Then fly falſe Thanes,
And mingle with the Engliſh Epicures,
The minde I ſway by, and the heart I beare,
Shall neuer ſagge with doubt, nor ſhake with feare.
Enter Seruant.
The diuell damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone:
Where got'ſt thou that Gooſe-looke.
Ser. There is ten thouſand.
Macb. Geeſe Villaine?
Ser. Souldiers Sir.
Macb. Go pricke thy face, and ouer-red thy feare
Thou Lilly-liuer'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?
Death of thy Soule, thoſe Linnen cheekes of thine
Are Counſailers to feare. What Soldiers Whay-face?
Ser. The Engliſh Force, ſo pleaſe you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. *Seyton*, I am ſick at hart,
When I behold: *Seyton*, I ſay, this puſh
Will cheere me euer, or dif-eate me now. diſcase 32
I haue liu'd long enough: my way of life diſeas me
Is falne into the Seare, the yellow Leafe,
And that which ſhould accompany Old-Age,
As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends,
I muſt not looke to haue: but in their ſteed,
Curſes, not lowd but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.
Seyton?
Enter Seyton.
Sey. What's your gracious pleaſure?
Macb. What Newes more?
Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.
Macb. Ile fight, till from my bones, my fleſh be hackt. to 32
Giue me my Armor.
Seyt. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. Ile put it on:
Send out moe Horſes, skirre the Country round,
Hang thoſe that talke of Feare. Giue me mine Armor: Sic m.e stand in 32
How do's your Patient, Doctor?
Doct. Not ſo ſicke my Lord,
As ſhe is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies
That keepe her from her reſt.
Macb. Cure of that: Cure 32
Can'ſt thou not Miniſter to a Minde diſeas'd,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with ſome ſweet Obliuious Antidote
Cleanſe the ſtufft boſome, of that perillous ſtuffe Stuft 32
Which weighes vpon the heart?
Doct. Therein the Patient
Muſt miniſter to himſelfe. mnſt 32
Macb. Throw Phyſicke to the Dogs, Ile none of it.
Come, put mine Armour on: giue me my Staffe:
Seyton, ſend out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:
Come ſir, diſpatch. If thou could'ſt Doctor, caſt
The Water of my Land, finde her Diſeaſe,
And purge it to a ſound and priſtiue Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,
That ſhould applaud againe. Pull't off I ſay,
What Rubarb, Cyme, or what Purgatiue drugge Cæny 32 / Senna ſ m e
Would ſcowre theſe Engliſh hence: hear'ſt y of them?
Doct. I my good Lord: your Royall Preparation
Makes vs heare ſomething.
Macb. Bring it after me:
I will not be affraid of Death and Bane,
Till Birnane Forreſt come to Dunſinane.
Doct. Were I from Dunſinane away, and cleere,
Profit againe ſhould hardly draw me heere. *Exeunt*

æ 32
Scena Quarta.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, Seywards Sonne, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, and Soldiers Marching.

Malc. Coſins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand
That Chambers will be ſafe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Syew. What wood is this before vs?
Ment. The wood of Birnane. nam 32
Malc. Let euery Souldier hew him downe a Bough,
And bear't before him, thereby ſhall we ſhadow
The numbers of our Hoaſt, and make diſcouery
Erre in report of vs.
Sold. It ſhall be done.
Syw. We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keepes ſtill in Dunſinane, and will indure
Our ſetting downe befor't.
Malc. 'Tis his maine hope:
For where there is aduantage to be giuen,
Both more and leſſe haue giuen him the Reuolt,
And none ſerue with him, but conſtrained things,
Whoſe hearts are abſent too.
Macd. Let our iuſt Cenſures Iuſt 32
Attend the true euent, and put we on Sic m.e
Before 32 nn 3 Induſtrious

Induſtrious Souldierſhip.
Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due deciſion make vs know
What we ſhall ſay we haue, and what we owe:
Thoughts ſpeculatiue, their vnſure hopes relate,
But certaine iſſue, ſtroakes muſt arbitrate,
Towards which, aduance the warre. *Exeunt marching*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Souldiers, with Drum and Colours.

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is ſtill, they come: our Caſtles ſtrength
Will laugh a Siedge to ſcorne: Heere let them lye,
Till Famine and the Ague eate them vp:
Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might haue met them darefull, beard to beard,
And beate them backward home. What is that noyſe?
A Cry within of Women.
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.
Macb. I haue almoſt forgot the taſte of Feares:
The time ha's beene, my ſences would haue cool'd
To heare a Night-ſhrieke, and my Fell of haire
Would at a diſmall Treatiſe rowze, and ſtirre
As life were in't. I haue ſupt full with horrors,
Direneſſe familiar to my ſlaughterous thoughts
Cannot once ſtart me. Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.
Macb. She ſhould haue dy'de heereafter;
There would haue beene a time for ſuch a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yeſterdayes, haue lighted Fooles
The way to duſty death. Out, out, breefe Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
That ſtruts and frets his houre vpon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of ſound and fury
Signifying nothing. *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Thou com'ſt to vſe thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.
Meſ. Gracious my Lord,
I ſhould report that which I ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to doo't.
Macb. Well, ſay ſir.
Meſ. As I did ſtand my watch vpon the Hill
I look'd toward Byrnane, and anon me thought
The Wood began to moue.
Macb. Lyar, and Slaue.
Meſ. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo:
Within this three Mile may you ſee it comming.
I ſay, a moouing Groue.
Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt falſe,
Vpon the next Tree ſhall thou hang aliue
Till Famine cling thee: If thy ſpeech be ſooth,
I care not if thou doſt for me as much.
I pull in Reſolution, and begin
To doubt th'Equiuocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Feare not, till Byrnane Wood
Do come to Dunſinane, and now a Wood
Comes toward Dunſinane. Arme, Arme, and out,
If this which he auouches, do's appeare,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I'ginne to be a-weary of the Sun,
And wiſh th'eſtate o'th'world were now vndon.
Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke,
At leaſt wee'l dye with Harneſſe on our backe. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Drumme and Colours.
Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, and their Army, with Boughes.

Mal. Now neere enough:
Your leauy Skreenes throw downe,
And ſhew like thoſe you are: You (worthy Vnkle)
Shall with my Coſin your right Noble Sonne
Leade our firſt Battell. Worthy *Macduffe*, and wee
Shall take vpon's what elſe remaines to do,
According to our order.
Sey. Fare you well:
Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,
Let vs be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our Trumpets ſpeak, giue th'all breath
Thoſe clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death. *Exeunt*
Alarums continued.

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.
Macb. They haue tied me to a ſtake, I cannot flye,
But Beare-like I muſt fight the courſe. What's he
That was not borne of Woman? Such a one
Am I to feare, or none.
Enter young Seyward.
Y. Sey. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be affraid to heare it.
Y. Sey. No: though thou call'ſt thy ſelfe a hoter name
Then any is in hell.
Macb. My name's *Macbeth.*
Y. Sey. The diuell himſelfe could not pronounce a Title
More hatefull to mine eare.
Macb. No: nor more fearefull.
Y. Sey. Thou lyeſt abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword
Ile proue the lye thou ſpeak'ſt.
Fight, and young Seyward ſlaine.
Macb. Thou was't borne of woman;
But Swords I ſmile at, Weapons laugh to ſcorne,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a Woman borne. *Exit.*
Alarums. *Enter Macduffe.*
Macd. That way the noiſe is: Tyrant ſhew thy face,
If thou beeſt ſlaine, and with no ſtroake of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghoſts will haunt me ſtill:
I cannot ſtrike at wretched Kernes, whoſe armes
Are hyr'd to beare their Staues; either thou *Macbeth*,
Or elſe my Sword with an vnbattered edge
I ſheath againe vndeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be,
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note

Seemes

Seemes bruited. Let me finde him Fortune,
And more I begge not. *Exit.* *Alarums.*

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

Sey. This way my Lord, the Caſtles gently rendred:
The Tyrants people, on both ſides do fight,
The Noble Thanes do brauely in the Warre,
The day almoſt it ſelfe profeſſes yours,
And little is to do.
Malc. We haue met with Foes
That ſtrike beſide vs.
Sey. Enter Sir, the Caſtle. *Exeunt.* *Alarum*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why ſhould I play the Roman Foole, and dye
On mine owne ſword? whiles I ſee liues, the gaſhes
Do better vpon them.

Enter Macduffe.

Macd. Turne Hell-hound, turne.
Macb. Of all men elſe I haue auoyded thee:
But get thee backe, my ſoule is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I haue no words,
My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine
Then tearmes can giue thee out. *Fight: Alarum*
Macb. Thou looſeſt labour,
As eaſie may'ſt thou the intrenchant Ayre
With thy keene Sword impreſſe, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Creſts,
I beare a charmed Life, which muſt not yeeld
To one of woman borne.
Macd. Diſpaire thy Charme,
And let the Angell whom thou ſtill haſt ſeru'd
Tell thee, *Macduffe* was from his Mothers womb
Vntimely ript.
Macb. Accurſed be that tongue that tels mee ſo;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
And be theſe Iugling Fiends no more beleeu'd,
That palter with vs in a double ſence,
That keepe the word of promiſe to our eare,
And breake it to our hope. Ile not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yeeld thee Coward,
And liue to be the ſhew, and gaze o'th'time.
Wee'l haue thee, as our rarer Monſters are
Painted vpon a pole, and vnder-writ,
Heere may you ſee the Tyrant.
Macb. I will not yeeld
To kiſſe the ground before young *Malcolmes* feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles curſe.
Though Byrnane wood be come to Dunſinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman borne,
Yet I will try the laſt. Before my body,
I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on *Macduffe*,
And damn'd be him, that firſt cries hold, enough.
Exeunt fighting. *Alarums.*

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth ſlaine.

Retreat, and Flouriſh. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Malcolm, Seyward, Roſſe, Thanes, & Soldiers.

Mal. I would the Friends we miſſe, were ſafe arriu'd.
Sey. Some muſt go off: and yet by theſe I ſee,
So great a day as this is cheapely bought.
Mal. *Macduffe* is miſſing, and your Noble Sonne.
Roſſe. Your ſon my Lord, ha's paid a ſouldiers debt,
He onely liu'd but till he was a man,
The which no ſooner had his Proweſſe confirm'd
In the vnſhrinking ſtation where he fought,
But like a man he dy'de.
Sey. Then he is dead?
Roſſe. I, and brought off the field: your cauſe of ſorrow
Muſt not be meaſur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Sey. Had he his hurts before?
Roſſe. I, on the Front.
Sey. Why then, Gods Soldier be he:
Had I as many Sonnes, as I haue haires,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:
And ſo his Knell is knoll'd.
Mal. Hee's worth more ſorrow,
And that Ile ſpend for him.
Sey. He's worth no more,
They ſay he parted well, and paid his ſcore,
And ſo God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduffe; with Macbeths head.

Macd. Haile King, for ſo thou art.
Behold where ſtands
Th'Vſurpers curſed head: the time is free:
I ſee thee compaſt with thy Kingdomes Pearle,
That ſpeake my ſalutation in their minds:
Whoſe voyces I deſire alowd with mine.
Haile King of Scotland.
All. Haile King of Scotland. *Flouriſh.*
Mal. We ſhall not ſpend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your ſeuerall loues,
And make vs euen with you. My Thanes and Kinſmen
Henceforth be Earles, the firſt that euer Scotland
In ſuch an Honor nam'd: What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of watchfull Tyranny,
Producing forth the cruell Miniſters
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queene;
Who (as 'tis thought) by ſelfe and violent hands,
Tooke off her life. This, and what needfull elſe
That call's vpon vs, by the Grace of Grace,
We will performe in meaſure, time, and place:
So thankes to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we inuite, to ſee vs Crown'd at Scone.
Flouriſh. *Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

"The part of Hamlet acted by John (or) Joseph Taylor" s-

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Elsinore. A Platforme before the Castle m.c.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnardo.

WHo's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold your selfe.

Bar. Long liue the King.

Fran. Barnardo?

Bar. He.

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre.

Bar. 'Tis now strook twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco.*

Fran. For this releefe much thankes: 'Tis bitter cold, And I am sicke at heart.

Barn. Haue you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Fran. Giue you good night.

Mar. O farwel honest Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?

Fra. Barnardo ha's my place: giue you goodnight. *Exit Fran.*

Mar. Holla *Barnardo.*

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A peece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*

Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.

Bar. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. Horatio saies, 'tis but our Fantasie, And will not let beleefe take hold of him Touching this dreaded sight, twice seene of vs, Therefore I haue intreated him along With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night, That if againe this Apparition come, He may approue our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a-while, And let vs once againe assaile your eares, That are so fortified against our Story, What we two Nights haue seene.

Hor. Well, sit we downe, And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

Barn. Last night of all, When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole Had made his course t'illume that part of Heauen Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe, The Bell then beating one.

Mar. Peace, breake thee of: *Enter the Ghost.* Looke where it comes againe.

Barn. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speake to it *Horatio.*

Barn. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio.*

Hora. Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder

Barn. It would be spoke too.

Mar. Question it *Horatio.*

Hor. What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night, Together with that Faire and Warlike forme In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Barn. See, it stalkes away.

Hor. Stay: speake; speake: I Charge thee, speake. *Exit the Ghost.*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Barn. How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale: Is not this something more then Fantasie? Sham 32 What thinke you on't? Sham 32

Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleeue Without the sensible and true auouch Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe, Such was the very Armour he had on, When th'Ambitious Norwey combatted: So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle He smot the sledded Pollax on the Ice. 'Tis strange. act m.c. same 32

Mar. Thus twice before, and iust at this dead houre, With Martiall stalke, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not: But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion, This boades some strange erruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes Why this same strict and most obseruant Watch, So nightly toyles the subiect of the Land, And why such dayly Cast of Brazon Cannon And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre: Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose sore Taske Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke, What might be toward, that this sweaty hast Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day: Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,

At leaſt the whiſper goes ſo: Our laſt King,
Whoſe Image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway,
(Thereto prick'd on by a moſt emulate Pride)
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our knowne world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbras*: who by a Seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,
Did forfeite (with his life) all thoſe his Lands
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd on, to the Conqueror:
Againſt the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King: which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he bin Vanquiſher, as by the ſame Cou'nant
And carriage of the Article deſigne,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now ſir, young *Fortinbras*,
Of vnimproued Mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,
Shark'd vp a Liſt of Landleſſe Reſolutes,
For Foode and Diet, to ſome Enterprize
That hath a ſtomacke in't: which is no other
(And it doth well appeare vnto our State)
But to recouer of vs by ſtrong hand
And termes Compulſatiue, thoſe foreſaid Lands
So by his Father loſt: and this (I take it)
Is the maine Motiue of our Preparations,
The Sourſe of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
Of this poſt-haſt, and Romage in the Land.
Enter Ghoſt againe.
But ſoft, behold: Loe, where it comes againe!
Ile croſſe it, though it blaſt me. Stay Illuſion:
If thou haſt any ſound, or vſe of Voyce,
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me; ſpeak to me.
If thou art priuy to thy Countries Fate
(Which happily foreknowing may auoyd) O ſpeake.
Or, if thou haſt vp-hoorded in thy life
Extorted Treaſure in the wombe of Earth,
(For which, they ſay, you Spirits oft walke in death)
Speake of it. Stay, and ſpeake. Stop it *Marcellus*.
Mar. Shall I ſtrike at it with my Partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not ſtand.
Barn. 'Tis heere.
Hor. 'Tis heere.
Mar. 'Tis gone. *Exit Ghoſt.*
We do it wrong, being ſo Maieſticall
To offer it the ſhew of Violence,
For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.
Barn. It was about to ſpeake, when the Cocke crew.
Hor. And then it ſtarted, like a guilty thing
Vpon a fearfull Summons. I haue heard,
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding Throate
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
Th'extrauagant, and erring Spirit, hyes
To his Confine. And of the truth heerein,
This preſent Obiect made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.
Some ſayes, that euer 'gainſt that Seaſon comes
Wherein our Sauiours Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning ſingeth all night long:
And then (they ſay) no Spirit can walke abroad,
The nights are wholſome, then no Planets ſtrike,
No Faiery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme:
So hallow'd, and ſo gracious is the time.
Hor. So haue I heard, and do in part beleeue it.
But looke, the Morne in Ruſſet mantle clad,
Walkes o're the dew of yon high Eaſterne Hill,
Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduice
Let vs impart what we haue ſeene to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet*. For vpon my life,
This Spirit dumbe to vs, will ſpeake to him:
Do you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty?
Mar. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we ſhall finde him moſt conueniently. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Siſter Ophelia, Lords Attendant.

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere Brothers death
The memory be greene: and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet ſo farre hath Diſcretion fought with Nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our ſelues.
Therefore our ſometimes Siſter, now our Queen,
Th'Imperiall Ioyntreſſe of this warlike State,
Haue we, as 'twere, with a defeated ioy,
With one Auſpicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to Wife; nor haue we heerein barr'd
Your better Wiſedomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along, for all our Thankes.
Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weake ſuppoſall of our worth;
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,
Our State to be diſioynt, and out of Frame,
Colleagued with the dreame of his Aduantage;
He hath not fayl'd to peſter vs with Meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe Lands
Loſt by his Father: with all Bonds of Law
To our moſt valiant Brother. So much for him.
Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.
Now for our ſelfe, and for this time of meeting
Thus much the buſineſſe is. We haue heere writ
To Norway, Vncle of young *Fortinbras*,
Who Impotent and Bedrid, ſcarſely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpoſe, to ſuppreſſe
His further gate heerein. In that the Leuies,
The Liſts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his ſubiect: and we heere diſpatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,
Giuing to you no further perſonall power
To buſineſſe with the King, more then the ſcope
Of theſe dilated Articles allow:
Farewell and let your haſt commend your duty.
Volt. In that, and all things, will we ſhew our duty.
King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.
Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.
And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you?

You

You told vs of ſome ſuite. What is't *Laertes*?
You cannot ſpeake of Reaſon to the Dane,
And looſe your voyce. What would'ſt thou beg *Laertes*,
That ſhall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?
The Head is not more Native to the Heart,
The Hand more Inſtrumentall to the Mouth,
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
What would'ſt thou haue *Laertes*?

Laer. Dread my Lord,
Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
To ſhew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I muſt confeſſe, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend againe towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your Father's leaue?
What ſayes *Pollonius*?

Pol. He hath my Lord: I do beſeech you giue him leaue to go.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy beſt graces ſpend it at thy will:
But now my Coſin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne?

Ham. A little more then kin, and leſſe then kinde.

King. How is it that the Clouds ſtill hang on you?

Ham. Not ſo my Lord, I am too much i'th'Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet* caſt thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.
Do not for euer with thy veyled lids
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the duſt;
Thou know'ſt 'tis common, all that liues muſt dye,
Paſſing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham. I Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be;
Why ſeemes it ſo particular with thee.

Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:
'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
Nor Cuſtomary ſuites of ſolemne Blacke,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the Eye,
Nor the deiected hauiour of the Viſage,
Together with all Formes, Moods, ſhewes of Griefe,
That can denote me truly. Theſe indeed Seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I haue that Within, which paſſeth ſhow;
Theſe, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.

King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable
In your Nature *Hamlet*,
To giue theſe mourning duties to your Father:
But you muſt know, your Father loſt a Father,
That Father loſt, loſt his, and the Suruiuer bound
In filiall Obligation, for ſome terme
To do obſequious Sorrow. But to perſeuer
In obſtinate Condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornneſſe. 'Tis vnmanly greefe,
It ſhewes a will moſt incorrect to Heauen,
A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,
An Vnderſtanding ſimple, and vnſchool'd:
For, what we know muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſence,
Why ſhould we in our peeuiſh Oppoſition
Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heauen,
A fault againſt the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common Theame
Is death of Fathers, and who ſtill hath cried,
From the firſt Coarſe, till he that dyed to day,
This muſt be ſo. We pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuayling woe, and thinke of vs
As of a Father; For let the world take note,
You are the moſt immediate to our Throne,
And with no leſſe Nobility of Loue,
Then that which deereſt Father beares his Sonne,
Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
It is moſt retrograde to our deſire:
And we beſeech you, bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our cheefeſt Courtier Coſin, and our Sonne.

Qu. Let not thy Mother loſe her Prayers *Hamlet*:
I prythee ſtay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt
Obey you Madam.

King. Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,
Be as our ſelfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No iocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clowds ſhall tell,
And the Kings Rouce, the Heauens ſhall bruite againe,
Reſpeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too too ſolid Fleſh, would melt,
Thaw, and reſolue it ſelfe into a Dew:
Or that the Euerlaſting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainſt Selfe-ſlaughter. O God, O God!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seemes to me all the vſes of this world?
Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden
That growes to Seed: Things rank, and groſſe in Nature
Poſſeſſe it meerely. That it ſhould come to this:
But two months dead: Nay, not ſo much; not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hiperion to a Satyre: ſo louing to my Mother,
That he might not beteene the windes of heauen
Viſit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
Muſt I remember: why ſhe would hang on him,
As if encreaſe of Appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
A little Month, or ere thoſe ſhooes were old,
With which ſhe followed my poore Fathers body
Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why ſhe, euen ſhe.
(O Heauen! A beaſt that wants diſcourſe of Reaſon
Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt vnrighteous Teares
Had left the fluſhing of her gauled eyes,
She married. O moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to Inceſtuous ſheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Hor. Haile to your Lordſhip.

Ham. I am glad to ſee you well:
Horatio, or I do forget my ſelfe.

Hor. The ſame my Lord,
And your poore Seruant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend,
Ile change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio*?

Mar-

Marcellus.
Mar. My good Lord.
Ham. I am very glad to ſee you: good euen Sir.
But what in faith make you from *Wittemberge*?
Hor. A truant diſpoſition, good my Lord.
Ham. I would not haue your Enemy ſay ſo;
Nor ſhall you doe mine eare that violence,
To make it truſter of your owne report
Againſt your ſelfe. I know you are no Truant:
But what is your affaire in *Elſenour*?
Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.
Hor. My Lord, I came to ſee your Fathers Funerall.
Ham. I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)
I thinke it was to ſee my Mothers Wedding.
Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift *Horatio:* the Funerall Bakt-meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the Marriage Tables;
Would I had met my deareſt foe in heauen,
Ere I had euer ſeene that day *Horatio.*
My father, me thinkes I ſee my father.
Hor. Oh where my Lord?
Ham. In my minds eye (*Horatio*)
Hor. I ſaw him once; he was a goodly King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all:
I ſhall not look vpon his like againe.
Hor. My Lord, I thinke I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. Saw? Who?
Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.
Ham. The King my Father?
Hor. Seaſon your admiration for a while
With an attent eare; till I may deliuer
Vpon the witneſſe of theſe Gentlemen,
This maruell to you.
Ham. For Heauens loue let me heare.
Hor. Two nights together, had theſe Gentlemen
(*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch
In the dead waſt and middle of the night
Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe,*
Appeares before them, and with ſollemne march
Goes ſlow and ſtately: By them thrice he walkt,
By their oppreſt and feare-ſurprized eyes,
Within his Truncheons length; whilſt they beſtil'd
Almoſt to Ielly with the Act of feare,
Stand dumbe and ſpeake not to him. This to me
In dreadfull ſecrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,
Whereas they had deliuer'd both in time,
Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:
Theſe hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watcht.
Ham. Did you not ſpeake to it?
Hor. My Lord, I did;
But anſwere made it none: yet once me thought
It lifted vp it head, and did addreſſe
It ſelfe to motion, like as it would ſpeake:
But euen then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;
And at the ſound it ſhrunke in haſt away,
And vaniſht from our ſight.
Ham. Tis very ſtrange.
Hor. As I doe liue my honoured Lord 'tis true;
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to Night?
Both. We doe my Lord.
Ham. Arm'd, ſay you?
Both. Arm'd, my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Both. My Lord, from head to foote.
Ham. Then ſaw you not his face?
Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.
Ham. What, lookt he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more in ſorrow then in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?
Hor. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would I had beene there.
Hor. It would haue much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like, very like: ſtaid it long? (dred.
Hor. While one with moderate haſt might tell a hun-
All. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I ſaw't.
Ham. His Beard was grizly? no.
Hor. It was, as I haue ſeene it in his life,
A Sable Siluer'd. (gaine.
Ham. Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake a-
Hor. I warrant you it will.
Ham. If it aſſume my noble Fathers perſon,
Ile ſpeake to it, though Hell it ſelfe ſhould gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you haue hitherto conceald this ſight;
Let it bee treble in your ſilence ſtill:
And whatſoeuer els ſhall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderſtanding but no tongue;
I will requite your loues; ſo, fare ye well:
Vpon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue,
Ile viſit you.
All. Our duty to your Honour. *Exeunt.*
Ham. Your loue, as mine to you: farewell.
My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:
I doubt ſome foule play: would the Night were come;
Till then ſit ſtill my ſoule; foule deeds will riſe,
Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eies. *Exit.*

Acts.

Scena Tertia.

A Roome in Polonius's Houſe.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My neceſſaries are imbark't; Farewell:
And Siſter, as the Winds giue Benefit,
And Conuoy is aſſiſtant; doe not ſleepe,
But let me heare from you.
Ophel. Doe you doubt that?
Laer. For *Hamlet,* and the trifling of his fauours,
Hold it a faſhion and a toy in Blood;
A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;
Froward, not permanent; ſweet not laſting
The ſuppliance of a minute? No more.
Ophel. No more but ſo.
Laer. Thinke it no more:
For nature creſſant does not grow alone,
In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes,
The inward ſeruice of the Minde and Soule
Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,
And now no ſoyle nor cautell doth beſmerch
The vertue of his feare: but you muſt feare

His

His greatneſſe weigh'd, his will is not his owne;
For hee himſelfe is ſubiect to his Birth:
Hee may not, as vnaduiſed perſons doe,
Carue for himſelfe; for, on his choyce depends
The ſanctity and health of the weole State.
And therefore muſt his choyce be circumſcrib'd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he ſayes he loues you,
It fits your wiſedome ſo farre to beleeue it;
As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May giue his ſaying deed: which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then weigh what loſſe your Honour may ſuſtaine,
If with too credent eare you liſt his Songs;
Or loſe your Heart; or your chaſt Treaſure open
To his vnmaſtred importunity.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare Siſter,
And keepe within the reare of your Affection;
Out of the ſhot and danger of Deſire.
The chaſteſt Maid is Prodigall enough,
If ſhe vnmaske her beauty to the Moone:
Vertue it ſelfe ſcapes not calumnious ſtroakes,
The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
Too oft before the buttons be diſclos'd,
And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then, beſt ſafety lies in feare;
Youth to it ſelfe rebels, though none elſe neere.
Ophe. I ſhall th'effect of this good Leſſon keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
Doe not as ſome vngracious Paſtors doe,
Shew me the ſteepe and thorny way to Heauen;
Whilſt like a puſt and reckleſſe Libertine
Himſelfe, the Primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And reaks not his owne reade.
Laer. Oh, feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I ſtay too long; but here my Father comes:
A double bleſſing is a double grace;
Occaſion ſmiles vpon a ſecond leaue.
Polon. Yet heere *Laertes?* Aboord, aboord for ſhame,
The winde ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſaile,
And you are ſtaid for there: my bleſſing with you;
And theſe few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act:
Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:
The friends thou haſt, and their adoption tride,
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:
But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
Of each vnhatch't, vnfledg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in
Bear't that th'oppoſed may beware of thee.
Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
Take each mans cenſure; but reſerue thy iudgement:
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy;
But not expreſt in fancie; rich, not gawdie:
For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they in France of the beſt ranck and ſtation,
Are of a moſt ſelect and generous cheff in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For lone oft loſes both it ſelfe and friend:
And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.
This aboue all; to thine owne ſelfe be true:
And it muſt follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewell: my Bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee.
Laer. Moſt humbly doe I take my leaue, my Lord.
Polon. The time inuites you, goe, your ſeruants tend.
Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue ſaid to you.
Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your ſelfe ſhall keepe the key of it.
Laer. Farewell. *Exit Laer.*
Polon. What ift *Ophelia* he hath ſaid to you?
Ophe. So pleaſe you, ſomthing touching the L. *Hamlet.*
Polon. Marry, well bethought:
Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you; and you your ſelfe
Haue of your audience beene moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo, as ſo tis put on me;
And that in way of caution: I muſt tell you,
You doe not vnderſtand your ſelfe ſo cleerely,
As it behoues my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?
Ophe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Polon. Affection, puh. You ſpeake like a greene Girle,
Vnſifted in ſuch perillous Circumſtance.
Doe you beleeue his tenders, as you call them?
Ophe. I do not know, my Lord, what I ſhould thinke.
Polon. Marry Ile teach you; thinke your ſelfe a Baby,
That you haue tane his tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſtarling. Tender your ſelfe more dearly;
Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phraſe,
Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.
Ophe. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with loue,
In honourable faſhion.
Polon. I, faſhion you may call it, go too, go too.
Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his ſpeech,
My Lord, with all the vowes of Heauen.
Polon. I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
Giues the tongue vowes: theſe blazes, Daughter,
Giuing more light then heate; extinct in both,
Euen in their promiſe, as it is a making;
You muſt not take for fire. For this time Daughter,
Be ſomewhat ſcanter of your Maiden preſence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleeue ſo much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be giuen you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Doe not beleeue his vowes; for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye, which their Inueſtments ſhow:
But meere implorators of vnholy Sutes,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,
Haue you ſo ſlander any moment leiſure,
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*:
Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.
Ophe. I ſhall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Acts. Scene IV.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Ham. The Ayre bites ſhrewdly: is it very cold?
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.
Ham. What hower now?
Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelue.
Mar. No, it is ſtrooke. (ſeaſon,
Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke,
[A flourish of Trumpets & ordnance shot off within. What

What does this meane my Lord? (rouſe,
Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his
Keepes waſſels and the ſwaggering vpſpring reeles,
And as he dreines his draughts of Reniſh downe,
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.
Horat. Is it a cuſtome?
Ham. I marry iſt;
And to my mind, though I am natiue heere,
And to the manner borne: It is a Cuſtome
More honour'd in the breach, then the obſeruance.
Enter Ghoſt.
Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.
Ham. Angels and Miniſters of Grace defend vs:
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blaſts from Hell,
Be thy euents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape
That I will ſpeake to thee. Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, anſwer me,
Let me not burſt in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearſed in death,
Haue burſt their cerments, why the Sepulcher
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly enurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble iawes,
To caſt thee vp againe? What may this meane?
That thou dead Coarſe againe in compleat ſteele,
Reuiſits thus the glimpſes of the Moone,
Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature,
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition,
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,
Say, why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we doe?
Ghoſt beckens Hamlet.
Hor. It beckons you to goe away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.
Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more remoued ground:
But doe not goe with it.
Hor. No, by no meanes.
Ham. It will not ſpeake: then will I follow it.
Hor. Doe not my Lord.
Ham. Why, what ſhould be the feare?
I doe not ſet my life at a pins fee;
And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?
Being a thing immortall as it ſelfe:
It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it.
Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?
Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,
That beetles o're his baſe into the Sea,
And there aſſumes ſome other horrible forme,
Which might depriue your Soueraignty of Reaſon,
And draw you into madneſſe thinke of it?
Ham. It wafts me ſtill: goe on, Ile follow thee.
Mar. You ſhall not goe my Lord.
Ham. Hold off your hand.
Hor. Be rul'd, you ſhall not goe.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artire in this body,
As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerue:
Still am I cal'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen:
By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghoſt of him that lets me:
I ſay away, goe on, Ile follow thee.
Exeunt Ghoſt & Hamlet.
Hor. He waxes deſperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Haue after, to what iſſue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.
Hor. Heauen will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him. *Exeunt.*
Enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.
Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? ſpeak; Ile go no fur-
ther.
Gho. Marke me.
Ham. I will.
Gho. My hower is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting Flames
Muſt render vp my ſelfe.
Ham. Alas poore Ghoſt.
Gho. Pitty me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall vnfold.
Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.
Gho. So art thou to reuenge, when thou ſhalt heare.
Ham. What?
Gho. I am thy Fathers Spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night;
And for the day confin'd to faſt in Fiers,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my Priſon-Houſe;
I could a Tale vnfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow vp thy ſoule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like Starres, ſtart from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to ſtand an end,
Like Quilles vpon the fretfull Porpentine:
But this eternall blaſon muſt not be
To eares of fleſh and bloud; liſt *Hamlet*, oh liſt,
If thou didſt euer thy deare Father loue.
Ham. Oh Heauen!
Gho. Reuenge his foule and moſt vnnaturall Murther.
Ham. Murther?
Ghoſt. Murther moſt foule, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foule, ſtrange, and vnnaturall.
Ham. Haſt, haſt me to know it,
That with wings as ſwift
As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue,
May ſweepe to my Reuenge.
Ghoſt. I finde thee apt,
And duller ſhould'ſt thou be then the fat weede
That rots it ſelfe in eaſe, on Lethe Wharfe,
Would'ſt thou not ſtirre in this. Now *Hamlet* heare:
It's giuen out, that ſleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent ſtung me: ſo the whole eare of Denmarke,
Is by a forged proceſſe of my death
Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,
The Serpent that did ſting thy Fathers life,
Now weares his Crowne.
Ham. O my Propheticke ſoule: mine Vncle?
Ghoſt. I that inceſtuous, that adulterate Beaſt
With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous guifts.
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power
So to ſeduce? Won to to this ſhamefull Luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming vertuous Queene:
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there,
From me, whoſe loue was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, euen with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
Vpon a wretch, whoſe Naturall gifts were poore
To thoſe of mine. But Vertue, as it neuer wil be moued,
Though Lewdneſſe court it in a ſhape of Heauen:
So Luſt, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
Will ſate it ſelfe in a Celeſtiallbed, & prey on Garbage.

But ſoft, me thinkes I ſent the Mornings Ayre;
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,
My cuſtome alwayes in the afternoone;
Vpon my ſecure hower thy Vncle ſtole
With iuyce of curſed Hebenon in a Viall,
And in the Porches of mine eares did poure
The leaperous Diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with bloud of Man,
That ſwift as Quick-ſiluer, it courſes through
The naturall Gates and Allies of the Body;
And with a ſodaine vigour it doth poſſet
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke, *cayer mc.*
The thin and wholſome blood: ſo did it mine?
And a moſt inſtant Tetter bak'd about, *bark'd mc.*
Moſt Lazar-like, with vile and loathſome crūſt,
All my ſmooth Body.
Thus was I, ſleeping, by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once diſpatcht;
Cut off euen in the Bloſſomes of my Sinne,
Vnhouzzled, diſappointed, vnaneld,
No reckoning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
Oh horrible, Oh horrible, moſt horrible:
If thou haſt nature in thee beare it not;
Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Inceſt.
But howſoeuer thou purſueſt this Act,
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contriue
Againſt thy Mother ought; leaue her to heauen,
And to thoſe Thornes that in her boſome lodge,
To pricke and ſting her. Fare thee well at once;
The Glow-worme ſhowes the Matine to be neere,
And gins to pale his vneffectuall Fire: *Adieu, adieu and so*
Adue, adue, *Hamlet*: remember me. *hamlet* *Exit.* *m.c.*
Ham. Oh all you hoſt of Heauen! Oh Earth; what els?
And ſhall I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart; *hold m.c.*
And you my ſinnewes, grow not inſtant Old;
But beare me ſtiffely vp: Remember thee?
I, thou poore Ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeate
In this diſtracted Globe: Remember thee?
Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond Records,
All ſawes of Bookes, all formes, all preſures paſt,
That youth and obſeruation coppied there;
And thy Commandment all alone ſhall liue
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
Vnmixt with baſer matter; yes, yes, by Heauen:
Oh moſt pernicious woman!
Oh Villaine, Villaine, ſmiling damned Villaine!
My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I ſet it downe,
That one may ſmile, and ſmile and be a Villaine;
At leaſt I'm ſure it may be ſo in Denmarke; *writing mc*
So Vncle there you are: now to my word; *&*
It is; Adue, Adue, Remember me: I haue ſworn't. *adieu mc*
Hor. & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet.*
Hor. Heauen ſecure him.
Mar. So be it.
Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.
Mar. How iſt't my Noble Lord?
Hor. What newes, my Lord?
Ham. Oh wonderfull!
Hor. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No you'l reueale it. *you will*
Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heauen.
Mar. Nor I, my Lord. (think it?
Ham. How ſay you then, would heart of man once
But you'l be ſecret?
Both. I, by Heau'n, my Lord.
Ham. There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.
Hor. There needs no Ghoſt my Lord, come fromhe
Graue, to tell vs this.
Ham. Why right, you are i'th' right;
And ſo, without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands, and part:
You, as your buſines and deſires ſhall point you:
For euery man ha's buſineſſe and deſire,
Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,
Looke you, Ile goe pray.
Hor. Theſe are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.
Ham. I'm ſorry they offend you heartily:
Yes faith, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint *Patricke*, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Viſion heere:
It is an honeſt Ghoſt, that let me tell you:
For your deſire to know what is betweene vs,
O'remaſter't as you may. And now good friends,
As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,
Giue me one poore requeſt.
Hor. What is't my Lord? we will.
Ham. Neuer make known what you haue ſeen to night.
Both. My Lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but ſwear't.
Hor. Infaith my Lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord: in faith.
Ham. Vpon my ſword.
Marcell. We haue ſworne my Lord already.
Ham. Indeed, vpon my ſword, Indeed.
Gho. Sweare. *Ghoſt cries vnder the Stage.*
Ham. Ah ha boy, ſayeſt thou ſo. Art thou there true-
penny? Come one you here this fellow in the ſelleredge
Conſent to ſweare.
Hor. Propoſe the Oath my Lord.
Ham. Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue ſeene.
Sweare by my ſword.
Gho. Sweare.
Ham. *Hic & vbique?* Then wee'l ſhift for grownd,
Come hither Gentlemen,
And lay your hands againe vpon my ſword,
Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue heard:
Sweare by my Sword.
Gho. Sweare. (faſt?
Ham. Well ſaid old Mole, can'ſt worke i'th' ground ſo
A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.
Hor. Oh day and night: but this is wondrous ſtrange.
Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger giue it welcome.
There are more things in Heauen and Earth, *Horatio*,
Then are dream't of in our Philoſophy. But come,
Here as before, neuer ſo helpe you mercy,
How ſtrange or odde ſo ere I beare my ſelfe;
(As I perchance hereafter ſhall thinke meet
To put an Anticke diſpoſition on:)
That you at ſuch time ſeeing me, neuer ſhall
With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head ſhake;
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtfull Phraſe;
As well, we know, or we could and if we would,
Or if we liſt to ſpeake; or there be and if there might,
Or ſuch ambiguous giuing out to note, *they mc.*

That

HAMLET

Engraved by Charles Taylor from a Drawing by Robert Smirke.

HAMLET's behaviour to OPHELIA.

Ophelia. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would [illegible] it ———

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That you know ought of me; this not to doe:
So grace and mercy at your most need helpe you:
Sweare. *To grace and mercy at your most need help you.* This 32 you swear
Ghost. Sweare.
Ham. Reſt, reſt perturbed Spirit: ſo Gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you; robin 32
And what ſo poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expreſſe his loue and friending to you,
God willing ſhall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And ſtill your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of ioynt: Oh curſed ſpight,
That euer I was borne to ſet it right.
Nay, come let's goe together. *Exeunt.*

Scene 2.

Actus Secundus.

A room in Polonius's house m.e.

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.

Polon. Giue him his money, and theſe notes *Reynoldo.*
Reynol. I will my Lord. marvellous m.e. 4to
Polon. You ſhall doe maruels wiſely: good *Reynoldo,*
Before you viſite him you make inquiry
Of his behauiour.
Reynol. My Lord, I did intend it.
Polon. Marry, well ſaid;
Very well ſaid. Looke you Sir,
Enquire me firſt what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe:
What company, at what expence: and finding
By this encompaſſement and drift of queſtion,
That they doe know my ſonne: Come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will touch it;
Take you as 'twere ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
And thus I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Doe you marke this *Reynoldo?*
Reynol. I, very well my Lord.
Polon. And in part him, but you may ſay not well;
But if't be hee I meane, hees very wilde;
Addicted ſo and ſo; and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe: marry, none ſo ranke,
As may diſhonour him; take heed of that:
But Sir, ſuch wanton, wild, and vſuall ſlips,
As are Companions noted and moſt knowne
To youth and liberty.
Reynol. As gaming my Lord.
Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarelling, drabbing. You may goe ſo farre.
Reynol. My Lord that would diſhonour him.
Polon. Faith no, as you may ſeaſon it in the charge;
You muſt not put another ſcandall on him,
That hee is open to Incontinencie;
That's not my meaning: but breath his faults ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeeme the taints of liberty;
The flaſh and out-breake of a fiery minde,
A ſauagenes in vnreclaim'd bloud of generall aſſault.
Reynol. But my good Lord.
Polon. Wherefore ſhould you doe this?
Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that.
Polon. Marry Sir, heere's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying theſe ſlight ſulleyes on my Sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd i'th' working: {ſound,
Marke you your party in conuerſe; him you would
Hauing euer ſeene. In the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breath of guilty, be aſſur'd
He cloſes with you in this conſequence:
Good ſir, or ſo, or friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Phraſe and the Addition,
Of man and Country.
Reynol. Very good my Lord.
Polon. And then Sir does he this?
He does: what was I about to ſay?
I was about to ſay ſomthing: where did I leaue? Nothing 32
Reynol. At cloſes in the conſequence:
At friend, or ſo, and Gentleman. This line is omitted m.e.
Polon. At cloſes in the conſequence, I marry,
He cloſes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I ſaw him yeſterday, or tother day;
Or then or then, with ſuch and ſuch; and as you ſay,
There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Rouſe,
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſaile;
Videlicet, a Brothell, or ſo forth. See you now;
Your bait of falſhood, takes this Cape of truth;
And thus doe we of wiſedome and of reach
With windleſſes, and with aſſaies of Bias,
By indirections finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and aduice
Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not?
Reynol. My Lord I haue.
Polon. God buy you; fare you well.
Reynol. Good my Lord.
Polon. Obſerue his inclination in your ſelfe.
Reynol. I ſhall my Lord.
Polon. And let him plye his Muſicke.
Reynol. Well, my Lord. *Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Polon. Farewell:
How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter?
Ophe. Alas my Lord, I haue beene ſo affrighted.
Polon. With what, in the name of Heauen?
Ophe. My Lord, as I was ſowing in my Chamber,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his ſtockings foul'd,
Vngartred, and downe giued to his Anckle,
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke ſo pitious in purport,
As if he had been looſed out of hell,
To ſpeake of horrors: he comes before me.
Polon. Mad for thy Loue?
Ophe. My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare it.
Polon. What ſaid he?
Ophe. He tooke me by the wriſt, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arme;
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
He fals to ſuch peruſall of my face,
As he would draw it. Long ſtaid he ſo,
At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine Arme:
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe;
He rais'd a ſigh, ſo pittious and profound, Ruthful 32
That it did ſeeme to ſhatter all his bulke,
And end his being. That done, he lets me goe, robin 32
And with his head ouer his ſhoulders turn'd,
He ſeem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
For out adores he went without their helpe;
And to the laſt, bended their light on me.
Polon. Goe with me, I will goe ſeeke the King,
This is the very extaſie of Loue,
Whoſe violent property foredoes it ſelfe,

And

And leads the will to deſperate Vndertakings,
As oft as any paſſion vnder Heauen,
That does afflict our Natures. I am ſorrie,
What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Ophe. No my good Lord: but as you did command,
I did repell his Letters, and deny'de
His acceſſe to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad,
I am ſorrie that with better ſpeed and iudgement
I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,
And meant to wracke thee: but beſhrew my iealouſie:
It ſeemes it is as proper to our Age,
To caſt beyond our ſelues in our Opinions,
As it is common for the yonger ſort
To lacke diſcretion. Come, go we to the King,
This muſt be knowne, w being kept cloſe might moue
More greefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue. *Exeunt.*

Act II.

Scena Secunda.

A room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queene, Roſincrane, and Guilden-ſterne Cumalijs.

King. Welcome deere *Roſincrance* and *Guildenſterne.*
Moreouer, that we much did long to ſee you,
The neede we haue to vſe you, did prouoke
Our haſtie ſending. Something haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation: ſo I call it,
Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was. What it ſhould bee
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'vnderſtanding of himſelfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
That being of ſo young dayes brought vp with him:
And ſince ſo Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
That you vouchſafe your reſt heere in our Court
Some little time: ſo by your Companies
To draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather
So much as from Occaſions you may gleane,
That open'd lies within our remedie.

Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And ſure I am, two men there are not liuing,
To whom he more adheres. If it will pleaſe you
To ſhew vs ſo much Gentrie, and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a-while,
For the ſupply and profit of our Hope,
Your Viſitation ſhall receiue ſuch thankes
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Roſin. Both your Maieſties
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleaſures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.

Guil. We both obey,
And here giue vp our ſelues, in the full bent,
To lay our Seruices freely at your feete,
To be commanded.

King. Thankes *Roſincrance*, and gentle *Guildenſterne.*

Qu. Thankes *Guildenſterne* and gentle *Roſincrance.*
And I beſeech you inſtantly to viſit
My too much changed Sonne.
Go ſome of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heauens make our preſence and our practiſes
Pleaſant and helpfull to him. *Exit.*

Queene. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'Ambaſſadors from Norwey, my good Lord,
Are ioyfully return'd.

King. Thou ſtill haſt bin the Father of good Newes.

Pol. Haue I, my Lord? Aſſure you, my good Liege,
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:
And I do thinke, or elſe this braine of mine
Hunts not the traile of Policie, ſo ſure
As I haue vs'd to do: that I haue found
The very cauſe of *Hamlets* Lunacie.

King. Oh ſpeake of that, that I do long to heare.

Pol. Giue firſt admittance to th'Ambaſſadors,
My Newes ſhall be the Newes to that great Feaſt.

King. Thy ſelfe do grace to them, and bring them in.
He tels me my ſweet Queene, that he hath found
The head and ſourſe of all your Sonnes diſtemper.

Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
His Fathers death, and our o're-haſty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him. Welcome good Frends:
Say *Voltumand*, what from our Brother Norwey?

Volt. Moſt faire returne of Greetings, and Deſires.
Vpon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſſe
His Nephewes Leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the Poleak:
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was againſt your Highneſſe, whereat greeued,
That ſo his Sickneſſe, Age, and Impotence
Was falſely borne in hand, ſends out Arreſts
On *Fortinbras*, which he (in breefe) obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from Norwey: and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more
To giue th'aſſay of Armes againſt your Maieſtie.
Whereon old Norwey, ouercome with ioy,
Giues him three thouſand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And his Commiſſion to imploy thoſe Soldiers
So leuied as before, againſt the Poleak:
With an intreaty heerein further ſhewne,
That it might pleaſe you to giue quiet paſſe
Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize,
On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance,
As therein are ſet downe.

King. It likes vs well:
And at our more conſider'd time wee'l read,
Anſwer, and thinke vpon this Buſineſſe.
Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.
Go to your reſt, at night wee'l Feaſt together.
Moſt welcome home. *Exit Ambaſſ.*

Pol. This buſineſſe is very well ended.
My Liege, and Madam, to expoſtulate
What Maieſtie ſhould be, what Dutie is,
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time,
Were nothing but to waſte Night, Day and Time.
Therefore, ſince Breuitie is the Soule of Wit,
And tediouſneſſe, the limbes and outward flouriſhes,
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true Madneſſe,
What is't, but to be nothing elſe but mad.
But let that go.

Qu. More matter, with leſſe Art.

Pol. Madam, I ſweare I vſe no Art at all:
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie,
And pittie it is true: A fooliſh figure,
But farewell it: for I will vſe no Art.

Mad

Mad let vs grant him then: and now remaines
That we finde out the cauſe of this effect,
Or rather ſay, the cauſe of this defect;
For this effect defectiue, comes by cauſe,
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
I haue a daughter: haue, whil'ſt ſhe is mine,
Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this: now gather, and furmiſe.

The Letter.

To the Celeſtiall, and my Soules Idoll, the moſt beautified Ophelia.

That's an ill Phraſe, a vilde Phraſe, beautified is a vilde Phraſe: but you ſhall heare theſe in her excellent white boſome, theſe.

2u. Came this from *Hamlet* to her.

Pol. Good Madam ſtay awhile, I will be faithfull.

Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,
Doubt, that the Sunne doth moue:
Doubt Truth to be a Lier,
But neuer Doubt, I loue.
O deere Ophelia, I am ill at theſe Numbers: I haue not Art to reckon my grones; but that I loue thee beſt, oh moſt Beſt beleeue it. Adieu.

Thine euermore moſt deere Lady, whilſt this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in Obedience hath my daughter ſhew'd me:
And more aboue hath his ſoliciting,
As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,
All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath ſhe receiu'd his Loue?

Pol. What do you thinke of me?

King. As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.

Pol. I wold faine proue ſo. But what might you think?
When I had ſeene this hot loue on the wing,
As I perceiued it, I muſt tell you that
Before my Daughter told me, what might you
Or my deere Maieſtie your Queene heere, think,
If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,
Or giuen my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
Or look'd vpon this Loue, with idle ſight,
What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,
And (my yong Miſtris) thus I did beſpeake
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Starre, *Sphere* 2d. omit.
This muſt not be: and then, I Precepts gaue her,
That ſhe ſhould locke her ſelfe from his Reſort,
Admit no Meſſengers, receiue no Tokens:
Which done, ſhe tooke the Fruites of my Aduice,
And he repulſed. A ſhort Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadneſſe, then into a Faſt,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weakneſſe,
Thence to a Lightneſſe, and by this declenſion
Into the Madneſſe whereon now he raues,
And all we waile for. *mourn for* / in the 4to

King. Do you thinke 'tis this?

2u. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there bene ſuch a time, I'de fain know that,
That I haue poſitiuely ſaid, 'tis ſo,
When it prou'd otherwiſe?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this; if this be otherwiſe, *pointing to his head and shoulder* m.c.
If Circumſtances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know ſometimes
He walkes foure houres together, heere
In the Lobby.

2u. So he ha's indeed. *does* / in Coldwell Edr.

Pol. At ſuch a time Ile looſe my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an Arras then,
Marke the encounter: If he loue her not,
And be not from his reaſon falne thereon;
Let me be no Aſſiſtant for a State,
And keepe a Farme and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

2u. But looke where ſadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.

Pol. Away I do beſeech you, both away,
Ile boord him preſently. *one o 4to Exit King & Queen.*
Oh giue me leaue. How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well: y'are a Fiſhmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.

Pol. Honeſt, my Lord?

Ham. I ſir, to be honeſt as this world goes, is to bee one man pick'd out of two thouſand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge, being a good kiſſing Carrion——— *God* m.c.
Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th'Sunne: Conception is a bleſsing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend looke too't. *omitted in m.c.*

Pol. How ſay you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at firſt; he ſaid I was a Fiſhmonger: he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth, I ſuffred much extreamity for loue: very neere this. Ile ſpeake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who? 4to

Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord. *Rogue* 4to

Ham. Slanders Sir: for the Satyricall ſlaue ſaies here, that old men haue gray Beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree Gumme: and that they haue a plentifull locke of Wit, together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I moſt powerfully, and potently beleeue; yet I holde it not Honeſtie to haue it thus ſet downe: For you your ſelfe Sir, ſhould be old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madneſſe,
Yet there is Method in't: will you walke
Out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my Graue?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th'Ayre:
How pregnant (ſometimes) his Replies are?
A happineſſe,
That often Madneſſe hits on,
Which Reaſon and Sanitie could not
So proſperouſly be deliuer'd of.
I will leaue him,
And ſodainely contriue the meanes of meeting
Betweene him, and my daughter.
My Honourable Lord, I will moſt humbly
Take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fooles.

Polon. You goe to ſeeke my Lord *Hamlet*; there hee is.

Enter Roſincran and Guildenſterne.

Roſin. God ſaue you Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord?

Roſin. My moſt deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How do'ſt thou *Guildenſterne*? Oh, *Roſincrane*; good Lads: How doe ye both?

Roſin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not ouer-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shoo?

Roſin. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her waſte, or in the middle of her fauour?

Guil. Faith, her priuates, we.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of Fortune? Oh, moſt true: ſhe is a Strumpet. What's the newes?

Roſin. None my Lord; but that the World's growne honeſt.

Ham. Then is Doomeſday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me queſtion more in particular: what haue you my good friends, deſerued at the hands of Fortune, that ſhe ſends you to Priſon hither?

Guil. Priſon, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Priſon.

Roſin. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmarke* being one o'th' worſt.

Roſin. We thinke not ſo my Lord.

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it ſo: to me it is a priſon.

Roſin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutſhell, and count my ſelfe a King of infinite ſpace; were it not that I haue bad dreames.

Guil. Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the very ſubſtance of the Ambitious, is meerely the ſhadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it ſelfe is but a ſhadow.

Roſin. Truely, and I hold Ambition of ſo ayry and light a quality, that it is but a ſhadowes ſhadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Monarchs and out-ſtretcht Heroes the Beggers Shadowes: ſhall wee to th' Court: for, by my fey I cannot reaſon?

Both. Wee'l wait vpon you.

Ham. No ſuch matter. I will not ſort you with the reſt of my ſeruants: for to ſpeake to you like an honeſt man: I am moſt dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendſhip, What make you at *Elſonower*?

Roſin. To viſit you my Lord, no other occaſion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euen poore in thankes; but I thanke you: and ſure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfepeny; were you not ſent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free viſitation? Come, deale iuſtly with me: come, come; nay ſpeake.

Guil. What ſhould we ſay my Lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpoſe; you were ſent for; and there is a kinde confeſſion in your looks; which your modeſties haue not craft enough to colour, I know the good King & Queene haue ſent for you.

Roſin. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you muſt teach me: but let mee coniure you by the rights of our fellowſhip, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our euer-preſerued loue, and by what more deare, a better propoſer could charge you withall; be euen and direct with me, whether you were ſent for or no.

Roſin. What ſay you?

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you: if you loue me hold not off.

Guil. My Lord, we were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; ſo ſhall my anticipation preuent your diſcouery of your ſecricie to the King and Queene: moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, loſt all my mirth, forgone all cuſtome of exerciſe; and indeed, it goes ſo heauenly with my diſpoſition; that this goodly frame the Earth, ſeemes to me a ſterrill Promontory; this moſt excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this braue ore-hanging, this Maieſticall Roofe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appeares no other thing to mee, than a foule and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reaſon? how infinite in faculty? in forme and moving how expreſſe and admirable? in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehenſion, how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quinteſſence of Duſt? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither; though by your ſmiling you ſeeme to ſay ſo.

Roſin. My Lord, there was no ſuch ſtuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I ſaid, Man delights not me?

Roſin. To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players ſhall receiue from you: wee coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Seruice.

Ham. He that playes the King ſhall be welcome; his Maieſty ſhall haue Tribute of mee: the aduenturous Knight ſhal vſe his Foyle and Target: the Louer ſhall not ſigh *gratis*, the humorous man ſhall end his part in peace: the Clowne ſhall make thoſe laugh whoſe lungs are tickled a'th' ſere: and the Lady* ſhall ſay her minde freely; or the blanke Verſe ſhall halt for't: what Players are they?

Roſin. Euen thoſe you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they trauaile? their reſidence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Roſin. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innouation?

Ham. Doe they hold the ſame eſtimation they did when I was in the City? Are they ſo follow'd?

Roſin. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow ruſty?

Roſin. Nay, their indeauour keepes in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yaſes, that crye out on the top of queſtion; and are moſt tyrannically clap't for't: theſe are now the faſhi-

* "Does not this imply that there were women performers in Shakespeare time?" S—

fashion, and so be-ratled the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of Goose-quils, and dare scarse come thither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no longer then they can sing? Will they not say afterwards if they should grow themselues to common Players (as it is like most if their meanes are no better) their Writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their owne Succession.

Ros. Faith there ha's bene much to do on both sides: and the Nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to Controuersie. There was for a while, no mony bid for argument, vnlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in the Question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guild. Oh there ha's beene much throwing about of Braines.

Ham. Do the Boyes carry it away?

Ros. I that they do my Lord, *Hercules* & his load too.

Ham. It is not strange: for mine Vnckle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mowes at him while my Father liued; giue twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more, then Naturall, if Philosophie could finde it out.

Flourish for the Players.

Guil. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcom to *Elsonower*: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, lest my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairely outward) should more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Vnckle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiu'd.

Guil. In what my deere Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-West: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hearke you *Guildenstern*, and you too: at each eare a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.

Ros. Happily he's the second time come to them: for they say, an old man is twice a childe.

Ham. I will Prophesie. Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday morning 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.
When *Rossius* an Actor in Rome—— sing 32

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Vpon mine Honor.

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Asse——

Polon. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall: Pastoricall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Tragicall-Historicall: Tragicall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Scene indiuible, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the onely men.

Ham. O *Iephta* Iudge of Israel, what a Treasure had'st thou?

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire Daughter, and no more,
The which he loued passing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter. *aside*

Ham. Am I not i'th'right old *Iephta*?

Polon. If you call me *Iephta* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Polon. What followes then, my Lord?

Ha. Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know, It came to passe, as most like it was: The first rowe of the *Pons Chanson* will shew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter foure or fiue Players.

Y'are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mistris? Byrlady your Ladiship is neerer Heauen then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrant Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome: wee'l e'ne to't like French Faulconers, flie at any thing we see: wee'l haue a Speech straight. Come giue vs a tast of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

1. *Play.* What speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was neuer Acted: or if it was, not aboue once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Cauiarie* to the Generall: but it was (as I receiu'd it, and others, whose iudgement in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digested in the Scœnes, set downe with as much modestie, as cunning. I remember one said, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter sauoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affectation, but cal'd it an honest method. One cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lou'd, 'twas *Æneas* Tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priams* slaughter. If it liue in your memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see: The rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'*Hyrcanian* Beast. It is not so: it begins with *Pyrrhus*

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose Sable Armes
Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the Ominous Horse,
Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear'd
With Heraldry more dismall: Head to foote
Now is he to take Geulles, horridly Trick'd
With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous, and damned light
To their vilde Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o're-sized with coagulate gore,
VVith eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old Grandsire *Priam* seekes. *to proceed you mee.*

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion.

1. *Player.* Anon he findes him,
Striking too short at Greekes. His anticke Sword,
Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles
Repugnant to command: vnequall match,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* driues, in Rage strikes wide:
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword,
Th'vnnerued Father fals. Then senselesse Illium,
Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top
Stoopes to his Base, and with a hideous crash
Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus* eare. For loe, his Sword
Which was declining on the Milkie head
Of Reuerend *Priam*, seem'd i'th'Ayre to sticke:

So

Pirrus m.c. v. 3d 4to

affection m.c. as wholesome as sweet m.c. 4to

189. × Another instance Dr Sherwin supposes for thinking there were women performers in Hak. — Ems. B.

So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* ſtood,
And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often ſee againſt ſome ſtorme,
A ſilence in the Heauens, the Racke ſtand ſtill,
The bold windes ſpeechleſſe, and the Orbe below
As huſh as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pauſe,
A rowſed Vengeance ſets him new a-worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armours, forg'd for Proofe Eterne,
With leſſe remorſe then *Pyrrhus* bleeding ſword
Now falles on *Priam*.
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power:
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,
As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It ſhall to'th Barbars, with your beard. Prythee ſay on: He's for a Iigge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee ſleepes. Say on; come to *Hecuba*.

1. *Play.* But who, O who, had ſeen the inobled Queen.

Ham. The inobled Queene?

Pol. That's good: Inobled Queene is good.

1. *Play.* Run bare-foot vp and downe,
Threatning the flame
With Biſſon Rheume: A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem ſtood, and for a Robe
About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,
A blanket in th'Alarum of feare caught vp.
Who this had ſeene, with tongue in Venome ſteep'd,
'Gainſt Fortunes State, would Treaſon haue pronounc'd?
But if the Gods themſelues did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pyrrhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,
The inſtant Burſt of Clamour that ſhe made
(Vnleſſe things mortall moue them not at all)
Would haue made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,
And paſſion in the Gods.

Pol. Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and ha's teares in's eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile haue thee ſpeake out the reſt, ſoone. Good my Lord, will you ſee the Players wel beſtow'd. Do ye heare, let them be well vs'd: for they are the Abſtracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better haue a bad Epitaph, then their ill report while you liued.

Pol. My Lord, I will vſe them according to their deſart.

Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Vſe euerie man after his deſart, and who ſhould ſcape whipping: vſe them after your own Honor and Dignity. The leſſe they deſerue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them in.

Pol. Come ſirs. *Exit Polon.*

Ham. Follow him Friends: wee'l heare a play to morrow. Doſt thou heare me old Friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a need ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome doſen or ſixteene lines, which I would ſet downe, and inſert in't? Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leaue you til night you are welcome to *Elſonower*?

Roſin. Good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. I ſo, God buy'ye: Now I am alone.
Oh what a Rogue and Peſant ſlaue am I?
Is it not monſtrous that this Player heere,
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Paſſion,
Could force his ſoule ſo to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his viſage warm'd; Damn'd me
Teares in his eyes, diſtraction in's Aſpect,
A broken voyce, and his whole Function ſuiting
With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?
For *Hecuba*?
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he ſhould weepe for her? What would he doe,
Had he the Motiue and the Cue for paſſion
That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid ſpeech:
Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-metled Raſcall, peake
Like Iohn a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing: No, not for a King,
Vpon whoſe property, and moſt deere life,
A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward?
Who calles me Villaine? breakes my pate a-croſſe?
Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
Tweakes me by'th'Noſe? giues me the Lye i'th'Throate,
As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
Ha? Why I ſhould take it: for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Liuer'd, and lacke Gall
To make Oppreſſion bitter, or ere this,
I ſhould haue fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slaues Offall, bloudy: a Bawdy villaine,
Remorſeleſſe, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine!
Oh Vengeance!
Who? * What an Aſſe am I? I ſure, this is moſt braue,
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered,
Prompted to my Reuenge by Heauen, and Hell,
Muſt (like a Whore) vnpacke my heart with words,
And fall a Curſing like a very Drab,
A Scullion? Fye vpon't: Foh. About my Braine.
I haue heard, that guilty Creatures ſitting at a Play,
Haue by the very cunning of the Scœne,
Bene ſtrooke ſo to the ſoule, that preſently
They haue proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murther, though it haue no tongue, will ſpeake
With moſt myraculous Organ. Ile haue theſe Players,
Play ſomething like the murder of my Father,
Before mine Vnkle. Ile obſerue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke: If he but blench
I know my courſe. The Spirit that I haue ſeene
May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power
T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape, yea and perhaps
Out of my Weakneſſe, and my Melancholly,
As he is very potent with ſuch Spirits,
Abuſes me to damne me. Ile haue grounds
More Relatiue then this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein Ile catch the Conſcience of the King. *Exit*

Actus 3. Scena 1. A roome in the Caſtle m.e.
Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrance, Guildenſtern, and Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of circumſtance
Get from him why he puts on this Confuſion:
Grating ſo harſhly all his dayes of quiet

With

* Why what an aſſe am I? This is moſt true m.e.

With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.
Roſin. He does confeſſe he feeles himſelfe diſtracted,
But from what cauſe he will by no meanes ſpeake.
Guil. Nor do we finde him forward to be ſounded,
But with a crafty Madneſſe keepes aloofe:
When we would bring him on to ſome Confeſſion
Of his true ſtate.
Qu. Did he receiue you well?
Roſin. Moſt like a Gentleman.
Guild. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.
Roſin. Niggard of queſtion, but of our demands
Moſt free in his reply.
Qu. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?
Roſin. Madam, it ſo fell out, that certaine Players
We ore-wrought on the way: of theſe we told him,
And there did ſeeme in him a kinde of ioy
To heare of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they haue already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis moſt true:
And he beſeech'd me to intreate your Maieſties
To heare, and ſee the matter.
King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me,
To heare him ſo inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Giue him a further edge, and driue his purpoſe on
To theſe delights.
Roſin. We ſhall my Lord. *Exeunt.*
King. Sweet *Gertrude* leaue vs too,
For we haue cloſely ſent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia.* Her Father, and my ſelfe (lawful eſpials)
Will ſo beſtow our ſelues, that ſeeing vnſeene
We may of their encounter frankely iudge,
And gather by him, as he is behaued,
If't be th'affliction of his loue, or no.
That thus he ſuffers for.
Qu. I ſhall obey you,
And for your part *Ophelia*, I do wiſh
That your good Beauties be the happy cauſe
Of *Hamlets* wildeneſſe: ſo ſhall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your Honors.
Ophe. Madam, I wiſh it may.
Pol. Ophelia, walke you heere. Gracious ſo pleaſe ye
We will beſtow our ſelues: Reade on this booke,
That ſhew of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
Your lonelineſſe. We are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much prou'd, that with Deuotions viſage,
And pious Action, we do ſurge o're
The diuell himſelfe.
King. Oh 'tis true:
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth giue my Conſcience?
The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaiſt'ring Art
Is not more vgly to the thing that helpes it,
Then is my deede, to my moſt painted word.
Oh heauie burthen!

Pol. I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.
Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Queſtion:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to ſuffer
The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Armes againſt a Sea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them: to dye, to ſleepe
No more; and by a ſleepe, to ſay we end
The Heart-ake, and the thouſand Naturall ſhockes
That Fleſh is heyre too? 'Tis a conſummation
Deuoutly to be wiſh'd. To dye to ſleepe,
To ſleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
For in that ſleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When we haue ſhuffel'd off this mortall coile,
Muſt giue vs pawſe. There's the reſpect
That makes Calamity of ſo long life:
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppreſſors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,
The pangs of diſpriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
The inſolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
When he himſelfe might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would theſe Fardles beare
To grunt and ſweat vnder a weary life,
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
The vndiſcouered Countrey, from whoſe Borne
No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare thoſe illes we haue,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conſcience does make Cowards of vs all,
And thus the Natiue hew of Reſolution
Is ſicklied o're, with the pale caſt of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And looſe the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia?* Nimph, in thy Orizons
Be all my ſinnes remembred.
Ophe. Good my Lord,
How does your Honor for this many a day?
Ham. I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.
Ophe. My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,
That I haue longed long to re-deliuer.
I pray you now, receiue them.
Ham. No, no, I neuer gaue you ought.
Ophe. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
Take theſe againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts wax poor, when giuers proue vnkinde.
There my Lord.
Ham. Ha, ha: Are you honeſt?
Ophe. My Lord.
Ham. Are you faire?
Ophe. What meanes your Lordſhip?
Ham. That if you be honeſt and faire, your Honeſty
ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your Beautie.
Ophe. Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Comerce
then your Honeſtie?
Ham. I truſie: for the power of Beautie, will ſooner
transforme Honeſtie from what it is, to a Bawd, then the
force of Honeſtie can tranſlate Beautie into his likeneſſe.
This was ſometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it
proofe. I did loue you once.
Ophe. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleeue ſo.
Ham. You ſhould not haue beleeued me. For vertue
cannot ſo innocculate our old ſtocke, but we ſhall relliſh
of it. I loued you not.
Ophe. I was the more deceiued.
Ham. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would'ſt thou
be a breeder of Sinners? I am my ſelfe indifferent honeſt,
but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were bet-
ter my Mother had not borne me. I am very prowd, re-
uengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke,
then I haue thoughts to put them in imagination, to giue
them ſhape, or time to acte them in. What ſhould ſuc

Fellowes as I do, crawling betweene Heauen and Earth. We are arrant Knaues all, beleeue none of vs. Goe thy wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be ſhut vpon him, that he may play the Foole no way, but in's owne houſe. Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him, you ſweet Heauens.

Ham. If thou doeſt Marry, Ile giue thee this Plague for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chaſt as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou ſhalt not eſcape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool: for Wiſe men know well enough, what monſters you make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farewell.

Ophe. O heauenly Powers, reſtore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your pratlings too wel enough. God has giuen you one pace, and you make your ſelfe another: you gidge, you amble, and you liſpe, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonneſſe, your Ignorance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I ſay, we will haue no more Marriages. Thoſe that are married already, all but one ſhall liue, the reſt ſhall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet.*

Ophe. O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne? The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, ſword, Th'expectanſie and Roſe of the faire State, The glaſſe of Faſhion, and the mould of Forme, Th'obſeru'd of all Obſeruers, quite, quite downe. Haue I of Ladies moſt deiect and wretched, That ſuck'd the Honie of his Muſicke Vowes: Now ſee that Noble, and moſt Soueraigne Reaſon, Like ſweet Bels iangled out of tune, and harſh, That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth, Blaſted with extaſie. Oh woe is me, T'haue ſeene what I haue ſeene: ſee what I ſee.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Loue? His affections do not that way tend, Nor what he ſpake, though it lack'd Forme a little, Was not like Madneſſe. There's ſomething in his ſoule? O're which his Melancholly ſits on brood, And I do doubt the hatch, and the diſcloſe Will be ſome danger, which to preuent I haue in quicke determination Thus ſet it downe. He ſhall with ſpeed to England For the demand of our neglected Tribute: Haply the Seas and Countries different With variable Obiects, ſhall expell This ſomething ſetled matter in his heart: Whereon his Braines ſtill beating, puts him thus From faſhion of himſelfe. What thinke you on't?

Pol. It ſhall do well. But yet do I beleeue The Origin and Commencement of this greefe Sprung from neglected loue. How now *Ophelia?* You needs not tell vs, what Lord *Hamlet* ſaide, We heard it all. My Lord, do as you pleaſe, But if you hold it fit after the Play, Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him To ſhew his Greefes: let her be round with him, And Ile be plac'd ſo, pleaſe you in the eare Of all their Conference. If ſhe finde him not, To England ſend him: Or confine him where Your wiſedome beſt ſhall thinke.

King. It ſhall be ſo: Madneſſe in great Ones, muſt not vnwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Cryer had ſpoke my Lines: Nor do not ſaw the Ayre too much your hand thus, but vſe all gently; for in the verie Torrent, Tempeſt, and (as I may ſay) the Whirle-winde of Paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a Temperance that may giue it Smoothneſſe. O it offends mee to the Soule, to ſee a robuſtious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Paſſion to tatters, to verie ragges, to ſplit the eares of the Groundlings: who (for the moſt part) are capeable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe ſhewes, & noiſe: I could haue ſuch a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it out-*Herod's Herod.* Pray you auoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne Diſcretion be your Tutor. Suite the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this ſpeciall obſeruance: That you ore-ſtep not the modeſtie of Nature; for any thing ſo ouer-done, is frō the purpoſe of Playing, whoſe end both at the firſt and now, was and is, to hold as 'twer the Mirrour vp to Nature; to ſhew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and preſſure. Now, this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious greeue; The cenſure of the which One, muſt in your allowance o'reway a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I haue ſeene Play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly (not to ſpeake it prophanely) that neyther hauing the accent of Chriſtians, nor the gate of Chriſtian, Pagan, or Norman, haue ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I haue thought ſome of Natures Iourney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity ſo abhominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs, Sir.

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let thoſe that play your Clownes, ſpeake no more then is ſet downe for them. For there be of them, that will themſelues laugh, to ſet on ſome quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, ſome neceſſary Queſtion of the Play be then to be conſidered: that's Villanous, & ſhewes a moſt pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vſes it. Go make you readie. *Exit Players.*

Enter Polonius, Roſincrance, and Guildenſterne.

How now my Lord,
Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

Pol. And the Queene too, and that preſently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haſt, *Exit Polonius.*
Will you two helpe to haſten them?

Both. We will my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, *Horatio?*

Hora. Heere ſweet Lord, at your Seruice.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art eene as iuſt a man As ere my Conuerſation coap'd withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter: For what aduancement may I hope from thee, That no Reuennew haſt, but thy good ſpirits

To

To feed & cloath thee. Why ſhold the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the Candied tongue, like abſurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fauning? Doſt thou heare,
Since my deere Soule was Miſtris of my choyſe,
And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
Hath ſeal'd thee for her ſelfe. For thou haſt bene
As one in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing.
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
Hath 'tane with equall Thankes. And bleſt are thoſe,
Whoſe Blood and Iudgement are ſo well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger,
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe. Giue me that man,
That is not Paſſions Slaue, and I will weare him
In my hearts Core: I, in my Heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scœne of it comes neere the Circumſtance
Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death.
I prythee, when thou ſee'ſt that Acte a-foot,
Euen with the verie Comment of my Soule
Obſerue mine Vnkle: If his occulted guilt,
Do not it ſelfe vnkennell in one ſpeech,
It is a damned Ghoſt that we haue ſeene:
And my Imaginations are as foule
As Vulcans Stythe. Giue him needfull note,
For I mine eyes will riuet to his Face:
And after we will both our iudgements ioyne,
To cenſure of his ſeeming.

Hora. Well my Lord.
If he ſteale ought the whil'ſt this Play is Playing,
And ſcape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincranoe, Guildenſterne, and other Lords attendant, with his Guard carrying Torches. Daniſh March. Sound a Flouriſh.

Ham. They are comming to the Play: I muſt be idle. Get you a place.

King. How fares our Coſin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions diſh: I eate the Ayre promiſe-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons ſo.

King. I haue nothing with this anſwer *Hamlet*, theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once i'th'Vniuerſity, you ſay?

Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Iulius Cæſar*, I was kill'd i'th'Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a bruite part of him, to kill ſo Capitall a Calfe there. Be the Players ready?

Roſin. I my Lord, they ſtay vpon your patience.

Qu. Come hither my good *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

Ha. No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractiue.

Pol. Oh ho, do you marke that? [*to the King m.c.*

Ham. Ladie, ſhall I lye in your Lap?

Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. I meane, my Head vpon your Lap? [*Lying down at Ophelias feet m.c.*

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Do you thinke I meant Country matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merrie, my Lord?

Ham. Who I?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your onely Iigge-maker: what ſhould a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerefully my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two Houres.

Ophe. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke, for Ile haue a ſuite of Sables. Oh Heauens! dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great mans Memorie, may out-liue his life halfe a yeare: But byrlady he muſt builde Churches then: or elſe ſhall he ſuffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horſſe, whoſe Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horſe is forgot.

Hoboyes play. The dumbe ſhew enters.
Enter a King and Queene, very louingly; the Queene embracing him. She kneeles and makes ſhew of Proteſtation vnto him. He takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her neck. Layes him downe vpon a Banke of Flowers. She ſeeing him a-ſleepe, leaues him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne, kiſſes it, and powres poyſon in the Kings eares, and Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and makes paſſionate Action. The Poyſoner, with ſome two or three Mutes comes in againe, ſeeming to lament with her The dead body is carried away: The Poyſoner Wooes the Queene with Gifts, ſhe ſeemes loath and vnwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his loue. *Exeunt*

Ophe. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching *Malicho*, that meanes Miſcheefe.

Ophe. Belike this ſhew imports the Argument of the Play?

Ham. We ſhall know by theſe Fellowes: the Players cannot keepe counſell, they'l tell all.

Ophe. Will they tell vs what this ſhew meant?

Ham. I, or any ſhew that you'l ſhew him. Bee not you aſham'd to ſhew, hee'l not ſhame to tell you what it meanes.

Ophe. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play.

Enter Prologue.
For vs, and for our Tragedie,
Heere ſtooping to your Clemencie:
We begge your hearing Patientlie.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poeſie of a Ring?

Ophe. 'Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham. As Womans loue.

Enter King and his Queene.

King. Full thirtie Times hath Phœbus Cart gon round,
Neptunes ſalt Waſh, and *Tellus* Orbed ground:
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed ſheene,
About the World haue times twelue thirties beene,
Since loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall, in moſt ſacred Bands.

Bap. So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.
But woe is me, you are ſo ſicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your forme ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you: yet though I diſtruſt,
Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing muſt:
For womens Feare and Loue, holds quantitie,
[*For women fear too much, even as they love m.c.*] In

In neither ought, or in extremity:
Now what my loue is, proofe hath made you know,
And as my Loue is siz'd, my Feare is so.
King. Faith I must leaue thee Loue, and shortly too:
My operant Powers my Functions leaue to do:
And thou shalt liue in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, belou'd, and haply, one as kinde.
For Husband shalt thou———
Bap. Oh confound the rest:
Such Loue, must needs be Treason in my brest:
In second Husband, let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.
Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.
Bapt. The instances that second Marriage moue,
Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Loue.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kisses me in Bed.
King. I do beleeue you. Think what now you speak:
But what we do determine, oft we breake:
Purpose is but the slaue to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie:
Which now like Fruite vnripe sticks on the Tree,
But fall vnshaken, when they mellow bee.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our selues, what to our selues is debt:
What to our selues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of other Greefe or Ioy,
Their owne enactors with themselues destroy:
Where Ioy most Reuels, Greefe doth most lament;
Greefe ioyes, Ioy greeues on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That euen our Loues should with our Fortunes change.
For 'tis a question left vs yet to proue,
Whether Loue lead Fortune, or else Fortune Loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourites flies,
The poore aduanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies:
And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a Frend:
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his Enemie.
But orderly to end, where I begun,
Our Willes and Fates do so contrary run,
That our Deuices still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no second Husband wed.
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.
Bap. Nor Earth to giue me food, nor Heauen light,
Sport and repose locke from me day and night:
Each opposite that blankes the face of Ioy,
Meet what I would haue well, and it destroy:
Both heere, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife.
Ham. If she should breake it now.
King. 'Tis deepely sworne:
Sweet, leaue me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.
Qu. Sleepe rocke thy Braine, *Sleepes*
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *Exit*
Ham. Madam, how like you this Play?
Qu. The Lady protests to much me thinkes.
Ham. Oh but shee'l keepe her word.
King. Haue you heard the Argument, Is there no Offence in't?
Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no Offence i'th'world.
King. What do you call the Play?
Ham. The Mouse-trap: Marry how? Tropically:
This Play is the Image of a murder done in *Vienna: Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*: you shall see anon: 'tis a knauish peece of worke: But what o'that?
Your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not: let the gall'd iade winch: our withers are vnrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King.
Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.
Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue: if I could see the Puppets dallying.
Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.
Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.
Ophe. Still better and worse.
Ham. So you mistake Husbands. Begin Murderer. Pox, leaue thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the croaking Rauen doth bellow for Reuenge.
Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands apt,
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:
Confederate season, else, no Creature seeing:
Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,
With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,
On wholsome life, vsurpe immediately.

Powres the poyson in his eares.

Ham. He poysons him i'th'Garden for's estate: His name's *Gonzago:* the Story is extant and writ in choyce Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzago's* wife.
Ophe. The King rises.
Ham. What, frighted with false fire.
Qu. How fares my Lord?
Pol. Giue o're the Play.
King. Giue me some Light. Away.
All. Lights, Lights, Lights. *Exeunt*

Manet Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the strucken Deere go weepe,
The Hart vngalled play:
For some must watch, while some must sleepe;
So runnes the world away.
Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Prouinciall Roses on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a crie of Players sir.
Hor. Halfe a share.
Ham. A whole one I,
For thou dost know: Oh *Damon* deere,
This Realme dismantled was of Ioue himselfe,
And now reignes heere.
A verie verie Paiocke.
Hora. You might haue Rim'd.
Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did'st perceiue?
Hora. Verie well my Lord.
Ham. Vpon the talke of the poysoning?
Hora. I did verie well note him.

Enter Rosincrance and Guildensterne.

Ham. Oh, ha? Come some Musick. Come the Recorders:
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come some Musicke.
Guild Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham.

Ham. Sir, a whole Hiſtory.

Guild. The King, ſir.

Ham. I ſir, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retyrement, marueilous diſtemper'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wiſedome ſhould ſhew it ſelfe more richer, to ſignifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plundge him into farre more Choller.

Guild. Good my Lord put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, and ſtart not ſo wildely from my affayre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courteſie is not of the right breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholſome anſwer, I will doe your Mothers command'ment: if not, your pardon, and my returne ſhall bee the end of my Buſineſſe.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Gnild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholſome anſwere: my wits diſeas'd. But ſir, ſuch anſwers as I can make, you ſhal command: or rather you ſay, my Mother: therfore no more but to the matter. My Mother you ſay.

Roſin. Then thus ſhe ſayes: your behauior hath ſtroke her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can ſo aſtoniſh a Mother. But is there no ſequell at the heeles of this Mothers admiration?

Roſin. She deſires to ſpeake with you in her Cloſſet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our Mother. Haue you any further Trade with vs?

Roſin. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. So I do ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſin. Good my Lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Libertie, if you deny your greefes to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Aduancement.

Roſin. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himſelfe, for your Succeſſion in Denmarke?

Ham. I, but while the graſſe growes, the Prouerbe is ſomething muſty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me ſee, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recouer the winde of mee, as if you would driue mee into a toyle?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue is too vnmannerly.

Ham. I do not well vnderſtand that. Will you play vpon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Belieue me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beſeech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as eaſie as lying: gouerne theſe Ventiges with your finger and thumbe, giue it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt excellent Muſicke. Looke you, theſe are the ſtoppes.

Guild. But theſe cannot I command to any vtterance of hermony, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would ſeeme to know my ſtops: you would pluck out the heart of my Myſterie; you would ſound mee from my loweſt Note, to the top of my Compaſſe: and there is much Muſicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am eaſier to bee plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God bleſſe you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord; the Queene would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ham. Do you ſee that Clowd? that's almoſt in ſhape like a Camell.

Polon. By'th'Miſſe, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Weazell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Verie like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by: They foole me to the top of my bent.
I will come by and by.

Polon. I will ſay ſo. *Exit.*

Ham. By and by, is eaſily ſaid. Leaue me Friends:
'Tis now the verie witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it ſelfe breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do ſuch bitter buſineſſe as the day
Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:
Oh Heart, looſe not thy Nature; let not euer
The Soule of *Nero*, enter this firme boſome:
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will ſpeake Daggers to her, but vſe none:
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words ſomeuer ſhe be ſhent,
To giue them Seales, neuer my Soule conſent.

Act III
Scene IX *A Room in the ſame.*
Enter King, Roſincrance, and Guildenſterne.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with vs,
To let his madneſſe range. Therefore prepare you,
I your Commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to England ſhall along with you:
The termes of our eſtate, may not endure
Hazard ſo dangerous as doth hourely grow
Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our ſelues prouide:
Moſt holie and Religious feare it is
To keepe thoſe many bodies ſafe
That liue and feede vpon your Maieſtie.

Roſin. The ſingle
And peculiar life is bound
With all the ſtrength and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it ſelfe from noyance: but much more,
That Spirit, vpon whoſe ſpirit depends and reſts
The liues of many, the ceaſe of Maieſtie
Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it. It is a maſſie wheele
Fixt on the Somnet of the higheſt Mount,
To whoſe huge Spoakes, ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortiz'd and adioyn'd: which when it falles,
Each ſmall annexment, pettie conſequence
Attends the boyſtrous Ruine. Neuer alone
Did the King ſighe, but with a generall grone.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this ſpeedie Voyage;
For we will Fetters put vpon this feare,

Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haſte vs. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Cloſſet:
Behinde the Arras Ile conuey my ſelfe
To heare the Proceſſe. Ile warrant ſhee'l tax him home,
And as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meete that ſome more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, ſhould o're-heare
The ſpeech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
Oh my offence is ranke, it ſmels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldeſt curſe vpon't,
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not.
Though inclination be as ſharpe as will:
My ſtronger guilt, defeats my ſtrong intent,
And like a man to double buſineſſe bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect; what if this curſed hand
Were thicker then it ſelfe with Brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the ſweet Heauens
To waſh it white as Snow? Whereto ſerues mercy,
But to confront the viſage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-ſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke vp,
My fault is paſt. But oh, what forme of Prayer
Can ſerue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther:
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
Of thoſe effects for which I did the Murther.
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:
May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences gilded hand may ſhoue by Iuſtice,
And oft 'tis ſeene, the wicked prize it ſelfe
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not ſo aboue,
There is no ſhuffling, there the Action lyes
In his true Nature, and we our ſelues compell'd
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To giue in euidence. What then? What reſts?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched ſtate! Oh boſome, blacke as death!
Oh limed ſoule, that ſtrugling to be free,
Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make aſſay:
Bow ſtubborne knees, and heart with ſtrings of Steele,
Be ſoft as ſinewes of the new-borne Babe,
All may be well. [retires and kneels m. e.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now Ile doo't, and ſo he goes to Heauen,
And ſo am I reueng'd: that would be ſcann'd,
A Villaine killes my Father, and for that
I his foule Sonne, do this ſame Villaine ſend Sole 4to m. e.
To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Reuenge.
He tooke my Father groſſely, full of bread,
With all his Crimes broad blowne, as freſh as May,
And how his Audit ſtands, who knowes, ſaue Heauen:
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought
'Tis heauie with him: and am I then reueng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soule,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage? No.
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent
When he is drunke aſleepe: or in his Rage,
Or in th'inceſtuous pleaſure of his bed,
At gaming, ſwearing, or about ſome acte
That ha's no reliſh of Saluation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother ſtayes,
This Phyſicke but prolongs thy ſickly dayes. *Exit.*

King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go. *Exit.*

Act III Scene IV. Another room in the same m. e.

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come ſtraight:
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prankes haue been too broad to beare with,
And that your Grace hath ſcree'nd, and ſtoode betweene
Much heate, and him. Ile ſilence me e'ene heere:
Pray you be round with him.

Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother. omitted m. e.

Qu. Ile warrant you, feare me not.
Withdraw, I heare him comming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?

Qu. *Hamlet*, thou haſt thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you haue my Father much offended.

Qu. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you queſtion with an idle tongue.

Qu. Why how now *Hamlet?*

Ham. Whats the matter now?

Qu. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the Rood, not ſo:
You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not ſo. You are my Mother.

Qu. Nay, then Ile ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeake.

Ham. Come, come, and ſit you downe, you ſhall not boudge:
You go not till I ſet you vp a glaſſe,
Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you?

Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe, helpe, hoa.

Pol. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.

Pol. Oh I am ſlaine. *Killes Polonius.*

Qu. Oh me, what haſt thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

Qu. Oh what a raſh, and bloody deed is this?

Ham. A bloody deed, almoſt as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother. 2 in 81.

Qu. As kill a King?

Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,
Thou find'ſt to be too buſie, is ſome danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace, ſit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall
If it be made of penetrable ſtuffe;
If damned Cuſtome haue not braz'd it ſo,
That it is proofe and bulwarke againſt Senſe.

Qu. What haue I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy tong,
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?

Ham. Such an Act
That blurres the grace and bluſh of Modeſtie,
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Roſe
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And makes a blifter there. Makes marriage vowes
As falſe as Dicers Oathes. Oh ſuch a deed,

Act 3. HAMLET. Scene 4.

Lines omitted in the first and second folio
P. 241 2d Vol.

"Assume a virtue if you have it not.
"That monster custom who all sense doth eat
Of Habit Devil is Angel yet in this:
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a Frock or Livery
That aptly is put on: Refrain to night:
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy:
For use can almost change the Stamps of Nature
And either curb the Devil or throw him out
With wondrous potency — Once more good Night.

As from the body of Contraction pluckes
The very ſoule, and ſweete Religion makes
A rapſidie of words. Heauens face doth glow,
Yea this ſolidity and compound maſſe,
With triſtfull viſage as againſt the doome
Is thought-ſicke at the act.

2u. Aye me; what act, that roares ſo lowd, & thunders in the Index.

Ham. Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfet preſentment of two Brothers:
See what a grace was ſeated on his Brow,
Hyperions curles, the front of Ioue himſelfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercurie
New lighted on a heauen-kiſſing hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where euery God did ſeeme to ſet his Seale,
To giue the world aſſurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare
Blaſting his wholſom breath. Haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?
You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waites vpon the Iudgement: and what Iudgement
Would ſtep from this, to this? What diuell was't,
That thus hath couſend you at hoodman-blinde?
O Shame! where is thy Bluſh? Rebellious Hell,
If thou canſt mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no ſhame,
When the compulſiue Ardure giues the charge,
Since Froſt it ſelfe, as actiuely doth burne,
As Reaſon panders Will.

2u. O *Hamlet*, ſpeake no more.
Thou turn'ſt mine eyes into my very ſoule,
And there I ſee ſuch blacke and grained ſpots,
As will not leaue their Tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to liue
In the ranke ſweat of an enſeamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making loue
Ouer the naſty Stye.

2u. Oh ſpeake to me, no more,
Theſe words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more ſweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slaue, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurſe of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a ſhelfe, the precious Diadem ſtole,
And put it in his Pocket.

2u. No more.

Enter Ghoſt.

Ham. A King of ſhreds and patches.
Saue me; and houer o're me with your wings
You heauenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?

2u. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That laps't in Time and Paſſion, lets go by
Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh ſay.

Ghoſt. Do not forget: this Viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother ſits;
O ſtep betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weakeſt bodies, ſtrongeſt workes.
Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

2u. Alas, how is't with you?
That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold diſcourſe.
Forth at your eyes, your ſpirits wildely peepe,
And as the ſleeping Soldiours in th'Alarme,
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start vp, and ſtand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Vpon the heate and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares,
His forme and cauſe conioyn'd, preaching to ſtones,
Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon me,
Leaſt with this pitteous action you conuert
My ſterne effects: then what I haue to do,
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.

2u. To who do you ſpeake this?

Ham. Do you ſee nothing there?

2u. Nothing at all, yet all that is I ſee.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

2u. No, nothing but our ſelues.

Ham. Why look you there: looke how it ſteals away:
My Father in his habite, as he liued,
Looke where he goes euen now out at the Portall. *Exit.*

2u. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
This bodileſſe Creation extaſie is very cunning in.

Ham. Extaſie?
My Pulſe as yours doth temperately keepe time,
And makes as healthfull Muſicke. It is not madneſſe
That I haue vttered; bring me to the Teſt
And I the matter will re-word: which madneſſe
Would gamboll from. Mother, for loue of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vnction to your ſoule,
That not your treſpaſſe, but my madneſſe ſpeakes:
It will but skin and filme the Vlcerous place,
Whil'ſt ranke Corruption mining all within,
Infects vnſeene. Confeſſe your ſelfe to Heauen,
Repent what's paſt, auoyd what is to come,
And do not ſpred the Compoſt or the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgiue me this my Vertue,
For in the fatneſſe of this purſie times,
Vertue it ſelfe, of Vice muſt pardon begge,
Yea courb, and woe, for leaue to do him good.

2u. Oh *Hamlet*,
Thou haſt cleft my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worſer part of it,
And liue the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but go not to mine Vnkles bed,
Aſſume a Vertue, if you haue it not, refraine to night,
And that ſhall lend a kinde of eaſineſſe
To the next abſtinence. Once more goodnight,
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
Ile bleſſing begge of you. For this ſame Lord, *pointing to Polonius*
I do repent: but heauen hath pleas'd it ſo,
To puniſh me with this, and this with me,
That I muſt be their Scourge and Miniſter.
I will beſtow him, and will anſwer well
The death I gaue him: ſo againe, good night.
I muſt be cruell, onely to be kinde;
Thus bad begins, and worſe remaines behinde.

2u. What ſhall I do?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you do:
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouſe,
And let him for a paire of reechie kiſſes,

† Sense sure you have, 191.
Else could you not have motion: but sure that sense
is apoplexed — for madness would not err
Nor sense to Ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
To serve in such a Difference.
m.e.

✻ Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all
Or but a sickly part of one true Sense
Could not so mope. — 4tos "I think the
Editor of these folios omitted all these eleven lines with
Judgement" — Dr. S —

Or padling in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,
Make you to rauell all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſſe,
But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;
For who that's but a Queene, faire, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such deere concernings hide, Who would do ſo,
No in deſpight of Senſe and Secrecie,
Vnpegge the Basket on the houſes top:
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
To try Concluſions in the Basket, creepe
And breake your owne necke downe.

Qu. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life: I haue no life to breath
What thou haſt ſaide to me.

Ham. I muſt to England, you know that?

Qu. Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis ſo concluded on.

Ham. This man ſhall ſet me packing:
Ile lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counſellor
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt graue,
Who was in life, a fooliſh prating Knaue.
Come ſir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

Enter King. 2. Ros: & Guildenſtern

King. There's matters in theſe ſighes.
Theſe profound heaues
You muſt tranſlate; Tis fit we vnderſtand them.
Where is your Sonne?

Qu. Ah my good Lord, what haue I ſeene to night?

King. What *Gertrude*? How do's *Hamlet*?

Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his lawleſſe fit
Behinde the Arras, hearing ſomething ſtirre,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainiſh apprehenſion killes
The vnſeene good old man.

King. Oh heauy deed:
It had bin ſo with vs had we beene there:
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your ſelfe, to vs, to euery one.
Alas, how ſhall this bloody deede be anſwered?
It will be laide to vs, whoſe prouidence
Should haue kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad yong man. But ſo much was our loue,
We would not vnderſtand what was moſt fit,
But like the Owner of a foule diſeaſe,
To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede
Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
O're whom his very madneſſe like ſome Oare
Among a Minerall of Mettels baſe
Shewes it ſelfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away:
The Sun no ſooner ſhall the Mountaines touch,
But we will ſhip him hence, and this vilde deed,
We muſt with all our Maieſty and Skill
Both countenance, and excuſe. *Enter Roſ. & Guild.*
Ho *Guildenſtern*:
Friends both go ioyne you with ſome further ayde:
Hamlet in madneſſe hath *Polonius* ſlaine,
And from his Mother Cloſſets hath he drag'd him.
Go ſeeke him out, ſpeake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell. I pray you haſt in this. *Exit Gent.*
Come *Gertrude*, wee'l call vp our wiſeſt friends,
To let them know both what we meane to do,
And what's vntimely done. Oh come away,
My ſoule is full of diſcord and diſmay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely ſtowed.

Gentlemen within. Hamlet, Lord *Hamlet.*

Ham. What noiſe? Who cals on *Hamlet*?
Oh heere they come. *Enter Roſ. and Guildenſterne.*

Ro. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with duſt, whereto 'tis Kinne.

Roſin. Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleeue it.

Roſin. Beleeue what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counſell, and not mine owne. Beſides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what replication ſhould be made by the Sonne of a King.

Roſin. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?

Ham. I ſir, that ſokes vp the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities (but ſuch Officers do the King beſt ſeruice in the end. He keepes them like an Ape in the corner of his iaw, firſt mouth'd to be laſt ſwallowed, when he needes what you haue glean'd, it is but ſqueezing you, and Spundge you ſhall be dry againe.

Roſin. I vnderſtand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knauiſh ſpeech ſleepes in a fooliſh eare.

Roſin. My Lord, you muſt tell vs where the body is, and go with vs to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King, is a thing ——

Guild. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all after.

Enter King.

King. I haue ſent to ſeeke him, and to find the bodie:
How dangerous is it that this man goes looſe:
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong Law on him:
Hee's loued of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes:
And where 'tis ſo, th'Offenders ſcourge is weigh'd
But neerer the offence: to beare all ſmooth, and euen,
This ſodaine ſending him away, muſt ſeeme
Deliberate pauſe, diſeaſes deſperate growne,
By deſperate appliance are releeued,
Or not at all. *Enter Roſincrane.*
How now? What hath befalne?

Roſin. Where the dead body is beſtow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Roſin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleaſure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Roſin. Hoa, *Guildenſterne*? Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenſterne.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certaine conuocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures elſe to fat vs, and we fat our ſelfe for Magots. Your fat King, and your leane Begger is but variable ſeruice to diſhes, but to one Table that's the end.

* *King.* What doſt thou meane by this?

Ham.

* [*King*] Alas, alas —
Hamlet] A man may fish with a worm that hath eat of a King; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that Worm —

"Nine lines added from the 4to Edn. to p. 292 first Col."

2 cum] alack I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Hamlet] Heres letters seald and my 2 School-fellows
Whom I will trust as I will adders fanged -
They bear the Mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery; Let it work:
For 'tis the sport, to have the Engineer
Hoist with his own Petar; and it shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon; O, 'tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet.

Heres men shall set me packing.
I will lug the guts &c. - - - - -

from Shirburn
M.S. notes

for p. 292 2d col. at top.

Five lines from 4to 1604 - Wanting in the Folio's

And whats untimely done: [So, haply, slander,
Whose Whisper o'er the worlds diameter,
As level as the cannon to his Blank
Transports his poisond - May miss our [Name,
And hit the woundless air.] O come away &c

Ham. Nothing but to ſhew you how a King may go a Progreſſe through the guts of a Begger.

King. Where is *Polonius.*

Ham. In heauen, ſend thither to ſee. If your Meſſenger finde him not there, ſeeke him i'th other place your ſelfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you ſhall noſe him as you go vp the ſtaires into the Lobby.

King. Go ſeeke him there.

Ham. He will ſtay till ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine eſpecial ſafety
Which we do tender, as we deerely greeue
For that which thou haſt done, muſt ſend thee hence
With fierie Quickneſſe. Therefore prepare thy ſelfe,
The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe,
Th'Aſſociates tend, and euery thing at bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. I *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

Ham. I ſee a Cherube that ſee's him: but come, for England. Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father *Hamlet.*

Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is man and wife: man & wife is one fleſh, and ſo my mother. Come, for England. *Exit*

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with ſpeed aboord:
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is Seal'd and done
That elſe leanes on th'Affaire, pray you make haſt.
And England, if my loue thou holdſt at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee ſenſe,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red
After the Daniſh Sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs; thou maiſt not coldly ſet
Our Soueraigne Proceſſe, which imports at full
By Letters coniuring to that effect
The preſent death of *Hamlet.* Do it England,
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou muſt cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
How ere my happes, my ioyes were ne're begun. *Exit*

Scene IV.

Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Daniſh King,
Tell him that by his licenſe, *Fortinbras*
Claimes the conueyance of a promis'd March
Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeuous:
If that his Maieſty would ought with vs,
We ſhall expreſſe our dutie in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

Cap. I will doo't, my Lord.

For. Go ſafely on. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Horatio. ※

Qu. I will not ſpeake with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed diſtract, her moode will needs be pittied.

Qu. What would ſhe haue?

Hor. She ſpeakes much of her Father; ſaies ſhe heares
There's trickes i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiouſly at Strawes, ſpeakes things in doubt,
That carry but halfe ſenſe: Her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the vnſhaped vſe of it doth moue
The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it,
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as her winkes, and nods, and geſtures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,
Though nothing ſure, yet much vnhappily.

Qu. 'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with,
For ſhe may ſtrew dangerous conie&tures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.
To my ſicke ſoule (as ſinnes true Nature is)
Each toy ſeemes Prologue, to ſome great amiſſe,
So full of Artleſſe iealouſie is guilt,
It ſpill's it ſelfe, in fearing to be ſpilt.

Enter Ophelia diſtracted.

Ophe, Where is the beauteous Maieſty of Denmark.

Qu. Now now *Ophelia?*

Ophe. How ſhould I your true loue know from another one?
By his Cockle hat and ſtaffe, and his Sandal ſhoone.

Qu. Alas ſweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Ophe. Say you? Nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a graſſe-greene Turfe, at his heeles a ſtone.

Enter King.

Qu. Nay but *Ophelia.*

Ophe. Pray you marke.
White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.

Qu. Alas, looke heere my Lord.

Ophe. Larded with ſweet flowers:
Which bewept to the graue did not go,
With true-loue ſhowres.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Ophe. Well, God dil'd you. They ſay the Owle was a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Ophe. Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when they aske you what it meanes, ſay you this:
To morrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine.
Then vp he roſe, & don'd his clothes, & dupt the chamber dore,
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia.*

Ophe. Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end ont.
By gis, and by S. Charity,
Alacke, and fie for ſhame:
Yong men wil doo't, if they come too't,
By Cocke they are too blame.
Quoth ſhe before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to Wed:
So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,
And thou hadſt not come to my bed.

King. How long hath ſhe bin this?

Ophe. I hope all will be well. We muſt bee patient, but I cannot chooſe but weepe, to thinke they ſhould lay him i'th'cold ground: My brother ſhall knowe of it, and ſo I thanke you for your good counſell. Come, my Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight ſweet Ladies: Goodnight, goodnight. *Exit.*

King. Follow her cloſe,
Giue her good watch I pray you:
Oh this is the poyſon of deepe greefe, it ſprings
All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude, Gertrude,*
When ſorrowes comes, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in Battaliaes. Firſt, her Father ſlaine,
Next your Sonne gone, and he moſt violent Author
Of his owne iuſt remoue: the people muddied,
Thicke and vnwholſome in their thoughts, and whiſpers
For good *Polonius* death; and we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore *Ophelia*
Diuided from her ſelfe, and her faire Iudgement.

※ "Previous to the entry of the Queen & Horatio the Modern Edns. have recovered from the Quartos more than two pages replete with the Wisdom of Shakespeare, I have therefore copied them and they are annexed." Dr. Sisum

Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her Brother is in secret come from France,
Keepes on his wonder, keepes himselfe in clouds,
And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death,
Where in necessitie of matter Beggard,
Will nothing sticke our persons to Arraigne
In eare and eare. O my deere *Gertrude*, this,
Like to a murdering Peece in many places,
Giues me superfluous death. *A Noise within.*

Enter a Messenger.

2u. Alacke, what noyse is this?
King. Where are my *Switzers*?
Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?
Mes. Saue your selfe, my Lord.
The Ocean (ouer-peering of his List)
Eates not the Flats with more impittious haste
Then young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head,
Ore-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne,
The Ratifiers and props of euery word,
They cry choose we? *Laertes* shall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.
2u. How cheerefully on the false Traile they cry,
Oh this is Counter you false Danish Dogges.

Noise within. *Enter Laertes.*

King. The doores are broke.
Laer. Where is the King, sirs? Stand you all without.
All. No, let's come in.
Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.
All. We will, we will.
Laer. I thanke you: Keepe the doore.
Oh thou vilde King, giue me my Father.
2u. Calmely good *Laertes.*
Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclaimes me Bastard:
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaste vnsmirched brow
Of my true Mother.
King. What is the cause *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion lookes so Gyant-like?
Let him go *Gertrude*: Do not feare our person:
There's such Diuinity doth hedge a King,
That Treason can but peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,
Why thou art thus Incenst? Let him go *Gertrude.*
Speake man.
Laer. Where's my Father?
King. Dead.
2u. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be Iuggel'd with.
To hell Allegeance: Vowes, to the blackest diuell.
Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit.
I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes: onely Ile be reueng'd
Most throughly for my Father.
King. Who shall stay you?
Laer. My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes, Ile husband them so well,
They shall go farre with little.
King. Good *Laertes*:
If you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,
That Soop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Looser.
Laer. None but his Enemies.
King. Will you know them then.
La. To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes:
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,
Repast them with my blood.
King. Why now you speake
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death,
And am most sensible in greefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your Iudgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.

A noise within. *Let her come in.*

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now? what noise is that?
Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares seuen times salt,
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.
By Heauen, thy madnesse shall be payed by waight,
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rose of May,
Deere Maid, kinde Sister, sweet *Ophelia*:
Oh Heauens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits,
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?
Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it selfe
After the thing it loues.

Ophe. They bore him bare fac'd on the Beer,
Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:
And on his graue raines many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Reuenge, it could not moue thus.
Ophe. You must sing downe a-downe, and you call him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is the false Steward that stole his masters daughter.
Laer. This nothings more then matter.
Ophe. There's Rosemary, that's for Remembraunce. Pray loue remember: and there is Paconcies, that's for Thoughts.
Laer. A document in madnesse, thoughts & remembrance fitted.
Ophe. There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it Herbe-Grace a Sundaies: Oh you must weare your Rew with a difference. There's a Daysie, I would giue you some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dyed: They say, he made a good end;
For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.
Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it selfe:
She turnes to Fauour, and to prettinesse.

Ophe. And will he not come againe,
And will he not come againe:
No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,
He neuer will come againe.
His Beard as white as Snow,
All Flaxen was his Pole:
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
Gramercy on his Soule.

And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.
God buy ye. *Exeunt Ophelia*
Laer. Do you see this, you Gods?
King. Laertes, I must common with your greefe,
Or you deny me right: go but apart,

Make

J.Roberts ad.Vivam delin. Published for Bell's Edition of Shakspeare Oct.r 1775 C.Grignion Sculp.

——There's rue for you,——

Mr. LESSINGHAM in the Character of OPHELIA.

Make choice of whom your wiſeſt Friends you will,
And they ſhall heare and iudge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by Colaterall hand
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,
Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in ſatisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we ſhall ioyntly labour with your ſoule
To giue it due content.
Laer. Let this be ſo:
His meanes of death, his obſcure buriall;
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formall oſtentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,
That I muſt call in queſtion.
King. So you ſhall:
And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me. *Exeunt*

Act IV. Scene VI. Another room in the same. *Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.*

Hora. What are they that would ſpeake with me?
Ser. Saylors ſir, they ſay they haue Letters for you.
Hor. Let them come in,
I do not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet.*

Enter Saylor.

Say. God bleſſe you Sir.
Hor. Let him bleſſe thee too.
Say. Hee ſhall Sir, and't pleaſe him. There's a Letter for you Sir: It comes from th'Ambaſſadours that was bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

HOratio, *When thou ſhalt haue ouerlook'd this, giue theſe Fellowes ſome meanes to the King: They haue Letters for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very Warlicke appointment gaue vs Chace. Finding our ſelues too ſlow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I boorded them: On the inſtant they got cleare of our Shippe, ſo I alone became their Priſoner. They haue dealt with mee, like Theeues of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe a good turne for them. Let the King haue the Letters I haue ſent, and repaire thou to me with as much haſt as thou wouldeſt flye death. I haue words to ſpeake in your eare, will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. Theſe good Fellowes will bring thee where I am.* Roſincrance *and* Guildenſterne *hold their courſe for England. Of them I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.*
He that thou knoweſt thine, Hamlet.
Come, I will giue you way for theſe your Letters,
And do't the ſpeedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exit.*

Scene VII. Another room in the same.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeal,
And you muſt put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father ſlaine,
Purſued my life.
Laer. It well appeares. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not againſt theſe feates,
So crimefull, and ſo Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wiſedome, all things elſe,
You mainly were ſtirr'd vp?
King. O for two ſpeciall Reaſons,
Which may to you (perhaps) ſeeme much vnſinnowed,
And yet to me they are ſtrong. The Queen his Mother,
Liues almoſt by his lookes: and for my ſelfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's ſo coniunctiue to my life and ſoule;
That as the Starre moues not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not go,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Conuert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes
Too ſlightly timbred for ſo loud a Winde,
Would haue reuerted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.
Laer. And ſo haue I a Noble Father loſt,
A Siſter driuen into deſperate tearmes,
Who was (if praiſes may go backe againe)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my reuenge will come.
King. Breake not your ſleepes for that,
You muſt not thinke
That we are made of ſtuffe, ſo flat, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be ſhooke with danger,
And thinke it paſtime. You ſhortly ſhall heare more,
I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine——

Enter a Meſſenger.

How now? What Newes?
Meſ. Letters my Lord from *Hamlet.* This to your Maieſty: this to the Queene.
King. From *Hamlet?* Who brought them?
Meſ. Saylors my Lord they ſay, I ſaw them not:
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiu'd them
King. *Laertes* you ſhall heare them: Leaue vs. *Exit Meſſenger.*

High and Mighty, you ſhall know I am ſet naked on your Kingdome. To morrow ſhall I begge leaue to ſee your Kingly Eyes. When I ſhall (firſt asking your Pardon thereunto) recount th' Occaſions of my ſodaine, and more ſtrange returne.
Hamlet.

What ſhould this meane? Are all the reſt come backe?
Or is it ſome abuſe? Or no ſuch thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?
Kin. 'Tis *Hamlets* Character, naked and in a Poſtſcript here he ſayes alone: Can you aduiſe me?
Laer. I'm loſt in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warmes the very ſickneſſe in my heart,
That I ſhall liue and tell him to his teeth;
Thus diddeſt thou.
Kin. If it be ſo *Laertes*, as how ſhould it be ſo:
How otherwiſe will you be rul'd by me?
Laer. If ſo you'l not o'rerule me to a peace.
Kin. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it; I will worke him
To an exployt now ripe in my Deuice,
Vnder the which he ſhall not chooſe but fall;
And for his death no winde of blame ſhall breath,
But euen his Mother ſhall vncharge the practice,
And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I'ue ſeene my ſelfe, and ſeru'd againſt the French,
And they ran well on Horſebacke; but this Gallant
Had

Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd
With the braue Beast, so farre he past my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

Kin. A Norman.

Laer. Vpon my life *Lamound*.

Kin. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And Iemme of all our Nation.

Kin. Hee mad confession of you,
And gaue you such a Masterly report,
For Art and exercise in your defence;
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cryed out, t'would be a sight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wish and begge,
Your sodaine comming ore to play with him;
Now out of this.

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?

Kin Laertes was your Father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

Kin. Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father,
But that I know Loue is begun by Time;
And that I see in passages of proofe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:
Hamlet comes backe: what would you vndertake,
To show your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th' Church.

Kin. No place indeed should murder Sanctsurize;
Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword vnbaited, and in a passe of practice,
Requit him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,
And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword:
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death,
That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

Kin Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape, if this should faile;
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assaid; therefore this Project
Should haue a backe or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proofe: Soft, let me see
Wee'l make a solemne wager on your cunnings,
I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bowts more violent to the end,
And that he cals for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him
A Challice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Queene.

Enter Queene.

Queen. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they'l follow: your Sister's drown'd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Queen. There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,
That shewes his hore leaues in the glassie streame:
There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daysies, and long Purples,
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an enuious sliuer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature Natiue, and indued
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke,
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
It is our tricke, Nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
The woman will be out: Adue my Lord,
I haue a speech of fire, that faine would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.*

Kin. Let's follow, *Gertrude*:
How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will giue it start againe;
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

Scene I.

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that wilfully seekes her owne saluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Graue straight, the Crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clo. How can that be, vnlesse she drowned her selfe in her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found so.

Clo. It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot bee else: for heere lies the point; If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer.

Clown. Giue me leaue; heere lies the water; good: heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe; it is will he nill he, he goes; marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clo. I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.

Other.

HAMLET.

Engraved by Charles Taylor from a Drawing by Robert Smirke.

OPHELIA.

on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang _____

London, Publish'd Nov.r 1, 1783, by Charles Taylor N.o Dyers Buildings, Holborn.

HAMLET.

Act V. *Scena I.*

C. Edwards del. *Sidall sculp.*

Alas, poor Yorick!

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Other. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not beene a Gentlewoman, ſhee ſhould haue beene buried out of Chriſtian Buriall.

Clo. Why there thou ſay'ſt. And the more pitty that great folke ſhould haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang themſelues, more then their euen Chriſtian. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp *Adams* Profeſſion.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clo. He was the firſt that euer bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

Clo. What, ar't a Heathen? how doſt thou vnderſtand the Scripture? the Scripture ſayes *Adam* dig'd; could hee digge without Armes? Ile put another queſtion to thee; if thou anſwereſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſſe thy ſelfe———

Other. Go too.

Clo. What is he that builds ſtronger then either the Maſon, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outliues a thouſand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes does well; but how does it well? it does well to thoſe that doe ill: now, thou doſt ill to ſay the Gallowes is built ſtronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

Other. Who builds ſtronger then a Maſon, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I, tell me that, and vnyoake.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clo. Too't.

Other. Maſſe, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clo. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your dull Aſſe will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask't this queſtion next, ſay a Graue-maker: the Ioufes that he makes, laſts till Doomeſday: go, get thee to *Yaughan*, fetch me a ſtoupe of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did loue, did loue,
me thought it was very ſweete:
To contract O the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there was nothing meete.

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his buſineſſe, that he ſings at Graue-making?

Hor. Cuſtome hath made it in him a property of eaſineſſe.

Ham. 'Tis ee'n ſo; the hand of little Imployment hath the daintier ſenſe.

Clowne ſings.

But Age with his ſtealing ſteps
hath caught me in his clutch:
And hath ſhipped me intill the Land,
as if I had neuer beene ſuch.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once: how the knaue iowles it to th' grownd, as if it were *Caines* Iaw-bone, that did the firſt murther: It might be the Pateof a Polititian which this Aſſe o're Offices: one that could circumuent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could ſay, Good Morrow ſweet Lord: how doſt thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord ſuch a one, that prais'd my Lord ſuch ones Horſe, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why ee'n ſo: and now my Lady Wormes, Chapleſſe, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons Spade; heere's fine Reuolution, if wee had the tricke to ſee't. Did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke on't.

Clowne ſings.

A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade.
for and a ſhrowding-Sheete:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for ſuch a Gueſt is meete.

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the Scull of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his Caſes? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe's he ſuffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoueries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recouery of his Recoueries, to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchaſes, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of Indentures? the very Conueyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and muſt the Inheritor himſelfe haue no more? ha?

Hor. Not a iot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues that ſeek out aſſurance in that. I will ſpeake to this fellow: whoſe Graue's this Sir? *Sirra* 4to

Clo. Mine Sir:

O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for ſuch a Gueſt is meete.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou lieſt in't.

Clo. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lye in't, to be in't and ſay 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeſt.

Clo. 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doſt thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but reſt her Soule, ſhee's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knaue is? wee muſt ſpeake by the Carde, or equiuocation will vndoe vs: by the Lord *Horatio*, theſe three yeares I haue taken note of it, the Age is growne ſo picked, that the toe of the Peſant comes ſo neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his Kibe. How long haſt thou been a Graue-maker? follow 82

Clo. Of all the dayes i'th' yeare, I came too't that day that our laſt King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that: It was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee that was mad, and ſent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he ſent into England?

Clo. Why, becauſe he was mad; hee ſhall recouer his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham.

Ham. Why?

Clo. 'Twill not be ſeene in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very ſtrangely they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clo. Faith e'ene with looſing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clo. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bin fixeteene heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie 'ith' earth ere he rot?

Clo. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we haue many pocky Coarſes now adaies, that will ſcarce hold the laying in) he will laſt you ſome eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will laſt you nine year e.

Ham. Why he, more then another?

Clo. Why ſir, his hide is ſo tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a ſore Decayer of your horſon dead body. Heres a Scull now: this Scul, has laine in the earth three & twenty years.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clo. A whoreſon mad Fellowes it was; Whoſe doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A peſtlence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'rd a Flaggon of Reniſh on my head once. This ſame Scull Sir, this ſame Scull ſir, was *Yoricks* Scull, the Kings Ieſter.

Ham. This?

Clo: E'ene that.

Ham. Let me ſee. Alas poore *Yorick*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite Ieſt; of moſt excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thouſand times: And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge riſes at it. Heere hung thoſe lipps, that I haue kiſt I know not how oft. VVhere be your Iibes now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flaſhes of Merriment that were wont to ſet the Table on a Rore? No one now to mock your own Ieering? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour ſhe muſt come. Make her laugh at that: prythee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Doſt thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this faſhion i'th' earth?

Hor. E'ene ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo? Puh.

Hor. E'ene ſo, my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe vſes we may returne *Horatio*. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble duſt of *Alexander*, till he find it ſtopping a bunghole.

Hor. 'Twere to conſider: to curiouſly to conſider ſo.

Ham. No faith, not a iot. But to follow him thether with modeſtie enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus. *Alexander* died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into duſt; the duſt is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was conuerted) might they not ſtopp a Beere-barrell?

Imperiall *Cæſar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keepe the winde away.
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a Wall, t'expell the winters flaw.
But ſoft, but ſoft, aſide; heere comes the King.

Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant.

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,
And with ſuch maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The Coarſe they follow, did with diſperate hand,
Fore do it owne life; 'twas ſome Eſtate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Cerimony elſe?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.

Laer. What Cerimony elſe?

Prieſt. Her Obſequies haue bin as farre inlarg'd,
As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great Command, o're-ſwaies the order,
She ſhould in ground vnſanctified haue lodg'd,
Till the laſt Trumpet. For charitable praier,
Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, ſhould be thro wne on her:
Yet heere ſhe is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Muſt there no more be done?

Prieſt. No more be done:
We ſhould prophane the ſeruice of the dead,
To ſing ſage *Requiem*, and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted Soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th'earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted fleſh,
May Violets ſpring. I tell thee (churliſh Prieſt)
A Miniſtring Angell ſhall my Siſter be,
When thou lieſt howling?

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*?

Queene. Sweets, to the ſweet farewell.
I hop'd thou ſhould'ſt haue bin my *Hamlets* wife:
I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt (ſweet Maid)
And not t'haue ſtrew'd thy Graue.

Laer. Oh terrible woer,
Fall ten times trebble, on that curſed head
Whoſe wicked deed, thy moſt Ingeniouſence
Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:

Leaps in the graue.

Now pile your duſt, vpon the quicke, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,
To o're top old *Pelion*, or the skyiſh head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he, whoſe griefes
Beares ſuch an Emphaſis? whoſe phraſe of Sorrow
Coniure the wandring Starres, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy ſoule.

Ham. Thou prai'ſt not well,
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not Spleenatiue, and raſh,
Yet haue I ſomething in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiſeneſſe feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them aſunder.

Qu. Hamlet, Hamlet.

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him vppon this Theme.
Vntill my eielids will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theame?

Ham. I lou'd *Ophelia*; fortie thouſand Brothers
Could not (with all there quantitie of Loue)
Make vp my ſumme. What wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh he is mad *Laertes*,

Qu. For loue of God forbeare him.

Ham. Come ſhow me what thou'lt doe.
Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy ſelfe?
Woo't drinke vp *Eſile*, eate a Crocodile?

Ile

Ile doo't. Doſt thou come heere to whine;
To outface me with leaping in her Graue?
Be buried quicke with her, and ſo will I.
And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw
Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground
Sindging his pate againſt the burning Zone,
Make *Oſſa* like a wart. Nay, and thoul't mouth,
Ile rant as well as thou.

Kin. This is meere Madneſſe: And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:
Anon as patient as the female Doue,
When that her golden Cuplet are diſclos'd;
His ſilence will ſit drooping.

Ham. Heare you Sir:
What is the reaſon that you vſe me thus?
I loud' you euer; but it is no matter:
Let *Hercules* himſelfe doe what he may,
The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit.*

Kin. I pray you good *Horatio* wait vpon him,
Strengthen you patience in our laſt nights ſpeech,
Wee'l put the matter to the preſent puſh:
Good *Gertrude* ſet ſome watch ouer your Sonne,
This Graue ſhall haue a liuing Monument:
An houre of quiet ſhortly ſhall we ſee;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me ſee the other,
You doe remember all the Circumſtance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me ſleepe; me thought I lay
Worſe then the mutines in the Bilboes, raſhly,
(And praiſe be raſhneſſe for it) let vs know,
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerues vs well,
When our deare plots do paule, and that ſhould teach vs,
There's a Diuinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is moſt certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin
My ſea-gowne ſcarft about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to finde out them; had my deſire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making ſo bold,
(My feares forgetting manners) to vnſeale
Their grand Commiſſion, where I found *Horatio*,
Oh royall knauery: An exact command,
Larded with many ſeuerall ſorts of reaſon;
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
With hoo, ſuch Bugges and Goblins in my life,
That on the ſuperuize no leaſure bated,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the Axe,
My head ſhoud be ſtruck off.

Hor. Iſt poſſible?

Ham. Here's the Commiſſion, read it at more leyſure:
But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beſeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play. I ſate me downe,
Deuis'd a new Commiſſion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statiſts doe,
A baſeneſſe to write faire; and laboured much
How to forget that learning: but Sir now,
It did me Yeomans ſeruice: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earneſt Coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull Tributary,
As loue betweene them, as the Palme ſhould flouriſh,
As Peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten Garland weare,
And ſtand a Comma 'tweene their amities,
And many ſuch like Aſſis of great charge,
That on the view and know of theſe Contents,
Without debatement further, more or leſſe,
He ſhould the bearers put to ſodaine death,
Not ſhriuing time allowed.

Hor. How was this ſeal'd?

Ham. Why, euen in that was Heauen ordinate;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purſe,
Which was the Modell of that Daniſh Seale:
Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,
Subſcrib'd it, gau't th' impreſſion, plac't it ſafely,
The changeling neuer knowne: Now, the next day
Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was ſement,
Thou know'ſt already.

Hor. So *Guildenſterne* and *Roſincrance*, go too't.

Ham. Why man, they did make loue to this imployment
They are not neere my Conſcience; their debate
Doth by their owne inſinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baſer nature comes
Betweene the paſſe, and fell incenſed points
Of mighty oppoſites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, thinkſt thee, ſtand me now vpon
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in betweene th' election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch coozenage; is't not perfect conſcience,
To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further euill.

Hor. It muſt be ſhortly knowne to him from England
What is the iſſue of the buſineſſe there.

Ham. It will be ſhort,
The *interim's* mine, and a man life's no more
Then to ſay one: but I am very ſorry good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my ſelfe;
For by the image of my Cauſe, I ſee
The Portraiture of his; Ile count his fauours:
But ſure the brauery of his griefe did put me
Into a Towring paſſion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?

Enter young Oſricke. (marke.

Oſr. Your Lordſhip is right welcome back to Den-

Hum. I humbly thank you Sir, doſt know this waterflie?

Hor. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beaſt be Lord of Beaſts, and his Crib ſhall ſtand at the Kings Meſſe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I ſaw ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.

Oſr. Sweet Lord, if your friendſhip were at leyſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his Maieſty.

Ham. I will receiue it with all diligence of ſpirit; put your Bonet to his right vſe, 'tis for the head.

Oſr. I thanke your Lordſhip, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, beleeue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is Northerly.

Oſr. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. Mee thinkes it is very ſoultry, and hot for my Complexion.

Oſricke.

Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very ſoultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Maieſty bad me ſignifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beſeech you remember.

Ofr. Nay, in good faith, for mine eaſe in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Ofr. The ſir King ha's wag'd with him ſix Barbary Horſes, againſt the which he impon'd as I take it, ſixe French Rapiers and Poniards, with their aſſignes, as Girdle, Hangers or ſo: three of the Carriages infaith are very deare to fancy, very reſponſiue to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Ofr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would bee more Germaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our ſides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on ſixe Barbary Horſes againſt ſixe French Swords: their Aſſignes, and three liberall conceited Carriages, that's the French but againſt the Daniſh; why is this impon'd as you call it?

Ofr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen paſſes betweene you and him, hee ſhall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelue for mine, and that would come to meditate tryall, if your Lordſhip would vouchſafe the Anſwere.

Ham. How if I anſwere no?

Ofr. I meane my Lord, the oppoſition of your perſon in tryall.

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it pleaſe his Maieſtie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe; I will win for him if I can: if not, Ile gaine nothing but my ſhame, and the odde hits.

Ofr. Shall I redeliuer you ee'n ſo?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flouriſh your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your Lordſhip.

Ham. Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himſelfe, there are no tongues elſe for's tongue.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. He did Complie with his Dugge before hee ſuck't it: thus had he and mine more of the ſame Beauy that I know the droſſie age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yeſty collection, which carries them through & through the moſt fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.

Hor. You will loſe this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke ſo, ſince he went into France, I haue beene in continuall practice; I ſhall winne at the oddes: but thou wouldeſt not thinke how all heere about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is ſuch a kinde of gain-giuing as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your minde diſlike any thing, obey. I will foreſtall their repaire hither, and ſay you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a ſpeciall Prouidence in the fall of a ſparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it bee not to come, it will bee now: if it be not now; yet it will come; the readineſſe is all, ſince no man ha's ought of what he leaues. What is't to leaue betimes?

Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

Kin. Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon Sir, I've done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.
This preſence knowes,
And you muſt needs haue heard how I am puniſht
With ſore diſtraction? What I haue done
That might your nature honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madneſſe:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Neuer *Hamlet*.
If *Hamlet* from himſelfe be tane away:
And when he's not himſelfe, do's wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? His Madneſſe? If't be ſo,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
His madneſſe is poore *Hamlets* Enemy.
Sir, in this Audience,
Let my diſclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me ſo farre in your moſt generous thoughts,
That I haue ſhot mine Arrow o're the houſe,
And hurt my Mother.

Laer. I am ſatisfied in Nature,
Whoſe motiue in this caſe ſhould ſtirre me moſt
To my Reuenge. But in my termes of Honor
I ſtand aloofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by ſome elder Maſters of knowne Honor,
I haue a voyce, and preſident of peace
To keepe my name vngorg'd. But till that time,
I do receiue your offer'd loue like loue,
And wil not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,
And will this Brothers wager frankely play.
Giue vs the Foyles: Come on.

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,
Your Skill ſhall like a Starre i'th'darkeſt night,
Sticke fiery off indeede.

Laer. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the Foyles yong *Oſricke*, Couſen *Hamlet*, you know the wager.

Ham. Verie well my Lord,
Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th'weaker ſide.

King. I do not feare it,
I haue ſeene you both:
But ſince he is better'd, we haue therefore oddes.

Laer. This is too heauy,
Let me ſee another.

Ham. This likes me well,
Theſe Foyles haue all a length. *Prepare to play.*

Oſricke. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table:
If *Hamlet* giue the firſt, or ſecond hit,
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,
The King ſhal drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the Cup an vnion ſhal he throw
Richer then that, which foure ſucceſſiue Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne.

Giue

Giue me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets ſpeake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth,
Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.
Ham. Come on ſir.
Laer. Come on ſir. *They play.*
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Iudgement.
Oſr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well: againe.
King. Stay, giue me drinke.
Hamlet, this Pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health. Giue him the cup,
Trumpets ſound, and ſhot goes off.
Ham. Ile play this bout firſt, ſet by a-while.
Come: Another hit; what ſay you?
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confeſſe.
King. Our Sonne ſhall win.
Qu. He's fat, and ſcant of breath.
Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,
The Queene Carowſes to thy fortune, *Hamlet.*
Ham. Good Madam.
King. *Gertrude*, do not drinke.
Qu. I will my Lord;
I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poyſon'd Cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam,
By and by.
Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.
King. I do not thinke't.
Laer. And yet 'tis almoſt 'gainſt my conſcience.
Ham. Come for the third.
Laertes, you but dally,
I pray you paſſe with your beſt violence,
I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you ſo? Come on. *Play.*
Oſr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Haue at you now.
In ſcuffling they change Rapiers.
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay come, againe.
Oſr. Looke to the Queene there hoa.
Hor. They bleed on both ſides. How is't my Lord?
Oſr. How is't *Laertes*?
Laer. Why as a Woodcocke
To mine Sprindge, *Oſricke*, own
I am iuſtly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.
Ham. How does the Queene?
King. She ſounds to ſee them bleede.
Qu. No, no, the drinke, the drinke.
Oh my deere *Hamlet*, the drinke, the drinke,
I am poyſon'd.
Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.
Treacherie, ſeeke it out.
Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*.
Hamlet, thou art ſlaine,
No Medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;
The Treacherous Inſtrument is in thy hand,
Vnbated and envenom'd: the foule practiſe
Hath turn'd it ſelfe on me. Loe, heere I lye,
Neuer to riſe againe: Thy Mothers poyſon'd:
I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venome to thy worke.
Hurts the King.
All. Treaſon, Treaſon.
King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Heere thou inceſtuous, murdrous,
Damned Dane,
Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion heere? onize 4to
Follow my Mother. *King Dyes.*
Laer. He is iuſtly ſeru'd.
It is a poyſon temp'red by himſelfe:
Exchange forgiueneſſe with me, Noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me. *Dyes.*
Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew,
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience to this acte: ah 32
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is ſtrick'd in his Arreſt) oh I could tell you. Wit 32
But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,
Thou liu'ſt, report me and my cauſes right
To the vnſatisfied.
Hor. Neuer beleeue it.
I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
Heere's yet ſome Liquor left.
Ham. As th'art a man, giue me the Cup.
Let go, by Heauen Ile haue't.
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name, God m.e.
(Things ſtanding thus vnknowne) ſhall liue behind me.
If thou did'ſt euer hold me in thy heart,
Abſent thee from felicitie awhile,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in paine,
To tell my Storie.
March afarre off, and ſhout within.
What warlike noyſe is this?

Enter Oſricke.

Oſr. Yong *Fortinbras*, with conqueſt come frõ Poland
To th'Ambaſſadors of England giues rhis warlike volly.
Ham. O I dye *Horatio:*
The potent poyſon quite ore-crowes my ſpirit,
I cannot liue to heare the Newes from England,
But I do propheſie th'election lights
On *Fortinbras*, he ha's my dying voyce,
So tell him with the occurrents more and leſſe,
Which haue ſolicited. The reſt is ſilence. O, o, o, o. *Dyes*
Hora. Now cracke a Noble heart:
Goodnight ſweet Prince,
And flights of Angels ſing thee to thy reſt,
Why do's the Drumme come hither?

Enter Fortinbras and Engliſh Ambaſſador, with Drumme, Colours, and Attendants.

Fortin. Where is this ſight?
Hor. What is it ye would ſee;
If ought of woe, or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.
For. His quarry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,
What feaſt is toward in thine eternall Cell.
That thou ſo many Princes, at a ſhoote,
So bloodily haſt ſtrooke.
Amb. The ſight is diſmall,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are ſenſeleſſe that ſhould giue vs hearing,
To tell him his comma nd'ment is fulfill'd,

That *Roſincrance* and *Guildenſterne* are dead:
Where ſhould we haue our thankes?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you:
He neuer gaue command'ment for their death.
But ſince ſo iumpe vpon this bloodie queſtion,
You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are heere arriued. Giue order that theſe bodies
High on a ſtage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeake to th'yet vnknowing world,
How theſe things came about. So ſhall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgements, caſuall ſlaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cauſe,
And in this vpſhot, purpoſes miſtooke,
Falne on the Inuentors heads. All this can I
Truly deliuer.
For. Let vs haſt to heare it,
And call the Nobleſt to the Audience.
For me, with ſorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I haue ſome Rites of memory in this Kingdome,
Which are ro claime, my vantage doth
Inuite me,
Hor. Of that I ſhall haue alwayes cauſe to ſpeake,
And from his mouth
Whoſe voyce will draw on more:
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd,
Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Leſt more miſchance
On plots, and errors happen.
For. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To haue prou'd moſt royally:
And for his paſſage,
The Souldiours Muſicke, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him.
Take vp the body; Such a ſight as this
Becomes the Field, but heere ſhewes much amis.
Go, bid the Souldiers ſhoote.

Exeunt Marching: after the which, a Peale of Ordenance are ſhot off.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF
KING LEAR.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Kent, Glouceſter, and Edmond.

Kent.

I Thought the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany*, then *Cornwall*. omitted 8vo

Glou. It did alwayes ſeeme ſo to vs: But now in the diuiſion of the Kingdome, it appeares not which of the Dukes hee valewes moſt, for qualities are ſo weigh'd, that curioſity in neither, can make choiſe of eithers moity. equalities 1st 4to

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

Glou. His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I haue ſo often bluſh'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd too't.

Kent. I cannot conceiue you.

Glou. Sir, this yong Fellowes mother could; whereupon ſhe grew round womb'd, and had indeede (Sir) a Sonne for her Cradle, ere ſhe had a husband for her bed. Do you ſmell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wiſh the fault vndone, the iſſue of it, being ſo proper.

Glou. But I haue a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, ſome yeere elder then this; who, yet is no deerer in my account, though this Knaue came ſomthing ſawcily to the world before he was ſent for: yet was his Mother fayre, there was good ſport at his making, and the horſon muſt be acknowledged. Doe you know this Noble Gentleman, *Edmond*? Noblema

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glou. My Lord of Kent:
Remember him heereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

Edm. My ſeruices to your Lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt loue you, and ſue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy deſeruing.

Glou. He hath bin out nine yeares, and away he ſhall againe. The King is comming. Trumpet Sound within m.e.

Sennet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, Gloſter.

Glou. I ſhall, my Lord. Exeunt Glo. & Edward m.e *Exit.*

Lear. Meane time we ſhal expreſſe our darker purpoſe. Giue me the Map there. Know, that we haue diuided In three our Kingdome: and 'tis our faſt intent, firſt 4to To ſhake all Cares and Buſineſſe from our Age, Conferring them on yonger ſtrengths, while we of our state 4to Vnburthen'd crawle toward death. Our ſon of *Cornwal*, And you our no leſſe louing Sonne of *Albany*,

These lines omitted in 4tos
We haue this houre a conſtant will to publiſh
Our daughters ſeuerall Dowers, that future ſtrife
May be preuented now. The Princes, *France* & *Burgundy*,
Great Riuals in our yongeſt daughters loue,
Long in our Court, haue made their amorous ſoiourne,
And heere are to be anſwer'd. Tell me my daughters
(Since now we will diueſt vs both of Rule, three omitted in 4tos
Intereſt of Territory, Cares of State)
Which of you ſhall we ſay doth loue vs moſt,
That we, our largeſt bountie may extend
Where Nature doth with merit challenge. Gonerill
Our eldeſt borne, ſpeake firſt. where merit doth most challenge it 4tos m.c
Gon. Sir, I loue you more then word can weild y matter,
Deerer then eye-ſight, ſpace, and libertie,
Beyond what can be valewed, rich or rare,
No leſſe then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor:
As much as Childe ere lou'd, or Father found.
A loue that makes breath poore, and ſpeech vnable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I loue you.
Cor. What ſhall *Cordelia* ſpeake? Loue, and be ſilent. Aside
Lear. Of all theſe bounds euen from this Line, to this,
With ſhadowie Forreſts, and with Champains rich'd
With plenteous Riuers, and wide-skirted Meades
We make thee Lady. To thine and *Albanies* iſſues
Be this perpetuall. What ſayes our ſecond Daughter?
Our deereſt *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall*? to m.c. Speak
Reg. I am made of that ſelfe-mettle as my Siſter,#
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,
I finde ſhe names my very deede of loue:
Onely ſhe comes too ſhort, that I profeſſe
My ſelfe an enemy to all other ioyes,
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſenſe profeſſes,
And finde I am alone felicitate
In your deere Highneſſe loue.
Cor. Then poore *Cordelia*, Aside
And yet not ſo, ſince I am ſure my loue's
More ponderous then my tongue. richer 4tos
Lear. To thee, and thine hereditarie euer,
Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome,
No leſſe in ſpace, validitie, and pleaſure
Then that conferr'd on *Gonerill*. Now our Ioy, Confirm'd m.c.
Although our laſt and leaſt; to whoſe yong loue,
The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie,
Striue to be intereſt. What can you ſay, to draw wrn 4tos
A third, more opilent then your Siſters? ſpeake.
Cor. Nothing my Lord.
Lear. Nothing?

Do. m.c / Aside m.c
2 words not in the 4tos
m.c nothin 4to

Sir I am made of the ſelfe ſame mettle that my Sister is - 4tos

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* - - - - - - - - Now our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The Vines of France, and Milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interess'd.
m.c.

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, ſpeake againe.

Cor. Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heaue
My heart into my mouth: I loue your Maieſty
According to my bond, no more nor leſſe.

Lear. How, how *Cordelia*? Mend your ſpeech a little,
Leaſt you may marre your Fortunes.

Cor. Good my Lord,
You haue begot me, bred me, lou'd me.
I returne thoſe duties backe as are right fit,
Obey you, Loue you, and moſt Honour you.
Why haue my Siſters Husbands, if they ſay
They loue you all? Happily when I ſhall wed,
That Lord, whoſe hand muſt take my plight, ſhall carry
Halfe my loue with him, halfe my Care, and Dutie,
Sure I ſhall neuer marry like my Siſters.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. I my good Lord.

Lear. So young, and ſo vntender?

Cor. So young my Lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be ſo, thy truth then be thy dowre:
For by the ſacred radience of the Sunne,
The miſeries of *Heccat* and the night:
By all the operation of the Orbes,
From whom we do exiſt, and ceaſe to be,
Heere I diſclaime all my Paternall care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for euer. The barbarous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation meſſes
To gorge his appetite, ſhall to my boſome
Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and releeu'd,
As thou my ſometime Daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege.

Lear. Peace *Kent*,
Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath,
I lou'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my reſt
On her kind nurſery. Hence and avoid my ſight:
So be my graue my peace, as here I giue
Her Fathers heart from her; call *France*, who ſtirres?
Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albanie*,
With my two Daughters Dowres, digeſt the third,
Let pride, which ſhe cals plainneſſe, marry her:
I doe inueſt you ioyntly with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troope with Maieſty. Our ſelfe by Monthly courſe,
With reſeruation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turne, onely we ſhall retaine
The name, and all th'addition to a King: the Sway,
Reuennew Execution of the reſt,
Beloued Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,
This Coronet part betweene you.

Kent. Royall *Lear*,
Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,
Lou'd as my Father, as my Maſter follow'd,
As my great Patron thought on in my praiers.

Le. The bow is bent & drawne, make from the ſhaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the forke inuade
The region of my heart, be *Kent* vnmannerly,
When *Lear* is mad, what wouldeſt thou do old man?
Think'ſt thou that dutie ſhall haue dread to ſpeake,
When power to flattery bowes?
To plainneſſe honour's bound,
When Maieſty falls to folly, reſerue thy ſtate,
And in thy beſt conſideration checke
This hideous raſhneſſe, anſwere my life, my iudgement:
Thy yongeſt Daughter do's not loue thee leaſt,
Nor are thoſe empty hearted, whoſe low ſounds
Reuerbe no hollowneſſe.

Lear. *Kent*, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I neuer held but as pawne
To wage againſt thine enemies, nere feare to looſe it,
Thy ſafety being motiue.

Lear. Out of my ſight.

Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me ſtill remaine
The true blanke of thine eie.

Kear. Now by *Apollo*,

Lent. Now by *Apollo*, King
Thou ſwear.ſt thy Gods in vaine.

Lear. O Vaſſall! Miſcreant.

Alb. Cor. Deare Sir forbeare.

Kent. Kill thy Phyſition, and thy fee beſtow
Vpon the foule diſeaſe, reuoke thy guift,
Or whil'ſt I can vent clamour from my throate,
Ile tell thee thou doſt euill.

Lea. Heare me recreant, on thine allegeance heare me;
That thou haſt fought to make vs breake our vowes,
Which we durſt neuer yet; and with ſtrain'd pride,
To come betwixt our ſentences, and our power,
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare;
Our potencie made good, take thy reward.
Fiue dayes we do allot thee for prouiſion,
To ſhield thee from diſaſters of the world,
And on the ſixt to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our kingdome; if on the tenth day following,
Thy baniſht trunke be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away. By *Iupiter*,
This ſhall not be reuok'd,

Kent. Fare thee well King, ſith thus thou wilt appeare,
Freedome liues hence, and baniſhment is here;
The Gods to their deere ſhelter take thee Maid,
That iuſtly think'ſt, and haſt moſt rightly ſaid:
And your large ſpeeches, may your deeds approue,
That good effects may ſpring from words of loue:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adew,
Hee'l ſhape his old courſe, in a Country new. *Exit.*

Flouriſh. Enter Gloſter with France, and Burgundy, Attendants.

Cor. Heere's *France* and *Burgundy*, my Noble Lord.

Lear. My Lord of *Bugundie*,
We firſt addreſſe toward you, who with this King
Hath riuald for our Daughter; what in the leaſt
Will you require in preſent Dower with her,
Or ceaſe your queſt of Loue?

Bur. Moſt Royall Maieſty,
I craue no more then hath your Highneſſe offer'd,
Nor will you tender leſſe?

Lear. Right Noble *Burgundy*,
When ſhe was deare to vs, we did hold her ſo,
But now her price is fallen: Sir, there ſhe ſtands,
If ought within that little ſeeming ſubſtance,
Or all of it with our diſpleaſure piec'd,
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,
Shee's there, and ſhe is yours.

Bur. I know no anſwer.

Lear. Will you with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,
Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dow'rd with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oath,
Take her or, leaue her.

Bur. Par-

× When Majeſty ſtoops to Folly. Reſerue thy State.

Bur. Pardon me Royall Sir,
Election makes not vp in ſuch conditions.
Le. Then leaue her ſir, for by the powre that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,
I would not from your loue make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beſeech you
T'auert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whom Nature is aſham'd
Almoſt t'acknowledge hers.
Fra. This is moſt ſtrange,
That ſhe whom euen but now, was your obiect, *Qu 32*
The argument of your praiſe, balme of your age,
The beſt, the decreſt, ſhould in this trice of time
Commit a thing ſo monſtrous, to diſmantle
So many folds of fauour: ſure her offence
Muſt be of ſuch vnnaturall degree,
That monſters it: Or your fore-voucht affection
Fall into taint, which to beleeue of her
Muſt be a faith that reaſon without miracle
Should neuer plant in me.
Cor. I yet beſeech your Maieſty.
If for I want that glib and oylie Art,
To ſpeake and purpoſe not, ſince what I will intend,
Ile do't before I ſpeake, that you make knowne
It is no vicious blot, murther, or fouleneſſe,
No vnchaſte action or diſhonoured ſtep
That hath depriu'd me of your Grace and fauour,
But euen for want of that, for which I am richer,
A ſtill ſoliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue,
That I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,
Hath loſt me in your liking.
Lear. Better thou had'ſt'
Not beene borne, then not t haue pleas'd me better.
Fra. Is it but this? A tardineſſe in nature,
Which often leaues the hiſtory vnſpoke
That it intends to do: my Lord of *Burgundy*,
What ſay you to the Lady? Loue's not loue
When it is mingled with regards, that ſtands *Respects m.c.*
Aloofe from th'intire point, will you haue her?
She is herſelfe a Dowrie.
Bur. RoyallKing, *Lear m.c.*
Giue but that portion which your ſelfe propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Dutcheſſe of *Burgundie*.
Lear. Nothing, I haue ſworne, I am firme.
Bur. I am ſorry then you haue ſo loſt a Father,
That you muſt looſe a husband.
Cor. Peace be with *Burgundie*,
Since that reſpect and Fortunes are his loue,
I ſhall not be his wife.
Fra. Faireſt *Cordelia*, that art moſt rich being poore,
Moſt choiſe forſaken, and moſt lou'd deſpis'd,
Thee and thy vertues here I ſeize vpon,
Be it lawfull I take vp what's caſt away.
Gods, Gods! 'Tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt neglect
My Loue ſhould kindle to enflam'd reſpect.
Thy dowreleſſe Daughter King, throwne to my chance,
Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France*:
Not all the Dukes of watriſh *Burgundy*,
Can buy this vnpriz'd precious Maid of me.
Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though vnkinde,
Thou looſeſt here a better where to finde.
Lear. Thou haſt her *France*, let her be thine, for we
Haue no ſuch Daughter, nor ſhall euer ſee
That face of hers againe, therfore be gone,
Without our Grace, our Loue, our Benizon:
Come Noble *Burgundie*. *Flouriſh. Exeunt.*
Fra. Bid farwell to your Siſters.
Cor. The Iewels of our Father, with waſh'd eies
Cordelia leaues you, I know you what you are,
And like a Siſter am moſt loth to call
Your faults as they are named. Loue well our Father: *Vse m.c. Qu to*
To your profeſſed boſomes I commit him,
But yet alas, ſtood I within his Grace,
I would prefer him to a better place,
So farewell to you both.
Regn. Preſcribe not vs our dutie.
Gon. Let your ſtudy
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiu'd you
At Fortunes almes, you haue obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the want that you haue wanted.
Cor. Time ſhall vnfold what plighted cunning hides,
Who couers faults, at laſt with ſhame derides: ✕
Well may you proſper. ✕ *Who covers faults at last shame them derides m.c.*
Fra. Come my faire *Cordelia*. *Exit France and Cor.* *Exeunt Fr & C*
Gon. Siſter, it is not little I haue to ſay,
Of what moſt neerely appertaines to vs both,
I thinke our Father will hence to night. (with vs.
Reg. That's moſt certaine, and with you: next moneth
Gon. You ſee how full of changes his age is, the obſeruation we haue made of it hath beene little; he alwaies lou'd our Siſter moſt, and with what poore iudgement he hath now caſt her off, appeares too groſſely. *too Qu 32*
Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath euer but ſlenderly knowne himſelfe.
Gon. The beſt and foundeſt of his time hath bin but raſh, then muſt we looke from his age, to receiue not alone the imperfections of long ingraffed condition, but therewithall the vnruly way-wardneſſe, that infirme and cholericke yeares bring with them.
Reg. Such vnconſtant ſtarts are we like to haue from him, as this of *Kents* baniſhment.
Gon. There is further complement of leaue-taking betweene *France* and him, pray you let vs ſit together, if our *Sit m.c. Qu to*
Father carry authority with ſuch diſpoſition as he beares, this laſt ſurrender of his will but offend vs.
Reg. We ſhall further thinke of it.
Gon. We muſt do ſomething, and i'th'heate. *Exeunt.*

Act 3.

Scena Secunda. *Qu 32*

A Hall in the Earl of Gloſters Caſtle m.c.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Thou Nature art my Goddeſſe, to thy Law
My ſeruices are bound, wherefore ſhould I
Stand in the plague of cuſtome, and permit
The curioſity of Nations, to depriue me?
For that I am ſome twelue, or fourteene Moonſhines
Lag of a Brother? Why Baſtard? Wherefore baſe?
When my Dimenſions are as well compact,
My minde as generous, and my ſhape as true
As honeſt Madams iſſue? Why brand they vs
With Baſe? With baſenes Barſtadie? Baſe, Baſe?
Who in the luſtie ſtealth of Nature, take
More compoſition, and fierce qualitie,
Then doth within a dull ſtale tyred bed
Goe to th'creating a whole tribe of Fops
Got 'tweene a ſleepe, and wake? Well then,
Legitimate *Edgar*, I muſt haue your land,
Our Farhers loue, is to the Baſtard *Edmond*,
As to th'legitimate: fine word: Legitimate.

Well, my Legittimate, if this Letter ſpeed,
And my inuention thriue, *Edmond* the baſe
Shall to'th'Legitimate: I grow, I proſper:
Now Gods, ſtand vp for Baſtards.

Enter Glouceſter.

Glo. Kent baniſh'd thus? and France in choller parted?
And the King gone to night? Preſcrib'd his powre,
Confin'd to exhibition? All this done
Vpon the gad? *Edmond*, how now? What newes?

Baſt. So pleaſe your Lordſhip, none.

Glou. Why ſo earneſtly ſeeke you to put vp ỹ Letter?

Baſt. I know no newes, my Lord.

Glou. What Paper were you reading?

Baſt. Nothing my Lord.

Glou. No? what needed then that terrible diſpatch of it into your Pocket? The quality of nothing, hath not ſuch neede to hide it ſelfe. Let's ſee: come, if it bee nothing, I ſhall not neede Spectacles.

Baſt. I beſeech you Sir, pardon mee; it is a Letter from my Brother, that I haue not all ore-read; and for ſo much as I haue perus'd, I finde it not fit for your ore-looking.

Glou. Giue me the Letter, Sir.

Baſt. I ſhall offend, either to detaine, or giue it:
The Contents, as in part I vnderſtand them,
Are too blame.

Glou. Let's ſee, let's ſee.

Baſt. I hope for my Brothers iuſtification, hee wrote this but as an eſſay, or taſte of my Vertue.

Glou. reads. This policie, and reuerence of Age, makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times: keepes our Fortunes from vs, till our oldneſſe cannot relliſh them. I begin to finde an idle and fond bondage, in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny, who ſwayes not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffer'd. Come to me, that of this I may ſpeake more. If our Father would ſleepe till I wak'd him, you ſhould enioy halfe his Reuennew for euer, and liue the beloued of your Brother. Edgar.
Hum? Conſpiracy? Sleepe till I wake him, you ſhould enioy halfe his Reuennew: my Sonne *Edgar*, had hee a hand to write this? A heart and braine to breede it in? When came you to this? Who brought it?

Baſt. It was not brought mee, my Lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it throwne in at the Caſement of my Cloſſet.

Glou. You know the character to be your Brothers?

Baſt. If the matter were good my Lord, I durſt ſwear it were his: but in reſpect of that, I would faine thinke it were not.

Glou. It is his.

Baſt. It is his hand, my Lord: but I hope his heart is not in the Contents.

Glo. Has he neuer before founded you in this buſines?

Baſt. Neuer my Lord. But I haue heard him oft maintaine it to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers declin'd, the Father ſhould bee as Ward to the Son, and the Sonne manage his Reuennew.

Glou. O Villain, villain: his very opinion in the Letter. Abhorred Villaine, vnnaturall, deteſted, brutiſh Villaine; worſe then brutiſh: Go ſirrah, ſeeke him: Ile apprehend him. Abhominable Villaine, where is he?

Baſt. I do not well know my L. If it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my Brother, til you can deriue from him better teſtimony of his intent, you ſhould run a certaine courſe: where, if you violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your owne Honor, and ſhake in peeces, the heart of his obedience. I dare pawne downe my life for him, that he hath writ this to feele my affection to your Honor, & to no other pretence of danger.

Glou. Thinke you ſo?

Baſt. If your Honor iudge it meete, I will place you where you ſhall heare vs conferre of this, and by an Auricular aſſurance haue your ſatisfaction, and that without any further delay, then this very Euening.

Glou. He cannot bee ſuch a Monſter* *Edmond* ſeeke him out: winde me into him, I pray you: frame the Buſineſſe after your owne wiſedome. I would vnſtate my ſelfe, to be in a due reſolution.

Baſt. I will ſeeke him Sir, preſently: conuey the buſineſſe as I ſhall find meanes, and acquaint you withall.

Glou. Theſe late Eclipſes in the Sun and Moone portend no good to vs: though the wiſedome of Nature can reaſon it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it ſelfe ſcourg'd by the ſequent effects. Loue cooles, friendſhip falls off, Brothers diuide. In Cities, mutinies; in Countries, diſcord; in Pallaces, Treaſon; and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt Sonne and Father. This villaine of mine comes vnder the prediction; there's Son againſt Father, the King fals from byas of Nature, there's Father againſt Childe. We haue ſeene the beſt of our time. Machinations, hollowneſſe, treacherie, and all ruinous diſorders follow vs diſquietly to our Graues. Find out this Villain *Edmond*, it ſhall loſe thee nothing, do it carefully: and the Noble & true-harted Kent baniſh'd; his offence, honeſty. 'Tis ſtrange. *Exit*

Baſt. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are ſicke in fortune, often the ſurfets of our own behauiour, we make guilty of our diſaſters, the Sun, the Moone, and Starres, as if we were villaines on neceſſitie, Fooles by heauenly compulſion, Knaues, Theeues, and Treachers by Sphericall predominance. Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an inforc'd obedience of Planatary influence; and all that we are euill in, by a diuine thruſting on. An admirable euaſion of Whore-maſter-man, to lay his Goatiſh diſpoſition on the charge of a Starre, My father compounded with my mother vnder the Dragons taile, and my Natiuity was vnder *Vrſa Maior*, ſo that it followes, I am rough and Leacherous. I ſhould haue bin that I am, had the maidenleſt Starre in the Firmament twinkled on my baſtardizing.

Enter Edgar.

Pat: he comes like the Cataſtrophe of the old Comedie: my Cue is villanous Melancholly, with a ſighe like *Tom* o'Bedlam.———O theſe Eclipſes do portend theſe diuiſions. Fa, Sol, La, Me.

Edg. How now Brother *Edmond*, what ſerious contemplation are you in?

Baſt. I am thinking Brother of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe Eclipſes.

Edg. Do you buſie your ſelfe with that?

Baſt. I promiſe you, the effects he writes of, ſucceede vnhappily. When ſaw you my Father laſt?

Edg. The night gone by.

Baſt. Spake you with him?

Edg. I, two houres together.

Baſt. Parted you in good termes? Found you no diſpleaſure in him, by word, nor countenance?

Edg. None at all,

Baſt. Bethink your ſelfe wherein you may haue offended him: and at my entreaty forbeare his preſence, vntill ſome little time hath qualified the heat of his diſpleaſure, which at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that with the miſ-

* Nor is not ſure

chiefe

chiefe of your perſon, it would ſcarſely alay.

Edg. Some Villaine hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my feare, I pray you haue a continent forbearance till the ſpeed of his rage goes ſlower: and as I ſay, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to heare my Lord ſpeake: pray ye goe, there's my key: if you do ſtirre abroad, goe arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, Brother? "The last 6 lines omitted in the 4to"

Edm. Brother, I aduiſe you to the beſt, I am no honeſt man, if ther be any good meaning toward you: I haue told you what I haue ſeene, and heard: But faintly. Nothing like the image, and horror of it, pray you away.

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon? *Exit.*

Edm. I do ſerue you in this buſineſſe:
A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble,
Whoſe nature is ſo farre from doing harmes,
That he ſuſpects none: on whoſe fooliſh honeſtie
My practiſes ride eaſie: I ſee the buſineſſe.
Let me, if not by birth, haue lands by wit,
All with me's meete, that I can faſhion fit. *Exit.*

Act I. Sc 31

Scena Tertia.

A room in the Duke of Albany's Palace. m.e.

Enter Gonerill, and Steward.

Gon. Did my Father ſtrike my Gentleman for chiding of his Foole?

Ste. I Madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me, euery howre
He flaſhes into one groſſe crime, or other,
That ſets vs all at ods: Ile not endure it;
His Knights grow riotous, and himſelfe vpbraides vs
On euery trifle. When he returnes fromhunting,
I will not ſpeake with him, ſay I am ſicke,
If you come ſlacke of former ſeruices,
You ſhall do well, the fault of it Ile anſwer.

Ste. He's comming Madam, I heare him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you pleaſe,
You and your Fellowes: I'de haue it come to queſtion;
If he diſtaſte it, let him to my Siſter,
Whoſe mind and mine I know in that are one, not to be
Remember what I haue ſaid. ^

Ste. Well Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights haue colder lookes among you: what growes of it no matter, aduiſe your fellowes ſo, Ile write ſtraight to my Siſter to hold my courſe; prepare for dinner. ^ Not to be over-ruled — idle and former *Exeunt.*

What Still would manage those authorities
That he has given away! Now by my life
Old fools are Babes again: and must be used
With checks as flatteries when they are seen abused.

Scena Quarta.

Sc 32 m.e.

A Hall in the same m.e.

Enter Kent. Disguised m.e.

Well 32

Kent. If but as will I other accents borrow,
That can my ſpeech defuſe, my good intent
May carry through it ſelfe to that full iſſue
For which I raiz'd my likeneſſe. Now baniſht *Kent*,
If thou canſt ſerue where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy Maſter whom thou lou'ſt,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Hornes within. Enter Lear and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not ſtay a iot for dinner, go get it ready: hownow, what art thou?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſſe? What would'ſt thou with vs?

Kent. I do profeſſe to be no leſſe then I ſeeme; to ſerue him truely that will put me in truſt, to loue him that is honeſt, to conuerſe with him that is wiſe and ſaies little, to feare iudgement, to fight when I cannot chooſe, and to eate no fiſh.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt hearted Fellow, and as poore as the King.

Lear. If thou be'ſt as poore for a ſubiect, as hee's for a King, thou art poore enough. What wouldſt thou?

Kent. Seruice.

Lear. Who wouldſt thou ſerue? whom /32

Kent. You.

Lear. Do'ſt thou know me fellow?

Kent. No Sir, but you haue that in your countenance, which I would faine call Maſter.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What ſeruices canſt thou do?

Kent. I can keepe honeſt counſaile, ride, run, marre a curious tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine meſſage bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the beſt of me, is Dilligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo young Sir to loue a woman for ſinging, nor ſo old to dote on her for any thing. I haue yeares on my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou ſhalt ſerue me, if I like thee no worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner ho, dinner, where's my knaue? my Foole? Go you and call my Foole hither. You you Sirrah, where's my Daughter?

Enter Steward.

Ste. So pleaſe you——— *Exit.*

Lear. What ſaies the Fellow there? Call the Clotpole backe: wher's my Foole? Ho, I thinke the world's aſleepe, how now? Where's that Mungrell?

Knigh. He ſaies my Lord, your Daughters is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlaue backe to me when I call'd him?

Knigh. Sir, he anſwered me in the roundeſt manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my iudgement your Highneſſe is not entertain'd with that Ceremonious affection as you were wont, theres a great abatement of kindneſſe appeares as well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himſelfe alſo, and your Daughter.

Lear. Ha? Saiſt thou ſo?

Knigh. I beſeech you pardon me my Lord, if I bee miſtaken, for my duty cannot be ſilent, when I thinke your Highneſſe wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembreſt me of mine owne Conception, I haue perceiued a moſt faint neglect of late, which I haue rather blamed as mine owne iealous curioſitie, then as a very pretence and purpoſe of vnkindneſſe; I will looke further intoo't: but where's my Foole? I haue not ſeene him this two daies.

Knight. Since my young Ladies going into *France* Sir.

195.

^ after adverse your fellows so — There is in their Edn
I would heed from hence occasions and I shall,
What I may speak: I'll write it from the 4to

Sir, the Foole hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I haue noted it well, goe you and tell my Daughter, I would ſpeake with her. Goe you call hither my Foole; Oh you Sir, you, come you hither Sir, who am I Sir?

Enter Steward.

Ste. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies Father? my Lords knaue, you whorſon dog, you ſlaue, you curre.

Ste. I am none of theſe my Lord, I beſeech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy lookes with me, you Raſcall?

Ste. Ile not be ſtrucken my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you baſe Foot-ball plaier.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow. Thou ſeru'ſt me, and Ile loue thee.

Kent. Come ſir, ariſe, away, Ile teach you differences: away, away, if you will meaſure your lubbers length againe, tarry, but away, goe too, haue you wiſedome, ſo.

Lear. Now my friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's earneſt of thy ſeruice.

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knaue, how doſt thou?

Foole. Sirrah, you were beſt take my Coxcombe.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Foole. Why? for taking ones part that's out of fauour, nay, & thou canſt not ſmile as the wind ſits, thou'lt catch colde ſhortly, there take my Coxcombe; why this fellow ha's baniſh'd two on's Daughters, and did the third a bleſſing againſt his will, if thou follow him, thou muſt needs weare my Coxcombe. How now Nunckle? would I had two Coxcombes and two Daughters.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Fool. If I gaue them all my liuing, I'ld keepe my Coxcombes my ſelfe, there's mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

Lear. Take heed Sirrah, the whip.

Foole. Truth's a dog muſt to kennell, hee muſt bee whipt out, when the Lady Brach may ſtand by'th'fire and ſtinke.

Lear. A peſtilent gall to me.

Foole. Sirha, Ile teach thee a ſpeech.

Lear. Do.

Foole. Marke it Nuncle;
Haue more then thou ſhoweſt,
Speake leſſe then thou knoweſt,
Lend leſſe then thou oweſt,
Ride more then thou goeſt,
Learne more then thou troweſt,
Set leſſe then thou throweſt;
Leaue thy drinke and thy whore,
And keepe in a dore,
And thou ſhalt haue more,
Then two tens to a ſcore.

Kent. This is nothing Foole.

Foole. Then 'tis like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer, you gaue me nothing for't, can you make no vſe of nothing Nuncle?

Lear. Why no Boy,
Nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foole. Prythee tell him, ſo much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleeue a Foole.

Lear. A bitter Foole.

Foole. Do'ſt thou know the difference my Boy, betweene a bitter Foole, and a ſweet one.

Lear. No Lad, teach me.

Foole. Nunckle, giue me an egge, and Ile giue thee two Crownes.

Lear. What two Crownes ſhall they be?

Foole. Why after I haue cut the egge i'th'middle and eate vp the meate, the two Crownes of the egge: when thou cloueſt thy Crownes i'th'middle, and gau'ſt away both parts, thou boar'ſt thine Aſſe on thy backe o're the durt, thou had'ſt little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gau'ſt thy golden one away; if I ſpeake like my ſelfe in this, let him be whipt that firſt findes it ſo.
Fooles had nere leſſe grace in a yeere,
For wiſemen are growne foppiſh,
And know not how their wits to weare,
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

Le. When were you wont to be ſo full of Songs ſirrah?

Foole. I haue vſed it Nunckle, ere ſince thou mad'ſt thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gau'ſt them the rod, and put'ſt downe thine owne breeches, then they
For ſodaine ioy did weepe,
And I for ſorrow ſung,
That ſuch a King ſhould play bo-peepe,
And goe the Foole among.
Pry'thy Nunckle keepe a Schoolemaſter that can teach thy Foole to lie, I would faine learne to lie.

Lear. And you lie ſirrah, wee'l haue you whipt.

Foole. I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l haue me whipt for ſpeaking true: thou'lt haue me whipt for lying, and ſometimes I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing then a foole, and yet I would not be thee Nunckle, thou haſt pared thy wit o'both ſides, and left nothing i'th'middle; heere comes one o'the parings.

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now Daughter? what makes that Frontlet on? You are too much of late i'th'frowne.

Foole. Thou waſt a pretty fellow when thou hadſt no need to care for her frowning, now thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Foole, thou art nothing. Yes forſooth I will hold my tongue, ſo your face bids me, though you ſay nothing.
Mum, mum, he that keepes nor cruſt, nor crum,
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome. That's a ſheal'd Peſcod.

Gon. Not only Sir this, your all-lycenc'd Foole,
But other of your inſolent retinue
Do hourely Carpe and Quarrell, breaking forth
In ranke, and (not to be endur'd) riots Sir.
I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you,
To haue found a ſafe redreſſe, but now grow fearefull
By what your ſelfe too late haue ſpoke and done,
That you protect this courſe, and put it on
By your allowance, which if you ſhould, the fault
Would not ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſes ſleepe,
Which in the tender of a wholeſome weale,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which elſe were ſhame, that then neceſſitie
Will call di ſcreet proceeding.

Foole. For you know Nunckle, the Hedge-Sparrow fed the Cuckoo ſo long, that it's had it head bit off by it young, ſo out went the Candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our Daughter? (dome

Gon. I would you would make vſe of your good wiſe-
(Whereof I know you are fraught), and put away
Theſe diſpoſitions, which of late tranſport you
From what you rightly are.

Foole. May

Foole. May not an Aſſe know, when the Cart drawes the Horſe?
Whoop Iugge, I loue thee.
Lear. Do's any heere know me?
This is not *Lear*:
Do's *Lear* walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his eies?
Either his Notion weakens, his Diſcernings
Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not ſo? Sleeping or
Who is it that can tell me who I am? Waking - 'tis not ſo — m.c.
Foole. Lears ſhadow. For 6 confused lines are here omitted in Shes m
Lear. Your name, faire Gentlewoman?
Gon. This admiration Sir, is much o'th'ſauour
Of other your new prankes. I do beſeech you
To vnderſtand my purpoſes aright:
As you are Old, and Reuerend, ſhould be Wiſe.
Heere do you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires,
Men ſo diſorder'd, ſo deboſh'd, and bold,
That this our Court infected with their manners,
Shewes like a riotous Inne; Epicuriſme and Luſt
Makes it more like a Tauerne, or a Brothell,
Then a grac'd Pallace. The ſhame itſelfe doth ſpeake
For inſtant remedy. Be then deſir'd
By her, that elſe will take the thing ſhe begges,
A little to diſquantity your Traine,
And the remainders that ſhall ſtill depend, omitted m.c.
To be ſuch men as may beſort your Age,
Which know themſelues, and you.
Lear. Darkneſſe, and Diuels.
Saddle my horſes: call my Traine together.
Degenerate Baſtard, Ile not trouble thee;
Yet haue I left a daughter.
Gon. You ſtrike my people, and your diſorder'd rable,
make Seruants of their Betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents: O, Sir are you come? [to Albany m.c.
Is it your will, ſpeake Sir? Prepare my Horſes.
Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous when thou ſhew'ſt thee in a Child,
Then the Sea-monſter.
Alb. Pray Sir be patient.
Lear. Deteſted Kite, thou lyeſt.
My Traine are men of choice, and rareſt parts,
That all particulars of dutie know,
And in the moſt exact regard, ſupport
The worſhips of their name. O moſt ſmall fault,
How vgly did'ſt thou in *Cordelia* ſhew?
Which like an Engine, wrencht my frame of Nature
From the fixt place: drew from my heart all loue,
And added to the gall. O *Lear*, *Lear*, *Lear*!
Beate at this gate that let thy Folly in, Striking his forehead
And thy deere Iudgement out. Go, go, my people. m.c.
Alb. My Lord, I am guiltleſſe, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moued you.
Lear. It may be ſo, my Lord.
Heare Nature, heare deere Goddeſſe, heare:
Suſpend thy purpoſe, if thou did'ſt intend
To make this Creature fruitfull:
Into her Wombe conuey ſtirrility,
Drie vp in her the Organs of increaſe,
And from her derogate body, neuer ſpring
A Babe to honor her. If ſhe muſt teeme,
Create her childe of Spleene, that it may liue
And be a thwart diſnatur'd torment to her.
Let it ſtampe wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent Teares fret Channels in her cheekes,
Turne all her Mothers paines, and benefits
To laughter, and contempt: That ſhe may feele,
How ſharper then a Serpents tooth it is,
To haue a thankleſſe Childe. Away, away. *Exit.*
Alb. Now Gods that we adore,
Whereof comes this?
Gon. Neuer afflict your ſelfe to know more of it:
But let his diſpoſition haue that ſcope
As dotage giues it.

Enter Lear.

Lear. What fiftie of my Followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight?
Alb. What's the matter, Sir?
Lear. Ile tell thee:
Life and death, I am aſham'd
That thou haſt power to ſhake my manhood thus [to Gonerill m.c.
That theſe hot teares, which breake from me perforce
Should make thee worth them.
Blaſtes and Fogges vpon thee:
Th'vntented woundings of a Fathers curſe vntender 4to
Pierce euerie ſenſe about thee. Old fond eyes,
Beweepe this cauſe againe, Ile plucke ye out, & thee once 32
And caſt you with the waters that you looſe make 4to
To temper Clay. Ha? Let it be ſo. is it come to this me
I haue another daughter, yet have I a daughter m.c.
Who I am ſure is kinde and comfortable:
When ſhe ſhall heare this of thee, with her nailes
Shee'l flea thy Woluiſh viſage. Thou ſhalt finde,
That Ile reſume the ſhape which thou doſt thinke
I haue caſt off for euer. thou shalt I warrant Exit
Gon. Do you marke that? my Lord the m.c 4to
Alb. I cannot be ſo partiall *Gonerill* Exeunt Lear
To the great loue I beare you. Gon. attendants
Gon. Pray you content. What *Oſwald*, hoa? m.c.
You Sir, more Knaue then Foole, after your Maſter [to the
Foole. Nunkle *Lear*, Nunkle *Lear*, fool m.c
Tarry, take the Foole with thee:
A Fox, when one has caught her,
And ſuch a Daughter,
Should ſure to the Slaughter,
If my Cap would buy a Halter,
So the Foole followes after. *Exit*
Gon. This man hath had good Counſell,
A hundred Knights?
'Tis politike, and ſafe to let him keepe
At point a hundred Knights: yes, that on euerie dreame,
Each buz, each fancie, each complaint, diſlike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powres,
And hold our liues in mercy. *Oſwald*, I ſay.
Alb. Well, you may feare too farre. omitted m.c.
Gon. Safer then truſt too farre;
Let me ſtill take away the harmes I feare,
Not feare ſtill to be taken. I know his heart,
What he hath vtter'd I haue writ my Siſter:
If ſhe ſuſtaine him, and his hundred Knights
When I haue ſhew'd th'vnfitneſſe.

Enter Steward.

How now *Oſwald*?
What haue you writ that Letter to my Siſter?
Stew. I Madam. ay m.c.
Gon. Take you ſome company, and away to horſe,
Informe her full of my particular feare,
And thereto adde ſuch reaſons of your owne,
As may compact it more. Get you gone,

And

And haſten your returne; no, no, my Lord,
This milky gentleneſſe, and courſe of yours
Though I condemne not, yet vnder pardon
You are much more at task for want of wiſedome,
Then prai'sd for harmefull mildneſſe.

Alb. How farre your eies may pierce I cannot tell;
Striuing to better, oft we marre what's well.

Gon. Nay then———

Alb. Well, well, the'uent. *Exeunt*

Act I. *Sc. 31*

Scena Quinta.

Court before the same.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Foole.

Lear. Go you before to *Gloſter* with theſe Letters; acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter, if your Dilligence be not ſpeedy, I ſhall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not ſleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered your Letter. *Exit.*

Foole. If a mans braines were in's heeles, wert not in danger of kybes?

Lear. I Boy.

Foole. Then I prythee be merry, thy wit ſhall not go ſlip-ſhod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt ſee thy other Daughter will vſe thee kindly, for though ſhe's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can'ſt tell Boy?

Foole. She will taſte as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a Crab: thou canſt tell why ones noſe ſtands i'th'middle on's face?

Lear. No.

Foole. Why to keepe ones eyes of either ſide's noſe, that what a man cannot ſmell out, he may ſpy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Foole. Can'ſt tell how an Oyſter makes his ſhell?

Lear. No.

Foole. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snaile ha's a houſe.

Lear. Why?

Foole. Why to put's head in, not to giue it away to his daughters, and leaue his hornes without a caſe.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, ſo kind a Father? Be my Horſſes ready?

Foole. Thy Aſſes are gone about 'em; the reaſon why the ſeuen Starres are no mo then ſeuen, is a pretty reaſon.

Lear. Becauſe they are not eight.

Foole. Yes indeed, thou would'ſt make a good Foole.

Lear. To tak't againe perforce; Monſter Ingratitude!

Foole. If thou wert my Foole Nunckle, Il'd haue thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Foole. Thou ſhouldſt not haue bin old, till thou hadſt bin wiſe.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad ſweet Heauen: keepe me in temper, I would not be mad. How now are the Horſes ready?

Gent. Ready my Lord.

Lear. Come Boy.

Fool. She that's a Maid now, & laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a Maid long, vnleſſe things be cut ſhorter. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. *Scena Prima.*

A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloster.

Enter Baſtard, and Curan, ſeuerally.

Baſt. Saue thee *Curan*.

Cur. And your Sir, I haue bin 32
With your Father, and giuen him notice
That the Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Regan* his Ducheſſe
Will be here with him this night.

Baſt. How comes that?

Cur. Nay I know not, you haue heard of the newes abroad, I meane the whiſper'd ones, for they are yet but eare-kiſſing arguments.

Baſt. Not I: pray you what are they?

Cur. Haue you heard of no likely Warres toward,
'Twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall*, and *Albany*?

Baſt. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then in time,
Fare you well Sir. *Exit.*

Baſt. The Duke be here to night? The better beſt,
This weaues it ſelfe perforce into my buſineſſe,
My Father hath ſet guard to take my Brother,
And I haue one thing of a queazie queſtion
Which I muſt act, Briefeneſſe, and Fortune worke.

Enter Edgar.

Brother, a word, diſcend; Brother I ſay,
My Father watches: O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is giuen where you are hid;
You haue now the good aduantage of the night,
Haue you not ſpoken 'gainſt the Duke of *Cornewall*?
Hee's comming hither, now i'th' night, i'th' haſte,
And *Regan* with him, haue you nothing ſaid
Vpon his partie 'gainſt the Duke of *Albany*?
Aduiſe your ſelfe.

Edg. I am ſure on't, not a word.

Baſt. I heare my Father comming, pardon me:
In cunning, I muſt draw my Sword vpon you:
Draw, ſeeme to defend your ſelfe,
Now quit you well.
Yeeld, come before my Father, light hoa, here,
Fly Brother, Torches, Torches, ſo farewell.
Exit Edgar.
Some blood drawne on me, would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeauour. I haue ſeene drunkards
Do more then this in ſport; Father, Father,
Stop, ſtop, no helpe?

Enter Gloſter, and Seruants with Torches.

Glo. Now *Edmund*, where's the villaine?

Baſt. Here ſtood he in the dark, his ſharpe Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charmes, coniuring the Moone
To ſtand auſpicious Miſtris.

Glo. But where is he?

Baſt. Looke Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villaine, *Edmund*?

Baſt. Fled this way Sir, when by no meanes he could.

Glo. Purſue him, ho: go after. By no meanes, what?

Baſt. Perſwade me to the murther of your Lordſhip,
But

But that I told him the reuenging Gods,
'Gainſt Paricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and ſtrong a Bond
The Child was bound to'th' Father; Sir in fine,
Seeing how lothly oppoſite I ſtood
To his vnnaturall purpoſe, in fell motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My vnprouided body, latch'd mine arme;
And when he ſaw my beſt alarum'd ſpirits
Bold in the quarrels right, rouz'd to th'encounter,
Or whether gaſted by the noyſe I made,
Full ſodainely he fled.

Gloſt. Let him fly farre:
Not in this Land ſhall he remaine vncaught
And found; diſpatch, the Noble Duke my Maſter,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
By his authoritie I will proclaime it,
That he which finds him ſhall deſerue our thankes,
Bringing the murderous Coward to the ſtake:
He that conceales him death.

Baſt. When I diſſwaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to doe it, with curſt ſpeech
I threaten'd to diſcouer him; he replied,
Thou vnpoſſeſſing Baſtard, doſt thou thinke,
If I would ſtand againſt thee, would the repoſall
Of any truſt, vertue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No, what ſhould I denie,
(As this I would, though thou didſt produce
My very Character) I'ld turne it all
To thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned practiſe:
And thou muſt make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potentiall ſpirits
To make thee ſeeke it. *Tucket within.*

Glo. O ſtrange and faſtned Villaine,
Would he deny his Letter, ſaid he? Harke, the Dukes Trumpets, I know not where he comes;
All Ports Ile barre, the villaine ſhall not ſcape,
The Duke muſt grant me that: beſides, his picture
I will ſend farre and neere, that all the kingdome
May haue due note of him, and of my land,
(Loyall and naturall Boy) Ile worke the meanes
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornewall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now my Noble friend, ſince I came hither
(Which I can call but now,) I haue heard ſtrangeneſſe.
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort
Which can purſue th'offender; how doſt my Lord?
Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.
Reg. What, did my Fathers Godſonne ſeeke your life?
He whom my Father nam'd, your *Edgar*?
Glo. O Lady, Lady, ſhame would haue it hid.
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights
That tended vpon my Father?
Glo. I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.
Baſt. Yes Madam, he was of that conſort.
Reg. No marualle then, though he were ill affected,
'Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,
To haue th'expence and waſt of his Reuenues:
I haue this preſent euening from my Siſter
Beene well inform'd of them, and with ſuch cautions,
That if they come to ſoiourne at my houſe,
Ile not be there.
Cor. Nor I, aſſure thee *Regan*;
Edmund, I heare that you haue ſhewne your Father
A Child-like Office.
Baſt. It was my duty Sir.
Glo. He did bewray his practiſe, and receiu'd
This hurt you ſee, ſtriuing to apprehend him.
Cor. Is he purſued?
Glo. I my good Lord.
Cor. If he be taken, he ſhall neuer more
Be fear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpoſe,
How in my ſtrength you pleaſe: for you *Edmund*,
Whoſe vertue and obedience doth this inſtant
So much commend it ſelfe, you ſhall be ours,
Nature's of ſuch deepe truſt, we ſhall much need:
You we firſt ſeize on.
Baſt. I ſhall ſerue you Sir truely, how euer elſe.
Glo. For him I thanke your Grace.
Cor. You know not why we came to viſit you?
Reg. Thus out of ſeaſon, thredding darke ey'd night,
Occaſions Noble *Gloſter* of ſome prize,
Wherein we muſt haue vſe of your aduiſe.
Our Father he hath writ, ſo hath our Siſter,
Of differences, which I beſt thought it fit
To anſwere from our home: the ſeuerall Meſſengers
From hence attend diſpatch, our good old Friend,
Lay comforts to your boſome, and beſtow
Your needfull counſaile to our buſineſſes,
Which craues the inſtant vſe.
Glo. I ſerue you Madam,
Your Graces are right welcome. *Exeunt. Flouriſh.*

Scena Secunda.

Before Gloſters Caſtle.

Enter Kent, and Steward ſeuerally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee Friend, art of this houſe?
Kent. I.
Stew. Where may we ſet our horſes?
Kent. I'th'myre.
Stew. Prythee, if thou lou'ſt me, tell me.
Kent. I loue thee not.
Ste. Why then I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfold, I would make thee care for me.
Ste. Why do'ſt thou vſe me thus? I know thee not.
Kent. Fellow I know thee.
Ste. What do'ſt thou know me for?
Kent. A Knaue, a Raſcall, an eater of broken meates, a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggerly, three-ſuited-hundred pound, filthy wooſted-ſtocking knaue, a Lilly-liuered, action-taking, whoreſon glaſſe-gazing ſuper-ſeruiceable finicall Rogue, one Trunke-inheriting ſlaue, one that would'ſt be a Baud in way of good ſeruice, and art nothing but the compoſition of a Knaue, Begger, Coward, Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrill Bitch, one whom I will beate into clamours whining, if thou deny'ſt the leaſt ſillable of thy addition.
Stew. Why, what a monſtrous Fellow art thou, thus to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee?
Kent. What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny thou knoweſt me? Is it two dayes ſince I tript vp thy heeles, and beate thee before the King? Draw you rogue, for

× To haue the waſte and ſpoil of his reuenues

for though it be night, yet the Moone ſhines, Ile make a ſop oth' Moonſhine of you, you whoreſon Cullyenly Barber-monger, draw.

Stew. Away, I haue nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw you Raſcall, you come with Letters againſt the King, and take Vanitie the puppets part, againſt the Royaltie of her Father: draw you Rogue, or Ile ſo carbonado your ſhanks, draw you Raſcall, come your waies.

Ste. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent. Strike you ſlaue: ſtand rogue, ſtand you neat ſlaue, ſtrike.

Stew. Helpe hoa, murther, murther.

Enter Baſtard, Cornewall, Regan, Gloſter, Seruants.

Baſt. How now, what's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you goodman Boy, if you pleaſe, come, Ile fleſh ye, come on yong Maſter.

Glo. Weapons? Armes? what's the matter here?

Cor. Keepe peace vpon your liues, he dies that ſtrikes againe, what is the matter?

Reg. The Meſſengers from our Siſter, and the King?

Cor. What is your difference, ſpeake?

Stew. I am ſcarce in breath my Lord.

Kent. No Maruell, you haue ſo beſtir'd your valour, you cowardly Raſcall, nature diſclaimes in thee: a Taylor made thee.

Cor. Thou art a ſtrange fellow, a Taylor make a man?

Kent. A Taylor Sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could not haue made him ſo ill, though they had bin but two yeares oth'trade.

Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Ste. This ancient Ruffian Sir, whoſe life I haue ſpar'd at ſute of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whoreſon Zed, thou vnneceſſary letter: my Lord, if you will giue me leaue, I will tread this vnboulted villaine into morter, and daube the wall of a Iakes with him. Spare my gray-beard, you wagtaile?

Cor. Peace ſirrah,
You beaſtly knaue, know you no reuerence?

Kent. Yes Sir, but anger hath a priuiledge.

Cor. Why art thou angrie?

Kent. That ſuch a ſlaue as this ſhould weare a Sword,
Who weares no honeſty: ſuch ſmiling rogues as theſe,
Like Rats oft bite the holy cords a twaine,
Which are t'intrince, t'vnlooſe: ſmooth euery paſſion
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,
Being oile to fire, ſnow to the colder moodes,
Reuenge, affirme, and turne their Halcion beakes
With euery gall, and varry of their Maſters,
Knowing naught (like dogges) but following:
A plague vpon your Epilepticke viſage,
Smoile you my ſpeeches, as I were a Foole?
Gooſe, if I had you vpon *Sarum* Plaine,
I'ld driue ye cackling home to *Camelot.*

Corn. What art thou mad old Fellow?

Gloſt. How fell you out, ſay that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Then I, and ſuch a knaue.

Corn. Why do'ſt thou call him Knaue?
What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Cor. No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine,
I haue ſeene better faces in my time,
Then ſtands on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me, at this inſtant.

Corn. This is ſome Fellow,
Who hauing beene prais'd for bluntneſſe, doth affect
A ſaucy roughnes, and conſtraines the garb
Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he,
An honeſt mind and plaine, he muſt ſpeake truth,
And they will take it ſo, if not, hee's plaine.
Theſe kind of Knaues I know, which in this plainneſſe
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Then twenty ſilly-ducking obſeruants,
That ſtretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in ſincere verity,
Vnder th'allowance of your great aſpect,
Whoſe influence like the wreath of radient fire
On flicking *Phœbus* front.

Corn. What mean'ſt by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you diſcommend ſo much; I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that beguild you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knaue, which for my part I will not be, though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to entreat me too't.

Corn. What was th'offence you gaue him?

Ste. I neuer gaue him any:
It pleas'd the King his Maſter very late
To ſtrike at me vpon his miſconſtruction,
When he compact, and flattering his diſpleaſure
Tript me behind: being downe, inſulted, rail'd,
And put vpon him ſuch a deale of Man,
That worthied him, got praiſes of the King,
For him attempting, who was ſelfe-ſubdued,
And in the fleſhment of this dead exploit,
Drew on me here againe.

Kent. None of theſe Rogues, and Cowards
But *Aiax* is there Foole.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks?
You ſtubborne ancient Knaue, you reuerent Bragart,
Wee'l teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learne:
Call not your Stocks for me, I ſerue the King,
On whoſe imployment I was ſent to you,
You ſhall doe ſmall reſpects, ſhow too bold malice
Againſt the Grace, and Perſon of my Maſter,
Stocking his Meſſenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks;
As I haue life and Honour, there ſhall he ſit till Noone.

Reg. Till noone? till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,
You ſhould not vſe me ſo.

Reg. Sir, being his Knaue, I will. *Stocks brought out.*

Cor. This is a Fellow of the ſelfe ſame colour, Our Siſter ſpeakes of. Come, bring away the Stocks!

Glo. Let me beſeech your Grace, not to do ſo,
The King his Maſter, needs muſt take it ill
That he ſo ſlightly valued in his Meſſenger,
Should haue him thus reſtrained.

Cor. Ile anſwere that.

Reg. My Siſter may recieue it much more worſſe,
To haue her Gentleman abus'd, aſſaulted,

Corn. Come my Lord, away. *Exit.*

Glo. I am ſorry for thee Friend, 'tis the Duke pleaſure,
Whoſe diſpoſition all the world well knowes
Will not be rub'd nor ſtopt, Ile entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not Sir, I haue watch'd and trauail'd hard,
Some time I ſhall ſleepe out, the reſt Ile whiſtle:
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles:

Giue

Giue you good morrow.
Glo. The Duke's too blamein this,
'Twill be ill taken. *Exit.*
Kent. Good King, that muſt approue the common ſaw,
Thou out of Heauens benediction com'ſt
To the warme Sun.
Approach thou Beacon to this vnder Globe,
That by thy comfortable Beames I may my oracle 4.to
Peruſe this Letter. Nothing almoſt ſees miracles
But miſerie. I know 'tis from *Cordelia*,
Who hath moſt fortunately beene inform'd
Of my obſcured courſe. And ſhall finde time
From this enormous State, ſeeking to giue
Loſſes their remedies .All weary and o're-watch'd,
Take vantage heauie eyes, not to behold
This ſhamefull lodging. Fortune goodnight,
Smile once more, turne thy wheele.

Act III. Scene III. A part of the Heath m.c. *Enter Edgar.*

Edg. I heard my ſelfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Eſcap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place
That guard, and moſt vnuſuall vigilance
Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may ſcape
I will preſerue myſelfe: and am bethought
To take the baſeſt, and moſt pooreſt ſhape
That euer penury in contempt of man,
Brought neere to beaſt; my face Ile grime with filth,
Blanket my loines, elfe all my haires in knots, elſe 32
And with preſented nakedneſſe out-face
The Windes, and perſecutions of the skie;
The Country giues me proofe, and preſident
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices,
Strike in their num'd and mortified Armes,
Pins, Wodden-prickes, Nayles, Sprigs of Roſemarie:
And with this horrible obiect, from low Farmes, ſeruie
Poore pelting Villages, Sheeps-Coates, and Milles, 1.for
Sometimes with Lunaticke bans, ſometime with Praiers
Inforce their charitie: poore *Turlygod*, poore *Tom*,
That's ſomething yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. *Exit.*

Act III. Scene VI. Before Gloſters House m.c. *Enter Lear, Foole, and Gentleman.*

Lea. 'Tis ſtrange that they ſhould ſo depart from home,
And not ſend backe my Meſſengers.
Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before, there was no purpoſe in them
Of this remoue.
Kent. Haile to thee Noble Maſter. thy 32
Lear. Ha? Mak'ſt thou this ſhame thy paſtime?
Kent. No my Lord.
Foole. Hah, ha, he weares Cruell Garters Horſes are tide by the heads, Dogges and Beares by'th'necke, Monkies by'th'loynes, and Men by'th'legs: when a man ouerluſtie at legs, then he weares wodden nether-ſtocks.
Lear. What's he,
That hath ſo much thy place miſtooke
To ſet thee heere?
Kent. It is both he and ſhe,
Your Son, and Daughter.
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No I ſay.
Kent. I ſay yea. [Lear] No, no, they would not m.c.
Lear. By *Iupiter* I ſweare no. Kent] Yes they have m.c.
Kent. By *Iuno*, I ſweare I. ay m.c.
Lear. They durſt not do't:
They could not, would not do't: 'tis worſe then murther,
To do vpon reſpect ſuch violent outrage:
Reſolue me with all modeſt haſte, which way
Thou might'ſt deſerue, or they impoſe this vſage,
Comming from vs.
Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highneſſe Letters to them,
Ere I was riſen from the place, that ſhewed
My dutie kneeling, came there a reeking Poſte,
Stew'd in his haſte, halfe breathleſſe, painting forth
From *Gonerill* his Miſtris, ſalutations;
Deliuer'd Letters ſpight of intermiſſion,
Which preſently they read; on thoſe contents
They ſummon'd vp their meiney, ſtraight tooke Horſe,
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leiſure of their anſwer, gaue me cold lookes,
And meeting heere the other Meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome I perceiu'd had poiſon'd mine,
Being the very fellow which of late
Diſplaid ſo ſawcily againſt your Highneſſe,
Hauing more man then wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the houſe, with loud and coward cries,
Your Sonne and Daughter found this treſpaſſe worth
The ſhame which heere it ſuffers. (way,
Foole. Winters not gon yet, if the wil'd Geeſe fly that
Fathers that weare rags, do make their Children blind,
But Fathers that beare bags, ſhall ſee their children kind.
Fortune that arrant whore, nere turns the key toth' poore.
But for all this thou ſhalt haue as many Dolors for thy Deare, 32 omitted m.c.
Daughters, as thou canſt tell in a yeare.
Lear. Oh how this Mother ſwels vp toward my heart!
Hiſtorica paſſio, downe thou climing ſorrow,
Thy Elements below, where is this Daughter?
Kent. With the Earle Sir, here within.
Lear. Follow me not, ſtay here. *Exit.*
Gen. Made you no more offence,
But what you ſpeake of?
Kent. None:
How chance the the King comes with ſo ſmall a number?
Foole. And thou hadſt beene ſet i'th'Stockes for that queſtion, thoud'ſt well deſeru'd it.
Kent. Why Foole?
Foole. Wee'l ſet thee to ſchoole to an Ant, to teach thee ther's no labouring i'th'winter. All that follow their noſes, are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's not a noſe among twenty, but can ſmell him that's ſtinking; let go thy hold, when a greatwheele runs downe a hill, leaſt it breake thy necke with following. But the great one that goes vpward, let him drawthee after: when a wiſeman giues thee better counſell giue me mine againe, I would haue none but knaues follow it, ſince a Foole giues it.
That Sir, which ſerues and ſeekes for gaine,
And followes but for forme;
Will packe, when it begins to raine,
And leaue thee in the ſtorme,
But I will tarry, the Foole will ſtay,
And let the wiſeman flie:
The knaue turnes Foole that runnes away,
The Foole no knaue perdie.

Enter Lear, and Gloſter.
Kent. Where learn'd you this Foole?
Foole. Not i'th' Stocks Foole.

Lear. Deny to ſpeake with me?
They are ſicke, they are weary,
They haue trauail'd all the night? meere fetches,
The images of reuolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better anſwer.
Glo. My deere Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How vnremoueable and fixt he is
In his owne courſe.
Lear. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confuſion:
Fiery? What quality? Why *Gloſter*, *Gloſter*,
I'ld ſpeake with the Duke of *Cornewall*, and his wife.
Glo. Well my good Lord, I haue inform'd them ſo.
Lear. Inform'd them? Do'ſt thou vnderſtand me man.
Glo. I my good Lord.
Lear. The King would ſpeake with *Cornwall*,
The deere Father
Would with his Daughter ſpeake, commands, tends, ſer-
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood: (uice,
Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that ———
No, but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound, we are not our ſelues,
When Nature being oppreſt, commands the mind
To ſuffer with the body; Ile forbeare,
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit,
For the ſound man. Death on my ſtate: wherefore
Should he ſit heere? This act perſwades me, [looking on Kent
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practiſe only. Giue me my Seruant forth;
Goe tell the Duke, and's wife, Il'd ſpeake with them:
Now, preſently: bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their Chamber doore Ile beate the Drum,
Till it crie ſleepe to death.
Glo. I would haue all well betwixt you. *Exit.*
Lear. Oh me my heart! My riſing heart! But downe.
Foole. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cockney did to the
Eeles, when ſhe put 'em i'th' Paſte aliue, ſhe knapt 'em
o'th'coxcombs with a ſticke, and cryed downe wantons,
downe; 'twas her Brother, that in pure kindneſſe to his
Horſe buttered his Hay.

Enter Cornewall, Regan, Gloſter, Seruants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Corn. Haile to your Grace. *Kent here ſet at liberty.*
Reg. I am glad to ſee your Highneſſe.
Lear. *Regan*, I thinke your are. I know what reaſon
I haue to thinke ſo, if thou ſhould'ſt not be glad,
I would diuorce me from thy Mother Tombe,
Sepulchring an Adultreſſe. O are you free? [to Kent
Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan*,
Thy Siſters naught: oh *Regan*, ſhe hath tied
Sharpe-tooth'd vnkindneſſe, like a vulture heere,
I can ſcarce ſpeake to thee, thou'lt not beleeue
With how deprau'd a quality. Oh *Regan*.
Reg. I pray you Sir, take patience, I haue hope
You leſſe know how to value her deſert,
Then ſhe to ſcant her dutie.
Lear. Say? How is that?
Reg. I cannot thinke my Siſter in the leaſt
Would faile her Obligation. If Sir perchance
She haue reſtrained the Riots of your Followres,
'Tis on ſuch ground, and to ſuch wholeſome end,
As cleeres her from all blame.
Lear. My curſes on her.
Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you ſtands on the very Verge
Of his confine: you ſhould be rul'd, and led
By ſome diſcretion, that diſcernes your ſtate
Better then you your ſelfe: therefore I pray you,
That to our Siſter, you do make returne,
Say you haue wrong'd her.
Lear. Aske her forgiueneſſe?
Do you but marke how this becomes the houſe?
Deere daughter, I confeſſe that I am old; [Kneeling
Age is vnneceſſary: on my knees I begge,
That you'l vouchſafe me Rayment, Bed, and Food.
Reg. Good Sir, no more: theſe are vnſightly trickes:
Returne you to my Siſter.
Lear. Neuer *Regan*:
She hath abated me of halfe my Traine;
Look'd blacke vpon me, ſtrooke me with her Tongue
Moſt Serpent-like, vpon the very Heart.
All the ſtor'd Vengeances of Heauen, fall
On her ingratefull top: ſtrike her yong bones
You taking Ayres, with Lameneſſe.
Corn. Fye ſir, fie.
Le. You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornfull eyes: Infect her Beauty,
You Fen-ſuck'd Fogges, drawne by the powrfull Sunne,
To fall, and bliſter.
Reg. O the bleſt Gods!
So will you wiſh on me, when the raſh moode is on.
Lear. No *Regan*, thou ſhalt neuer haue my curſe:
Thy tender-hefted Nature ſhall not giue
Thee o're to harſhneſſe: Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burne. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my Traine,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes,
And in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my comming in. Thou better know'ſt
The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,
Effects of Curteſie, dues of Gratitude:
Thy halfe o'th'Kingdome haſt thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.
Reg. Good Sir, to'th'purpoſe. *Tucket within.*
Lear. Who put my man i'th'Stockes?

Enter Steward.

Corn. What Trumpet's that?
Reg. I know't, my Siſters: this approues her Letter,
That ſhe would ſoone be heere. Is your Lady come?
Lear. This is a Slaue, whoſe eaſie borrowed pride
Dwels in the fickly grace of her he followes.
Out Varlet, from my ſight.
Corn. What meanes your Grace?

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. Who ſtockt my Seruant? *Regan*, I haue good hope
Thou did'ſt not know on't.
Who comes here? O Heauens!
If you do loue old men; if your ſweet ſway
Allow Obedience; if you your ſelues are old,
Make it your cauſe: Send downe, and take my part.
Art not aſham'd to looke vpon this Beard?
O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by'th'hand Sir? How haue I offended?
All's not offence that indiſcretion findes,
And dotage termes ſo.
Lear. O ſides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?
How came my man i'th'Stockes?
Corn. I ſet him there, Sir: but his owne Diſorders

Deſeru'd

Deſeru'd much leſſe aduancement.
Lear. You? Did you?
Reg. I pray you Father being weake, ſeeme ſo.
If till the expiration of your Moneth
You will returne and ſoiourne with my Siſter,
Diſmiſſing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that prouiſion
Which ſhall be needfull for your entertainement.
Lear. Returne to her? and fifty men diſmiſs'd?
No, rather I abiure all roofes, and chuſe
To wage againſt the enmity oth'ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and Owle,
Neceſſities ſharpe pinch. Returne with her?
Why the hot-bloodied *France*, that dowerleſſe tooke
Our yongeſt borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like penſion beg,
To keepe baſe life a foote; returne with her?
Perſwade me rather to be ſlaue and ſumpter
To this deteſted groome.
Gon. At your choice Sir.
Lear. I prythee Daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my Child: farewell:
Wee'l no more meete, no more ſee one another.
But yet thou art my fleſh, my blood, my Daughter,
Or rather a diſeaſe that's in my fleſh,
Which I muſt needs call mine. Thou art a Byle,
A plague ſore, or imboſſed Carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. But Ile not chide thee,
Let ſhame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer ſhoote,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-iudging *Ioue*,
Mend when thou can'ſt, be better at thy leiſure,
I can be patient, I can ſtay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.
Reg. Not altogether ſo,
I look'd not for you yet, nor am prouided
For your fit welcome, giue eare Sir to my Siſter,
For thoſe that mingle reaſon with your paſſion,
Muſt be content to thinke you old, and ſo,
But ſhe knowes what ſhe doe's.
Lear. Is this well ſpoken?
Reg. I dare auouch it Sir, what fifty Followers?
Is it not well? What ſhould you need of more?
Yea, or ſo many? Sith that both charge and danger,
Speake 'gainſt ſo great a number? How in one houſe
Should many people, vnder two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almoſt impoſſible.
Gon. Why might not you my Lord, receiue attendance
From thoſe that ſhe cals Seruants, or from mine?
Reg. Why not my Lord?
If then they chanc'd to ſlacke ye,
We could comptroll them; if you will come to me,
(For now I ſpie a danger) I entreate you
To bring but fiue and twentie, to no more
Will I giue place or notice.
Lear. I gaue you all.
Reg. And in good time you gaue it.
Lear. Made you my Guardians, my Depoſitaries,
But kept a reſeruation to be followed
With ſuch a number? What, muſt I come to you
With fiue and twenty? *Regan*, ſaid you ſo?
Reg. And ſpeak't againe my Lord, no more with me.
Lea. Thoſe wicked Creatures yet do look wel fauor'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worſt
Stands in ſome ranke of praiſe, Ile go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double fiue and twenty,
And thou art twice her Loue.
Gon. Heare me my Lord;
What need you fiue and twenty? Ten? Or fiue?
To follow in a houſe, where twice ſo many
Haue a command to tend you?
Reg. What need one?
Lear. O reaſon not the need: our baſeſt Beggers
Are in the pooreſt thing ſuperfluous,
Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs:
Mans life is cheape as Beaſtes. Thou art a Lady;
If onely to go warme were gorgeous,
Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'ſt,
Which ſcarcely keepes thee warme, but for true need:
You Heauens, giue me that patience, patience I need,
You ſee me heere (you Gods) a poore old man,
As full of griefe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that ſtirres theſe Daughters hearts
Againſt their Father, foole me not ſo much,
To beare it tamely: touch me with Noble anger,
And let not womens weapons, water drops,
Staine my mans cheekes. No you vnnaturall Hags,
I will haue ſuch reuenges on you both,
That all the world ſhall———I will do ſuch things,
What they are yet, I know not, but they ſhalbe
The terrors of the earth? you thinke Ile weepe,
No, Ile not weepe, I haue full cauſe of weeping,
Storme and Tempeſt.
But this heart ſhal break into a hundred thouſand flawes
Or ere Ile weepe; O Foole, I ſhall go mad. *Exeunt.*
Corn. Let vs withdraw, 'twill be a Storme.
Reg. This houſe is little, the old man an'ds people,
Cannot be well beſtow'd.
Gon. 'Tis his owne blame hath put himſelfe from reſt,
And muſt needs taſte his folly.
Reg. For his particular, Ile receiue him gladly,
But not one follower.
Gon. So am I purpos'd,
Where is my Lord of *Gloſter*?

Enter Gloſter.

Corn. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.
Glo. The King is in high rage.
Corn. Whether is he going?
Glo. He cals to Horſe, but will I know not whether.
Corn. 'Tis beſt to giue him way, he leads himſelfe.
Gon. My Lord, entreate him by no meanes to ſtay.
Glo. Alacke the night comes on, and the high windes
Do ſorely ruffle, for many Miles about
There's ſcarce a Buſh.
Reg. O Sir, to wilfull men,
The iniuries that they themſelues procure,
Muſt be their Schoole-Maſters: ſhut vp your doores,
He is attended with a deſperate traine,
And what they may incenſe him too, being apt,
To haue his eare abus'd, wiſedome bids feare.
Cor. Shut vp your doores my Lord, 'tis a wil'd night,
My *Regan* counſels well: come out oth'ſtorme. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

A Heath.

Storme ſtill. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, ſeuerally.

Kent. Who's there beſides foule weather?
Gen. One minded like the weather, moſt vnquietly.

Kent. I know you: Where's the King?

Gent. Contending with the fretfull Elements;
Bids the winde blow the Earth into the Sea,
Or swell the curled Waters 'boue the Maine,
That things might change, or cease.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the Foole, who labours to out-iest
His heart-strooke iniuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my note
Commend a deere thing to you. There is diuision
(Although as yet the face of it is couer'd
With mutuall cunning) 'twixt Albany, and Cornwall:
Who haue, as who haue not, that their great Starres
Thron'd and set high; Seruants, who seeme no lesse,
Which are to France the Spies and Speculations
Intelligent of our State. What hath bin seene,
Either in snuffes, and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne
Against the old kinde King; or something deeper,
Whereof (perchance) these are but furnishings.

Gent. I will talke further with you.

Kent. No, do not:
For confirmation that I am much more
Then my out-wall; open this Purse, and take
What it containes. If you shall see *Cordelia*,
(As feare not but you shall) shew her this Ring,
And she will tell you who that Fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fye on this Storme,
I will go seeke the King.

Gent. Giue me your hand.
Haue you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet;
That when we haue found the King, in which your pain
That way, Ile this: He that first lights on him,
Holla the other.

Scena Secunda.

Another part of the Heath. Storme continued.

Storme still. Enter Lear, and Foole.

Lear. Blow windes, & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow
You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's spout,
Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cockes.
You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,
Vaunt-curriors of Oake-cleauing Thunder-bolts,
Sindge my white head. And thou all-shaking Thunder,
Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th'world,
Cracke Natures moulds, all germaines spill at once
That makes ingratefull Man.

Foole. O Nunkle, Court holy-water in a dry house, is better then this Rain-water out o'doore. Good Nunkle, in, aske thy Daughters blessing, heere's a night pitties neither Wisemen, nor Fooles.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full: spit Fire, spowt Raine:
Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;
I taxe not you, you Elements with vnkindnesse.
I neuer gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children;
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Heere I stand your Slaue,
A poore, infirme, weake, and dispis'd old man:
But yet I call you Seruile Ministers,
That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne
Your high-engender'd Battailes, 'gainst a head
So old, and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foule.

Foole. He that has a house to put's head in, has a good Head-peece:
The Codpiece that will house, before the head has any;
The Head, and he shall Lowse: so Beggers marry many.
The man yͤ makes his Toe, what he his Hart shold make,
Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turne his sleepe to wake.
For there was neuer yet faire woman, but shee made mouthes in a glasse.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the patterne of all patience,
I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Foole. Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a Wiseman, and a Foole.

Kent. Alas Sir are you here? Things that loue night,
Loue not such nights as these: The wrathfull Skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the darke
And make them keepe their Caues: Since I was man,
Such sheets of Fire, such bursts of horrid Thunder,
Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine, I neuer
Remember to haue heard. Mans Nature cannot carry
Th'affliction, nor the feare.

Lear. Let the great Goddes
That keepe this dreadfull pudder o're our heads,
Finde out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That hast within thee vndivulged Crimes
Vnwhipt of Iustice. Hide thee, thou Bloudy hand;
Thou Periur'd, and thou Simular of Vertue
That art Incestuous. Caytiffe, to peeces shake
That vnder couert, and conuenient seeming
Ha's practis'd on mans life. Close pent-vp guilts,
Riue your concealing Continents, and cry
These dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man,
More sinn'd against, then sinning.

Kent. Alacke, bare-headed?
Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Houell,
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the Tempest:
Repose you there, while I to this hard house,
(More harder then the stones whereof 'tis rais'd,
Which euen but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) returne, and force
Their scanted curtesie.

Lear. My wits begin to turne.
Come on my boy. How dost my boy? Art cold?
I am cold my selfe. Where is this straw, my Fellow?
The Art of our Necessities is strange,
And can make vilde things precious. Come, your Houel;
Poore Foole, and Knaue, I haue one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Foole. He that has and a little-tyne wit,
With heigh-ho, the Winde and the Raine,
Must make content with his Fortunes fit,
Though the Raine it raineth euery day.

Le. True Boy: Come bring vs to this Houell. *Exit.*

Foole. This is a braue night to coole a Curtizan:
Ile speake a Prophesie ere I go:
When Priests are more in word, then matter;
When Brewers marre their Malt with water;
When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors,
No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches Suitors;
When euery Case in Law, is right;
No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight;
When Slanders do not liue in Tongues;
Nor Cut-purses come not to throngs;
When Vsurers tell their Gold i'th'Field,

And

Painted by H. Fuseli R.A.

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KING LEAR.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

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And Baudes, and whores, do Churches build,
Then ſhal the Realme of *Albion*, come to great confuſion:
Then comes the time, who liues to ſee't,
That going ſhalbe vs'd with feet. (time.
This prophecie *Merlin* ſhall make, for I liue before his
Exit.

Act III.

Scœna Tertia.

A room in Gloster castle m.c

Enter Gloſter, and Edmund.

Glo. Alacke, alacke *Edmund*, I like not this vnnaturall dealing; when I deſired their leaue that I might pity him, they tooke from me the vſe of mine owne houſe, charg'd me on paine of perpetuall diſpleaſure, neither to ſpeake of him, entreat for him, or any way ſuſtaine him.

Baſt. Moſt ſauage and vnnaturall.

Glo. Go too; ſay you nothing. There is diuiſion betweene the Dukes, and a worſſe matter then that: I haue receiued a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be ſpoken, I haue lock'd the Letter in my Cloſſet, theſe iniuries the King now beares, will be reuenged home; ther is part of a Power already footed, we muſt incline to the King, I will looke him, and priuily relieue him; goe you and maintaine talke with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceiued; If he aske for me, I am ill, and gone to bed, if I die for it, (as no leſſe is threatned me) the King my old Maſter muſt be relieued. There is ſtrange things toward *Edmund*, pray you be carefull. *Exit.*

Baſt. This Curteſie forbid thee, ſhall the Duke
Inſtantly know, and of that Letter too;
This ſeemes a faire deſeruing, and muſt draw me
That which my Father looſes: no leſſe then all,
The yonger riſes, when the old doth fall. *Exit.*

Act III. 82

Scena Quarta.

A part of the Heath with a Hovel m.c.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter,
The tirrany of the open night's too rough
For Nature to endure. *Storme ſtill*
Lear. Let me alone.
Kent. Good my Lord enter heere.
Lear. Wilt breake my heart?
Kent. I had rather breake mine owne,
Good my Lord enter.
Lear. Thou think'ſt 'tis much that this contentious
Inuades vs to the skinſo: 'tis to thee, (ſtorme
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt. Thou'dſt ſhun a Beare, 4 to m.c
But if they flight lay toward the roaring Sea, thy 82 Page
Thou'dſt meete the Beare i'th' mouth, when the mind's free,
The bodies delicate: the tempeſt in my mind,
Doth from my ſences take all feeling elſe,
Saue what beates there, Filliall ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth ſhould teare this hand
For lifting food too't? But I will puniſh home;
No, I will weepe no more; in ſuch a night,
To ſhut me out? Poure on, I will endure:
In ſuch a night as this? O *Regan, Gonerill*,
Your old kind Father, whoſe franke heart gaue all,
O that way madneſſe lies, let me ſhun that:
No more of that.
Kent. Good my Lord enter here.
Lear. Prythee go in thy ſelfe, ſeeke thine owne eaſe,
This tempeſt will not giue me leaue to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but Ile goe in,
In Boy, go firſt. You houſeleſſe pouertie, *Exit.*
Nay get thee in; Ile pray, and then Ile ſleepe. *fool goes in* m.c.
Poore naked wretches, where ſo ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pittileſſe ſtorme,
How ſhall your Houſe-leſſe heads, and vnfed ſides,
Your lop'd, and window'd raggedneſſe defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe? O I haue tane
Too little care of this: Take Phyſicke, Pompe,
Expoſe thy ſelfe to feele what wretches feele,
That thou maiſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the Heauens more iuſt.

Enter Edgar, and Foole. *fool runs out*

[Within]

Edg. Fathom, and halfe, Fathom and halfe; poore *Tom.*
Foole. Come not in heere Nuncle, here's a ſpirit, helpe me, helpe me.
Kent. Giue me thy hand, who's there?
Foole. A ſpirite, a ſpirite, he ſayes his name's poore *Tom.*
Kent. What art thou that doſt grumble there i'th' ſtraw? Come forth.
Edg. Away, the foule Fiend followes me, through the ſharpe Hauthorne blow the windes. Humh, goe to thy bed and warme thee.
Lear. Did'ſt thou giue all to thy Daughters? And art thou come to this? *Hast thou given all to thy two Daughters* m. edits to
Edgar. Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*? Whom the foule fiend hath led though Fire, and through Flame, through Sword, and Whirle-Poole, o're Bog, and Quagmire, that hath laid Kniues vnder his Pillow, and Halters in his Pue, ſet Rats-bane by his Porredge, made him Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trotting Horſe, ouer foure *each 82* inch Bridges, to courſe his owne ſhadow for a Traitor. Bleſſe thy fiue Wits, *Toms* a cold. O do, de, do, de, do de, bleſſe thee from Whirle-Windes, Starre-blaſting, and taking, do poore *Tom* ſome charitie, whom the foule Fiend vexes. There could I haue him now, and there, and there ag ai ne, and there. *Storme ſtill.*
Lear. Ha's his Daughters brought him to this paſſe? Could'ſt thou ſaue nothing? Would'ſt thou giue 'em all?
Foole. Nay, he reſeru'd a Blanket, elſe we had bin all ſham'd.
Lea. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
Hang fated o're mens faults, light on thy Daughters.
Kent. He hath no Daughters Sir.
Lear. Death Traitor, nothing could haue ſubdu'd
To ſuch a lowneſſe, but his vnkind Daughters. (Nature
Is it the faſhion, that diſcarded Fathers,
Should haue thus little mercy on their fleſh:
Iudicious puniſhment, 'twas this fleſh begot
Thoſe Pelicane Daughters.
Edg. Pillicock ſat on Pillicock hill, alow: alow, loo, loo. *4 m.c.*
Foole. This cold night will turne vs all to Fooles, and Madmen.
Edgar. Take heed o'th'foule Fiend, obey thy Parents, keepe thy words Iuſtice, ſweare not, commit not,

with mans ſworne Spouſe ; ſet not thy Sweet-heart on proud array. *Tom's* a cold.

Lear. What haſt thou bin ?

Edg. A Seruingman ? Proud in heart, and minde; that curl'd my haire, wore Gloues in my cap ; ſeru'd the Luſt of my Miſtris heart, and did the acte of darkneſſe with her. Swore as many Oathes, as I ſpake words, & broke them in the ſweet face of Heauen. One, that ſlept in the contriuing of Luſt, and wak'd to doe it. Wine lou'd I deerely, Dice deerely ; and in Woman, out-Paramour'd the Turke. Falſe of heart, light of eare, bloody of hand ; Hog in ſloth, Foxe in ſtealth, Wolfe in greedineſſe, Dog in madnes, Lyon in prey. Let not the creaking of ſhooes, Nor the ruſtling of Silkes, betray thy poore heart to woman. Keepe thy foote out of Brothels, thy hand out of Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and defye the foule Fiend. Still through the Hauthorne blowes the cold winde: Sayes ſuum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy *Seſey :* let him trot by. *Storme ſtill.*

Lear. Thou wert better in a Graue, then to anſwere with thy vncouer'd body, this extremitie of the Skies. Is man no more then this? Conſider him well. Thou ow'ſt the Worme no Silke ; the Beaſt, no Hide; the Sheepe, no Wooll ; the Cat, no perfume. Ha? Here's three on's are ſophiſticated. Thou art the thing it ſelfe ; vnaccommodated man, is no more, but ſuch a poore, bare, forked Animall as thou art. Off, off you Lendings : Come, vnbutton heere.

Enter Glouceſter, with a Torch.

Foole. Prythee Nunckle be contented, 'tis a naughtie night to ſwimme in. Now a little fire in a wilde Field, were like an old Letchers heart, a ſmall ſpark, all the reſt on's body, cold : Looke, heere comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foule Flibbertigibbet ; hee begins at Curfew, and walkes at firſt Cocke: Hee giues the Web and the Pin, ſquints the eye, and makes the Hare-lippe ; Mildewes the white Wheate, and hurts the poore Creature of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the old,
He met the Night-Mare, and her nine-fold ;
Bid her a-light, and her troth-plight,
And aroynt thee Witch, aroynt thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace ?

Lear. What's he ?

Kent. Who's there ? What is't you ſeeke ?

Glou. What are you there ? Your Names ?

Edg. Poore Tom, that eates the ſwimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pole, the wall-Neut, and the water : that in the furie of his heart, when the foule Fiend rages, eats Cow-dung for Sallets ; ſwallowes the old Rat, and the ditch-Dogge ; drinkes the green Mantle of the ſtanding Poole : who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and ſtockt, puniſh'd, and impriſon'd : who hath three Suites to his backe, ſixe ſhirts to his body :

Horſe to ride, and weapon to weare :
But Mice, and Rats, and ſuch ſmall Deare,
Haue bin Toms food, for ſeuen long yeare :

Beware my Follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou Fiend.

Glou. What, hath your Grace no better company ?

Edg. The Prince of Darkeneſſe is a Gentleman. *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mahu.*

Glou. Our fleſh and blood, my Lord, is growne ſo vilde, that it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold.

Glou. Go in with me ; my duty cannot ſuffer T'obey in all your daughters hard commands :
Though their Iniunction be to barre my doores,
And let this Tyrannous night take hold vpon you,
Yet haue I ventured to come ſeeke you out,
And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.

Lear. Firſt let me talke with this Philoſopher,
What is the cauſe of Thunder ?

Kent. Good my Lord take his offer,
Go into th'houſe.

Lear. Ile talke a word with this ſame lerned Theban :
What is your ſtudy ?

Edg. How to preuent the Fiend, and to kill Vermine.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in priuate.

Kent. Importune him once more to go my Lord,
His wits begin t'vnſettle.

Glou. Canſt thou blame him ? *Storm ſtill*
His Daughters ſeeke his death : Ah, that good Kent,
He ſaid it would be thus : poore baniſh'd man :
Thou ſayeſt the King growes mad, Ile tell thee Friend
I am almoſt mad my ſelfe. I had a Sonne,
Now out-law'd from my blood : he ſought my life
But lately : very late : I lou'd him (Friend)
No Father his Sonne deerer : true to tell thee, *Storm continues*
The greeſe hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this ?
I do beſeech your grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir :
Noble Philoſopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a cold.

Glou. In fellow there, into th'Houel ; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him ;
I will keepe ſtill with my Philoſopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, ſooth him :
Let him take the Fellow.

Glou. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirra, come on : go along with vs.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glou. No words, no words, huſh.

Edg. Childe *Rowland* to the darke Tower came,
His word was ſtill, fie, foh, and fumme,
I ſmell the blood of a Brittiſh man. *Exeunt*

Act III.
Scena Quinta.

A Room in Gloster Castle.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will haue my reuenge, ere I depart his houſe.

Baſt. How my Lord, I may be cenſured, that Nature thus giues way to Loyaltie, ſomething feares mee to thinke of.

Cornw. I now perceiue, it was not altogether your Brothers euill diſpoſition made him ſeeke his death : but a prouoking merit ſet a-worke by a reprouable badneſſe in himſelfe.

Baſt. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to be iuſt ? This is the Letter which hee ſpoake of ; which approues him an intelligent partie to the aduantages of France. O Heauens ! that this Treaſon were not ; or not I the detector.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutcheſſe.

Baſt. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you haue mighty buſineſſe in hand,

Corn.

KING LEAR.
Lear — Blow, winds, & crack your cheeks!
Act 3 Scene 2
P. J. Loutherbourg inv
J. B. Tillard Sculp
London Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, June 1st 1773

KING LEAR.

Act III *Scene III*

E. Edwards del. — J. Neagle sculp.

Thou art the thing itself
——Off, off, you lendings

Publd according to Act of Parliament March 25th 1773.
by John Bell N.° 132 Strand.

Mr. **REDDISH** *in the Character of* **EDGAR**.

—There could I have him now, & there, & there again, and there.

Published as the Act directs 1st Oct.r 1773

Lines omitted at the end of Scene [VI.

[Edgar] "When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers worse i' th' mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind,
But then the mind much sufferance doth overskip.
When grief hath mates and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend makes the King bow;
He childed as I fathered! Tom away:
Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to night, safe scape the King.
Lurk, lurk"]

Dr Skirven

Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earle of Glouceſter: ſeeke out where thy Father is, that hee may bee ready for our apprehenſion.

Baſt. If I finde him comforting the King, it will ſtuffe his ſuſpition more fully. I will perſeuer in my courſe of Loyalty, though the conflict be fore betweene that, and my blood.

Corn. I will lay truſt vpon thee: and thou ſhalt finde a deere Father in my loue. *Exeunt.*

Act III.

Scena Sexta.

A Chamber in a farme House adjoining the Castle.

Enter Kent, and Glouceſter.

Glou. Heere is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully: I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you. *Exit*

Kent. All the powre of his wits, haue giuen way to his impatience: the Gods reward your kindneſſe *Exit Gloster*

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. Fraterretto calls me, and tells me *Nero* is an Angler in the Lake of Darkneſſe: pray Innocent, and beware the foule Fiend.

Foole. Prythee Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King.

Foole. No, he's a Yeoman, that ha's a Gentleman to his Sonne: for hee's a mad Yeoman that ſees his Sonne a Gentleman before him.

Lear. To haue a thouſand with red burning ſpits Come hizzing in vpon 'em. *13 Speeches in Quick Edn. are here wanted impossible for copied in this place &c*

Edg. Bleſſe thy fiue wits.

Kent. O pitty: Sir, where is the patience now That you ſo oft haue boaſted to retaine?

Edg. My teares begin to take his part ſo much, They marre my counterfetting.

Lear. The little dogges, and all; Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart: ſee, they barke at me.

Edg. Tom, will throw his head at them: Auaunt you Curres, be thy mouth or blacke or white: Tooth that poyſons if it bite: Maſtiffe, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grim, Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym: Lym Or Bobtaile tight, or Troudle taile, Tom will make him weepe and waile, them m.c. For with throwing thus my head; Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled. ſ. Spoar m.c. Do, de, de, de: ſeſe: Come, march to Wakes and Fayres, And Market Townes: poore Tom thy horne is dry. *Exit*

Lear. Then let them Anatomize *Regan*: See what breeds about her heart. Is there any cauſe in Nature that make theſe hard-hearts. You ſir, I entertaine for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the faſhion of your garments. You will ſay they are Perſian; but let them bee chang'd.

Enter Gloſter.

Kent. Now good my Lord, lye heere, and reſt awhile.

Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe, draw the Curtaines: ſo, ſo, wee'l go to Supper i'th'morning.

Foole. And Ile go to bed at noone.

Glou. Come hither Friend: Where is the King my Maſter?

Kent. Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gon.

Glou. Good friend, I prythee take him in thy armes; I haue ore-heard a plot of death vpon him: There is a Litter ready, lay him in't, And driue toward Douer friend, where thou ſhalt meete Both welcome, and protection. Take vp thy Maſter, If thou ſhould'ſt dally halfe an houre, his life With thine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in aſſured loſſe. Take vp, take vp, And follow me, that will to ſome prouiſion Giue thee quicke conduct. Come, come, away. *Exeunt*

Kent] Oppreſs'd Nature ſleeps: —

This Rest might yet haue balm'd thy broken Senses † S—

Scena Septima.

A Room in Gloster House m.c.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Baſtard, and Seruants.

Corn. Poſte ſpeedily to my Lord your husband, ſhew him this Letter, the Army of France is landed: ſeeke out the Traitor Glouſter. *Exeunt Some of the Servants*

Reg. Hang him inſtantly.

Gon. Plucke out his eyes.

Corn. Leaue him to my diſpleaſure. *Edmond*, keepe you our Sifter company: the reuenges wee are bound to take vppon your Traitorous Father, are not fit for your beholding. Aduice the Duke where you are going, to a moſt feſtiuate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our Poſtes ſhall be ſwift, and intelligent betwixt vs. Farewell deere Siſter, farewell my Lord of Glouſter. mate 32

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of Glouſter hath conuey'd him hence Some fiue or ſix and thirty of his Knights Hot Queſtriſts after him, met him at gate, Who, with ſome other of the Lords, dependants, Are gone with him toward Douer; where they boaſt To haue well armed Friends.

Corn. Get horſes for your Miſtris. *Ex. Gon-& Edmund* m.c.

Gon. Farewell ſweet Lord, and Siſter. *Exit*

Corn. Edmund farewell: go ſeek the Traitor Gloſter, Pinnion him like a Theefe, bring him before vs: *Exit other Servants* Though well we may not paſſe vpon his life Without the forme of Iuſtice: yet our power Shall do a curt'ſie to our wrath, which men May blame, but not comptroll.

Enter Glouceſter, and Seruants.

Who's there? the Traitor?

Reg. Ingratefull Fox, 'tis he.

Corn. Binde faſt his corky armes.

Glou. What meanes your Graces? Good my Friends conſider you are my Gheſts Do me no foule play, Friends.

Corn. Binde him I ſay. *Servants binds him*

Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy Traitor.

Glou. Vnmercifull Lady, as you are, I'me none. Sometime after

Corn. To this Chaire binde him, Villaine, thou ſhalt finde. [*Plucks his beard* m.c.

Glou. By the kinde Gods, 'tis moſt ignobly done To plucke me by the Beard.

Reg. So white, and ſuch a Traitor?

Glou. Naughty Ladie, Theſe haires which thou doſt rauiſh from my chin Will quicken and accuſe thee. I am your Hoſt, With Robbers hands, my hoſpitable fauours

You

198 † "Which if convenience will not allow
Stand in hard cure — come help to bear thy Master
Thou must not stay behind". [*to the fool*

"For Edgars Speech of 13 lines vide the annexed paper"
S—

You ſhould not ruſtle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come Sir.
What Letters had you late from France?
Reg. Be ſimple anſwer'd, for we know the truth.
Corn. And what confederacie haue you with the Traitors, late footed in the Kingdome?
Reg. To whoſe hands
You haue ſent the Lunaticke King: Speake.
Glou. I haue a Letter gueſſingly ſet downe
Which came from one that's of a newtrall heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Cunning.
Reg. And falſe.
Corn. Where haſt thou ſent the King?
Glou. To Douer.
Reg. Wherefore to Douer?
Was't thou not charg'd at perill.
Corn. Wherefore to Douer? Let him anſwer that.
Glou. I am tyed to'th'Stake,
And I muſt ſtand the Courſe.
Reg. Wherefore to Douer?
Glou. Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruell Nailes
Plucke out his poore old eyes: nor thy fierce Siſter,
In his Annointed fleſh, ſticke boariſh phangs.
The Sea, with ſuch a ſtorme as his bare head,
In Hell-blacke-night indur'd, would haue buoy'd vp
And quench'd the Stelled fires:
Yet poore old heart, he holpe the Heauens to raine.
If Wolues had at thy Gate howl'd that ſterne time,
Thou ſhould'ſt haue ſaid, good Porter turne the Key:
All Cruels elſe ſubſcribe: but I ſhall ſee
The winged Vengeance ouertake ſuch Children.
Corn. See't ſhalt thou neuer. Fellowes hold the Chaire,
Vpon theſe eyes of thine, Ile ſet my foote.
Glou. He that will thinke to liue, till he be old,
Giue me ſome helpe.——O cruell! O you Gods.
Reg. One ſide will mocke another: Th'other too.
Corn. If you ſee vengeance.
Seru. Hold your hand, my Lord:
I haue ſeru'd you euer ſince I was a Childe:
But better ſeruice haue I neuer done you,
Then now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dogge?
Ser. If you did weare a beard vpon your chin,
I'ld ſhake it on this quarrell. What do you meane?
Corn. My Villaine? *Draws and runs at him*
Seru. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.
Reg. Giue me thy Sword. A pezant ſtand vp thus?
Snatches a ſword comes behind and Killes him.
Ser. Oh I am ſlaine: my Lord, you haue one eye left
To ſee ſome miſchefe on him. Oh.
Corn. Leſt it ſee more, preuent it; Out vilde gelly:
Where is thy luſter now?
Glou. All darke and comfortleſſe?
Where's my Sonne *Edmund*?
Edmund, enkindle all the ſparkes of Nature
To quit this horrid acte.
Reg. Out treacherous Villaine,
Thou call'ſt on him, that hates thee. It was he
That made the ouerture of thy Treaſons to vs:
Who is too good to pitty thee.
Glou. O my Follies! then *Edgar* was abus'd,
Kinde Gods, forgiue me that, and proſper him.
Reg. Go thruſt him out at gates, and let him ſmell
His way to Douer. *Exit with Glouſter.*
How is't my Lord? How looke you?
Corn. I haue receiu'd a hurt: Follow me Lady;
Turne out that eyeleſſe Villaine: throw this Slaue
Vpon the Dunghill: *Regan*, I bleed apace,
Vntimely comes this hurt. Giue me your arme. *Exeunt,*
Exit Cornwall led by Regan - Seruants vnbind Gloster and cast him out. m.e.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

The Heath m.e.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,
Then ſtill contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worſt:
The loweſt, and moſt deiected thing of Fortune,
Stands ſtill in eſperance, liues not in feare:
The lamentable change is from the beſt,
The worſt returnes to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou vnſubſtantiall ayre that I embrace:
The Wretch that thou haſt blowne vnto the worſt,
Owes nothing to thy blaſts.

Enter Glouster, and an Oldman.

But who comes heere? My Father poorely led?
World, World, O world!
But that thy ſtrange mutations make vs hate thee,
Life would not yeelde to age.
Oldm. O my good Lord, I haue bene your Tenant,
And your Fathers Tenant, theſe fourеſcore yeares.
Glou. Away, get thee away: good Friend be gone,
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee, they may hurt.
Oldm. You cannot ſee your way.
Glou. I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I ſtumbled when I ſaw. Full oft 'tis ſeene,
Our meanes ſecure vs, and our meere defects
Proue our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne *Edgar*,
The food of thy abuſed Fathers wrath:
Might I but liue to ſee thee in my touch,
I'ld ſay I had eyes againe.
Oldm. How now? who's there?
Edg. O Gods! Who is't can ſay I am at the worſt?
I am worſe then ere I was.
Old. 'Tis poore mad Tom.
Edg. And worſe I may be yet: the worſt is not,
So long as we can ſay this is the worſt.
Oldm. Fellow, where goeſt?
Glou. Is it a Beggar-man?
Oldm. Madman, and beggar too.
Glou. He has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg.
I'th'laſt nights ſtorme, I ſuch a fellow ſaw;
Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne
Came then into my minde, and yet my minde
Was then ſcarſe Friends with him.
I haue heard more ſince:
As Flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th'Gods,
They kill vs for their ſport.
Edg. How ſhould this be?
Bad is the Trade that muſt play Foole to ſorrow,
Ang'ring it ſelfe, and others. Bleſſe thee Maſter.
Glou. Is that the naked Fellow?
Oldm. I, my Lord.
Glou. Get thee away: If for my ſake
Thou wilt ore-take vs hence a mile or twaine
I'th'way toward Douer, do it for ancient loue,
And bring ſome couering for this naked Soule,
Which Ile intreate to leade me.
Old. Alacke ſir, he is mad.

Glou.

Continuation of Act VI - after untimely comes this Hurt.

1. Serv^t] I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man comes to good

2^d Serv^t] ——— If she live long
And in the End meet the old course of Death
Women will all turn Monsters

1. Serv^t] Let's follow the old Earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would: his roguish Madness
Allows itself to any thing.

2^d Serv^t] Go thou: I'll fetch some Flax and whites of eggs
To apply to his bleeding face. Now Heaven help him

Exeunt severally &c.

7 lines from the 4^th^ beginning at the 17 line of the 2^d^ Column
to p. 381 Gon] Th'ungrateful fool! ——

Albany] Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for Shame,
Be monster not thy feature were! were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones: — How e'er thou art a fiend
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon] Marry, your Manhood now!

Enter a Messenger &c.

Albany] What News?

Mess] Sir, my good Lord &c

Continuation of Edgars Speech to Gloster p. 301

[Edgar] Bless thee good Man from the foul Fiend!
Five Fiends have been in poor Tom at once;
Of Lust as Obidicut, Hobbididance, prince
Of Dumbness, Maha of Stealing, Modo of
Murder, and Flibbertigibet of Mopping
And mowing; who since possesses [Chamber-
-Maids and] waiting women. So bless thee
Master]

Continuation of Albanys Speech to Goneril. p. 301

Blows in your face - - - - - - - - -
I fear your disposition: - - - - - - -
That Nature which condemns its origin,
Cannot be bordered certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her Material Sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.
[Gon-] No more, the Text is foolish.
[Albany] Wisdom and goodness to the Vile seem vile
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers not Daughters — What have you performed?
A Father, and a Gracious aged man,
Whose Reverence the Head lugged bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you Madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man (a prince, by him so [benefitted?
If that the Heavens do not their visible Spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences
[Fool] It will come
Humanity must perforce prey on itself
Like Monsters of the Deep [Gon] Milk-liver'd Man

Glou. 'Tis the times plague,
When Madmen leade the blinde:
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure:
Aboue the reſt, be gone.
Oldm. Ile bring him the beſt Parrell that I haue
Come on't, what will. *Exit*
Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow.
Edg. Poore Tom's a cold. I cannot daub it further.
Glou. Come hither fellow.
Edg. And yet I muſt: [aside m.c.
Bleſſe thy ſweete eyes, they bleede.
Glou. Know'ſt thou the way to Douer?
Edg. Both ſtyle, and gate; Horſeway, and foot-path:
Poore Tom hath bin ſcarr'd out of his good wits. Bleſſe
thee good mans ſonne, from the foule Fiend. omitted m.c.
Glou. Here take this purſe y^u^ whom the heau'ns plagues
Haue humbled to all ſtrokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier: Heauens deale ſo ſtill:
Let the ſuperfluous, and Luſt-dieted man,
That ſlaues your ordinance, that will not ſee ſtands 4^to^
Becauſe he do's not feele, feele your powre quickly:
So diſtribution ſhould vndoo exceſſe,
And each man haue enough. Doſt thou know Douer?
Edg. I Maſter.
Glou. There is a Cliffe, whoſe high and bending head
Lookes fearfully in the confined Deepe: firmly 4^to^
Bring me but to the very brimme of it,
And Ile repayre the miſery thou do'ſt beare
With ſomething rich about me: from that place,
I ſhall no leading neede.
Edg. Giue me thy arme;
Poore Tom ſhall leade thee. *Exeunt.*

Act IV. Sc. 32
Scena Secunda.
Before the Duke of Albanys Palace m.c.

Enter Gonerill, Baſtard, and Steward.
Gon. Welcome my Lord. I meruell our mild husband
Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Maſter?
Stew. Madam within, but neuer man ſo chang'd:
I told him of the Army that was Landed:
He ſmil'd at it. I told him you were comming,
His anſwer was, the worſe. Of Gloſters Treachery,
And of the loyall Seruice of his Sonne
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong ſide out:
What moſt he ſhould diſlike, ſeemes pleaſant to him;
What like, offenſiue.
Gon. Then ſhall you go no further. [To Edmund
It is the Cowiſh terror of his ſpirit m.c.
That dares not vndertake: Hee'l not feele wrongs
Which tye him to an anſwer: our wiſhes on the way
May proue effects. Backe *Edmond* to my Brother,
Haſten his Muſters, and conduct his powres. ends 32
I muſt change names at home, and giue the Diſtaffe arms m.c.
Into my Husbands hands. This truſtie Seruant
Shall paſſe betweene vs: ere long you are like to heare
(If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)
A Miſtreſſes command. Weare this; ſpare ſpeech, giuing a
Decline your head. This kiſſe, if it durſt ſpeake from m.c.
Would ſtretch thy Spirits vp into the ayre:
Conceiue, and fare thee well.
Baſt. Yours in the rankes of death. *Exit.*
Gon. My moſt deere Gloſter. Edmund m.c.
Oh, the difference of man, and man,
To thee a Womans ſeruices are due,
My Foole vſurpes my body. bed m.c.
Stew. Madam, here come's my Lord. Exit Steward m.c.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I haue beene worth the whiſtle.
Alb. Oh *Gonerill*,
You are not worth the duſt which the rude winde
Blowes in your face. "for an addition* from m.c. to 4^to^
Gon. Milke-Liuer'd man, "See unmarked paper" Sherwen
That bear'ſt a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs,
Who haſt not in thy browes an eye-diſcerning
Thine Honor, from thy ſuffering.
Alb. See thy ſelfe diuell:
Proper deformitie ſeemes not in the Fiend
So horrid as in woman.
Gon. Oh vaine Foole. "Here again 7 lines omitted from 4^to^
Enter a Meſſenger. Sher.*"
Meſ. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwals* dead,
Slaine by his Seruant, going to put out
The other eye of Glouſter.
Alb. Glouſters eyes.
Meſ. A Seruant that he bred, thrill'd with remorſe,
Oppos'd againſt the act: bending his Sword
To his great Maſter, who, threat-enrag'd there act 32
Flew on him, and among'ſt them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmefull ſtroke, which ſince
Hath pluckt him after.
Alb. This ſhewes you are aboue
You Iuſtices, that theſe our neather crimes
So ſpeedily can venge. But (O poore Glouſter)
Loſt he his other eye?
Meſ. Both, both, my Lord.
This Letter Madam, craues a ſpeedy anſwer:
'Tis from your Siſter.
Gon. One way I like this well, [aside m.c.
But being widdow, and my Glouſter with her,
May all the building in my fancie plucke
Vpon my hatefull life. Another way
The Newes is not ſo tart. Ile read, and anſwer. Exit m.c.
Alb. Where was his Sonne,
When they did take his eyes?
Meſ. Come with my Lady hither.
Alb. He is not heere.
Meſ. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.
Alb. Knowes he the wickedneſſe?
Meſ. I my good Lord: 'twas he inform'd againſt him
And quit the houſe on purpoſe, that their puniſhment
Might haue the freer courſe.
Alb. Glouſter, I liue
To thanke thee for the loue thou ſhew'dſt the King,
And to reuenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend,
Tell me what more thou know'ſt. *Exeunt.*

Act IV.
Scene IV. Sc. 32
Scena Tertia.
The French Camp near Dover m.c. * vide infra

Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen, and Souldiours.

Cor. Alacke, 'tis he: why he was met euen now
As mad as the vext Sea, ſinging alowd,
Crown'd with ranke Fenitar, and furrow weeds, Fumiter m.c.
With Hardokes, Hemlocke, Nettles, Cuckoo flowres,
Darnell

* "For a whole scene omitted in the folios
See Reids Edn Vol-17 · P. 320"...
Sherwen

Darnell, and all the idle weedes that grow
In our ſuſtaining Corne. A Centery ſend forth;
Search euery Acre in the high-growne field,
And bring him to our eye. What can mans wiſedome
In the reſtoring his bereaued Senſe; he that helpes him,
Take all my outward worth.
Gent. There is meanes Madam:
Our foſter Nurſe of Nature, is repoſe,
The which he lackes: that to prouoke in him
Are many Simples operatiue, whoſe power
Will cloſe the eye of Anguiſh.
Cord. All bleſt Secrets,
All you vnpubliſh'd Vertues of the earth
Spring with my teares; be aydant, and remediate
In the Goodmans deſires: ſeeke, ſeeke for him,
Leaſt his vngouern'd rage, diſſolue the life
That wants the meanes to leade it.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Newes Madam,
The Brittiſh Powres are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis knowne before. Our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them. O deere Father,
It is thy buſineſſe that I go about: Therfore great France
My mourning, and importun'd teares hath pittied:
No blowne Ambition doth our Armes incite,
But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd Fathers Rite:
Soone may I heare, and ſee him. *Exeunt.*

Act IV.
Scene V. m.c. *Scena Quarta.*

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. But are my Brothers Powres ſet forth?
Stew. I Madam,
Reg. Himſelfe in perſon there?
Stew. Madam with much ado:
Your Siſter is the better Souldier.
Reg. Lord *Edmund* ſpake not with your Lord at home?
Stew. No Madam.
Reg. What n ight import my Siſters Letter to him?
Stew. I know not, Lady.
Reg. Faith he is poaſted hence on ſerious matter:
It was great ignorance, Glouſters eyes being out
To let him liue. Where he arriues, he moues
All hearts againſt vs: *Edmund*, I thinke is gone
In pitty of his miſery, to diſpatch
His nighted life: Moreouer to deſcry
The ſtrength o'th'Enemy.
Stew. I muſt needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.
Reg. Our troopes ſet forth to morrow, ſtay with vs:
The wayes are dangerous.
Stew. I may not Madam:
My Lady charg'd my dutie in this buſines.
Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to *Edmund*?
Might not you tranſport her purpoſes by word? Belike,
Some things, I know not what. Ile loue thee much
Let me vnſeale the Letter.
Stew. Madam, I had rather———
Reg. I know your Lady do's not loue her Husband,
I am ſure of that: and at her late being heere,
She gaue ſtrange Eliads, and moſt ſpeaking lookes
To Noble *Edmund*. I know you are of her boſome.
Stew. I, Madam?
Reg. I ſpeake in vnderſtanding: Y'are: I know't,
Therefore I do aduiſe you take this note:
My Lord is dead: *Edmond*, and I haue talk'd,
And more conuenient is he for my hand
Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:
If you do finde him, pray you giue him this;
And when your Miſtris heares thus much from you,
I pray deſire her call her wiſedome to her.
So fare you well:
If you do chance to heare of that blinde Traitor,
Preferment fals on him, that cuts him off.
Stew. Would I could meet Madam, I ſhould ſhew
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. *Exeunt*

Act IV.
Scene VI. *Scena Quinta.*
The country Near Dover m.c.

Enter Glouceſter, and Edgar.

Glou. When ſhall I come to th'top of that ſame hill?
Edg. You do climbe vp it now. Look how we labor.
Glou. Me thinkes the ground is eeuen.
Edg. Horrible ſteepe.
Hearke, do you heare the Sea?
Glou. No truly.
Edg. Why then your other Senſes grow imperfect
By your eyes anguiſh.
Glou. So may it be indeed.
Me thinkes thy voyce is alter'd, and thou ſpeak'ſt
In better phraſe, and matter then thou did'ſt.
Edg. Y'are much deceiu'd: In nothing am I chang'd
But in my Garments.
Glou. Me thinkes y'are better ſpoken.
Edg. Come on Sir,
Heere's the place: ſtand ſtill: how fearefull
And dizie 'tis, to caſt ones eyes ſo low,
The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre
Shew ſcarſe ſo groſſe as Beetles. Halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull Trade:
Me thinkes he ſeemes no bigger then his head.
The Fiſhermen, that walk'd vpon the beach
Appeare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,
Diminiſh'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring Surge,
That on th'vnnumbred idle Pebble chafes
Cannot be heard ſo high. Ile looke no more,
Leaſt my braine turne, and, the deficient ſight
Topple downe headlong.
Glou Set me where you ſtand.
Edg. Giue me your hand:
You are now within a foote of th'extreme Verge:
For all beneath the Moone would I not leape vpright.
Glou. Let go my hand:
Heere Friend's another purſe: in it, a Iewell
Well worth a poore mans taking. Fayries, and Gods
Proſper it with thee. Go thou further off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.
Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir.
Glou. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his diſpaire,
Is done to cure it.
Glou. O you mighty Gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your ſights

Shake

Act 4. KING LEAR. Scene 4.

Burney del. Thornthwaite sculp.t

MISS BRUNTON in CORDELIA.

———— O dear father
it is thy business that I go about

London Printed for J Bell British Library Strand Dec.r 20. 1785.

Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could beare it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great opposeleſſe willes,
My ſnuffe, and loathed part of Nature ſhould
Burne it ſelfe out. If *Edgar* liue, O bleſſe him:
Now Fellow, fare thee well. *He gaſps and falls down* m.o.
Edg. Gone Sir, farewell: Good 32
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The Treaſury of life, when life it ſelfe
Yeelds to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,
By this had thought bin paſt. Aliue, or dead?
Hoa, you Sir: Friend, heare you Sir, ſpeake:
Thus might he paſſe indeed: yet he reuiues.
What are you Sir?
Glou. Away, and let me dye.
Edg. Had'ſt thou beene ought
But Gozemore, Feathers, Ayre, and 32
(So many fathome downe precipitating)
Thou'dſt ſhiuer'd like an Egge: but thou do'ſt breath:
Haſt heauy ſubſtance, bleed'ſt not, ſpeak'ſt, art ſound,
Ten Maſts at each, make not the altitude
Which thou haſt perpendicularly fell,
Thy life's a Myracle. Speake yet againe.
Glou. But haue I falne, or no? Summer 32
Edg. From the dread Somnet of this Chalkie Bourne
Looke vp a height, the ſhrill-gorg'd Larke ſo farre gorg'd 32
Cannot be ſeene, or heard: Do but looke vp.
Glou. Alacke, I haue no eyes:
Is wretchedneſſe depriu'd that benefit
To end it ſelfe by death? 'Twas yet ſome comfort,
When miſery could beguile the Tyrants rage,
And fruſtrate his proud will.
Edg. Giue me your arme.
Vp, ſo: How is't? Feele you your Legges? You ſtand.
Glou. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is aboue all ſtrangeneſſe,
Vpon the crowne o'th'Cliffe. What thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glou. A poore vnfortunate Beggar.
Edg. As I ſtood heere below, me thought his eyes
Were two full Moones: he had a thouſand Noſes,
Hornes wealk'd, and waued like the enraged Sea: Vidged m.e. 32
It was ſome Fiend: Therefore thou happy Father,
Thinke that the cleereſt Gods, who make them Honors
Of mens Impoſſibilities, haue preſerued thee.
Glou. I do remember now: henceforth Ile beare
Affliction, till it do cry out it ſelfe
Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you ſpeake of,
I tooke it for a man: often 'twould ſay
The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place.
Edgar. Beare free and patient thoughts. *Enter Lear. fantaſtically dreſs'd vp with flowers* m.e.
But who comes heere?
The ſafer ſenſe will ne're accommodate *coining me & ſtealing the Kis.*
His Maſter thus.
Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the King himſelfe.
Edg. O thou ſide-piercing ſight!
Lear. Nature's aboue Art, in that reſpect. Ther's your Preſſe-money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crow-keeper: draw mee a Cloathiers yard. Looke, looke, a Mouſe: peace, peace, this peece of toaſted Cheeſe will doo't. There's my Gauntlet, Ile proue it on a Gyant. Bring vp the browne Billes. O well flowne Bird: i'th' clout, i'th'clout: Hewgh. Giue the word.
Edg. Sweet Mariorum.
Lear. Paſſe.
Glou. I know that voice.
Lear. Ha! *Gonerill* with a white beard? They flatter'd me like a Dogge, and told mee I had the white hayres in my Beard, ere the blacke ones were there. To ſay I, and no, to euery thing that I ſaid: I, and no too, was no good Diuinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and the winde to make me chatter: when the Thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I ſmelt 'em out. Go too, they are not men o'their words; they told me, I was euery thing: 'Tis a Lye, I am not Agu-proofe.
Glou. The tricke of that voyce, I do well remember:
Is't not the King?
Lear. I, euery inch a King.
When I do ſtare, ſee how the Subiect quakes.
I pardon that mans life. What was thy cauſe?
Adultery? thou ſhalt not dye: dye for Adultery?
No, the Wren goes too't, and the ſmall gilded Fly
Do's letcher in my ſight. Let Copulation thriue:
For Glouſters baſtard Son was kinder to his Father,
Then my Daughters got 'tweene the lawfull ſheets.
Too't Luxury pell-mell, for I lacke Souldiers.
Behold yond ſimpring Dame, whoſe face betweene her
Forkes preſages Snow; that minces Vertue, & do's ſhake
the head to heare of pleaſures name. The Fitchew, nor
the foyled Horſe goes too't with a more riotous appe-
tite: Downe from the waſte they are Centaures, though
Women all aboue: but to the Girdle do the Gods inhe-
rit, beneath is all the Fiends. There's hell, there's darke-
nes, there is the ſulphurous pit; burning, ſcalding, ſtench,
conſumption: Fye, fie, fie; pah, pah: Giue me an Ounce a/32
of Ciuet; good Apothecary ſweeten my immagination:
There's money for thee.
Glou. O let me kiſſe that hand.
Lear. Let me wipe it firſt,
It ſmelles of Mortality.
Glou. O ruin'd peece of Nature, this great world
Shall ſo weare out to naught.
Do'ſt thou know me?
Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: doſt thou
ſquiny at me? No, doe thy worſt blinde Cupid, Ile not
loue. Reade thou this challenge, marke but the penning
of it.
Glou. Were all thy Letters Sunnes, I could not ſee.
Edg. I would not take this from report,
It is, and my heart breakes at it.
Lear. Read.
Glou. What with the Caſe of eyes?
Lear. Oh ho, are you there with me? No eies in your
head, nor no mony in your purſe? Your eyes are in a hea-
uy caſe, your purſe in a light, yet you ſee how this world
goes.
Glou. I ſee it feelingly.
Lear. What, art mad? A man may ſee how this world
goes, with no eyes. Looke with thine eares: See how
yond Iuſtice railes vpon yond ſimple theefe. Hearke in
thine eare: Change places, and handy-dandy, which is
the Iuſtice, which is the theefe: Thou haſt ſeene a Far-
mers dogge barke at a Beggar?
Glou. I Sir.
Lear. And the Creature run from the Cur: there thou
might'ſt behold the great image of Authoritie, a Dogg's
obey'd in Office. Thou, Raſcall Beadle, hold thy bloody
hand: why doſt thou laſh that Whore? Strip thy owne
backe, thou hotly luſts to vſe her in that kind, for which
thou whip'ſt her. The Vſurer hangs the Cozener. Tho-
rough

rough tatter'd cloathes great Vices do appeare: Robes, and Furr'd gownes hide all. Place ſinnes with Gold, and the ſtrong Lance of Iuſtice, hurtleſſe breakes: Arme it in ragges, a Pigmies ſtraw do's pierce it. None do's offend, none, I ſay none, Ile able 'em; take that of me my Friend, who haue the power to ſeale th'accuſers lips. Get thee glaſſe-eyes, and like a ſcuruy Politician, ſeeme to ſee the things thou doſt not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my Bootes: harder, harder, ſo.

Edg. O matter, and impertinency mixt,
Reaſon in Madneſſe.

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my Fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is Glouſter:
Thou muſt be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'ſt, the firſt time that we ſmell the Ayre
We wawle, and cry. I will preach to thee: Marke.

Glou. Alacke, alacke the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we cry that we are come
To this great ſtage of Fooles. This a good blocke:
It were a delicate ſtratagem, to ſhoo
A Troope of Horſe with Felt: Ile put't in proofe,
And when I haue ſtolne vpon theſe Son in Lawes,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Oh heere he is: lay hand vpon him, Sir.
Your moſt deere Daughter———

Lear. No reſcue? What, a Priſoner? I am euen
The Naturall Foole of Fortune. Vſe me well,
You ſhall haue ranſome. Let me haue Surgeons,
I am cut to'th'Braines.

Gent. You ſhall haue any thing.

Lear. No Seconds? All my ſelfe?
Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt
To vſe his eyes for Garden water-pots. I wil die bravely,
Like a ſmugge Bridegroome. What? I will be Iouiall:
Come, come, I am a King, Maſters, know you that?

Gent. You are a Royall one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it,
You ſhall get it by running: Sa, ſa, ſa, ſa. *Exit.*

Gent. A ſight moſt pittifull in the meaneſt wretch,
Paſt ſpeaking of in a King. Thou haſt a Daughter
Who redeemes Nature from the generall curſe
Which twaine haue brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, ſpeed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you heare ought (Sir) of a Battell toward.

Gent. Moſt ſure, and vulgar:
Euery one heares that, which can diſtinguiſh ſound.

Edg. But by your fauour:
How neere's the other Army?

Gent. Neere, and on ſpeedy foot: the maine deſcry
Stands on the hourely thought.

Edg. I thanke you Sir, that's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on ſpecial cauſe is here
Her army is mou'd on. *Exit.*

Edg. I thanke you Sir.

Glou. You euer gentle Gods, take my breath from me,
Let not my worſer Spirit tempt me againe
To dye before you pleaſe.

Edg. Well pray you Father.

Glou. Now good ſir, what are you?

Edg. A moſt poore man, made tame to Fortunes blows
Who, by the Art of knowne, and feeling ſorrowes,
Am pregnant to good pitty. Giue me your hand,
Ile leade you to ſome biding.

Glou. Heartie thankes:
The bountie, and the benizon of Heauen
To boot, and boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize: moſt happie
That eyeleſſe head of thine, was firſt fram'd fleſh
To raiſe my fortunes. Thou old, vnhappy Traitor,
Breefely thy ſelfe remember: the Sword is out
That muſt deſtroy thee.

Glou. Now let thy friendly hand
Put ſtrength enough too't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold Pezant,
Dar'ſt thou ſupport a publiſh'd Traitor? Hence,
Leaſt that th'infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arme.

Edg. Chill not let go Zir,
Without vurther 'caſion.

Stew. Let go Slaue, or thou dy'ſt.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, and let poore volke paſſe: and 'chud ha'bin zwaggerd out of my life, 'twould not ha'bin zo long as 'tis, by a vortnight. Nay, come not neere th'old man: keepe out che vor'ye, or ice try whither your Coſtard, or my Ballow be the harder; chill be plaine with you.

Stew. Out Dunghill.

Edg. Chill picke your teeth Zir: come, no matter vor your foynes.

Stew. Slaue thou haſt ſlaine me: Villain, take my purſe;
If euer thou wilt thriue, bury my bodie,
And giue the Letters which thou find'ſt about me,
To *Edmund* Earle of Glouſter: ſeeke him out
Vpon the Engliſh party. Oh vntimely death, death.

Edg. I know thee well. A ſeruiceable Villaine,
As duteous to the vices of thy Miſtris,
As badneſſe would deſire.

Glou. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe Father: reſt you.
Let's ſee theſe Pockets; the Letters that he ſpeakes of
May be my Friends: hee's dead; I am onely ſorry
He had no other Deathſman. Let vs ſee:
Leaue gentle waxe, and manners: blame vs not
To know our enemies mindes, we rip their hearts,
Their Papers is more lawfull.

Reads the Letter.

LET our reciprocall vowes be remembred. You haue manie opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done. If hee returne the Conqueror, then am I the Priſoner, and his bed, my Gaole, from the loathed warmth whereof, deliuer me, and ſupply the place for your Labour.

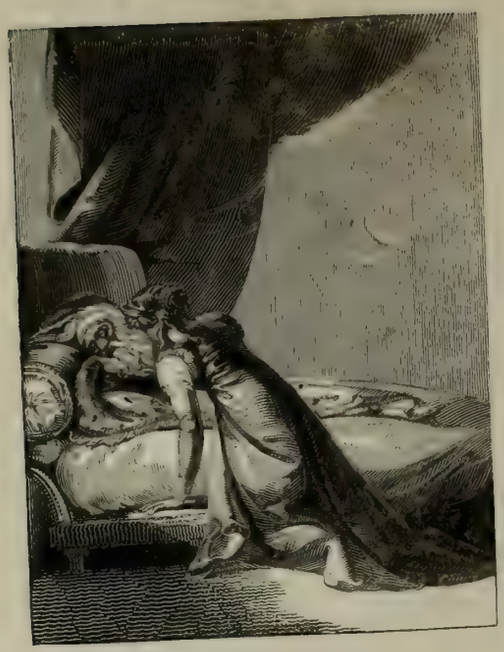
Your (Wife, ſo I would ſay) affectionate Seruant. Gonerill.

Oh indinguiſh'd ſpace of Womans will,
A plot vpon her vertuous Husbands life,
And the exchange my Brother: heere, in the ſands
Thee Ile rake vp, the poſte vnſanctified
Of murtherous Letchers: and in the mature time,
With this vngracious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death, and buſineſſe, I can tell.

Glou. The King is mad:
How ſtiffe is my vilde ſenſe
That I ſtand vp, and haue ingenious feeling
Of my huge Sorrowes? Better I were diſtract,
So ſhould my thoughts be ſeuer'd from my greefes,
And woes, by wrong imaginations looſe

Drum afarre off.

The



"addition to the conclusion of the fourth Act

Gentleman] Holds it true sir,
That the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent] ------ Most certain Sir.

Gent] Who is conductor of his people?

Kent] ------ as 'tis said,
The Bastard Son of Gloster.

Gent] ~~They say Edgar~~ They say Edgar
His banished Son is with the Earl of Kent
In Germany ---

Kent] Report is changeable.
'Tis time to look about: the powers of the
[Kingdom
Approach apace.

Gent] The arbitrement is like to be Bloody
Fare you well Sir. [Exit

Kent] My point and period will be
[throughly wrought
Or well, or ill, as this days
[Battle fought.
[Exit"

End of Act. V.

D^r. Sherwen

The knowledge of themſelues.
Edg. Giue me your hand:
Farre off methinkes I heare the beaten Drumme.
~~Come Father, Ile beſtow you with a Friend.~~ *Exeunt.*

A Tent in the French Camp: Lear on a bed asleep: Physician Gentleman and others attending &c.

Scæna Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good *Kent*,
How ſhall I liue and worke
To match thy goodneſſe?
My life will be too ſhort,
And euery meaſure faile me.
Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is ore-pai'd,
All my reports go with the modeſt truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but ſo.
Cor. Be better ſuited,
Theſe weedes are memories of thoſe worſer houres:
I prythee put them off.
Kent. Pardon deere Madam,
Yet to be knowne ſhortens my made intent,
My boone I make it, that you know me not,
Till time, and I, thinke meet.
Cor. Then be't ſo my good Lord:
How do's the King? [To the Physician &c.
Gent. Madam ſleepes ſtill.
Cor. O you kind Gods!
Cure this great breach in his abuſed Nature,
Th'vntun'd and iarring ſenſes, O winde vp,
Of this childe-changed Father.
Gent. So pleaſe your Maieſty,
That we may wake the King, he hath ſlept long?
Cor. Be gouern'd by your knowledge, and proceede
I'th'ſway of your owne will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a chaire carried by Seruants

Gent. I Madam: in the heauineſſe of ſleepe,
We put freſh garments on him.
Be by good Madam when we do awake him,
I doubt of his Temperance. not &c. for 2 add'd lines see infra
Cor. O my deere Father, reſtauratian hang
Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kiſſe
Repaire thoſe violent harmes, that my two Siſters
Haue in thy Reuerence made.
Kent. Kind and deere Princeſſe.
Cor. Had you not bin their Father, theſe white flakes
Did challenge pitty of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd againſt the iarring windes?
Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bit me,
Should haue ſtood that night againſt my fire,
And was't thou faine (poore Father)
To houell thee with Swine and Rogues forlorne,
In ſhort, and muſty ſtraw? Alacke, alacke,
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes, ſpeake to him.
Gen. Madam do you, 'tis fitteſt.
Cor. How does my Royall Lord?
How fares your Maieſty?
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th'graue,
Thou art a Soule in bliſſe, but I am bound
Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do ſcal'd, like molten Lead.
Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a ſpirit I know, where did you dye?
Cor. Still, ſtill, farre wide.
Gen. He's ſcarſe awake,
Let him alone a while.
Lear. Where haue I bin?
Where am I? Faire day light?
I am mightily abus'd; I ſhould eu'n dye with pitty
To ſee another thus. I know not what to ſay:
I will not ſweare theſe are my hands: let's ſee,
I feele this pin pricke, would I were aſſur'd
Of my condition.
Cor. O looke vpon me Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o're me,
You muſt not kneele.
Lear. Pray do not mocke me:
I am a very fooliſh fond old man,
Foureſcore and vpward,
Not an houre more, nor leſſe:
And to deale plainely,
I feare I am not in my perfect mind.
Me thinkes I ſhould know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtfull: For I am mainely ignorant
What place this is: and all the skill I haue
Remembers not theſe garments: nor I know not
Where I did lodge laſt night. Do not laugh at me,
For (as I am a man) I thinke this Lady
To be my childe *Cordelia.*
Cor. And ſo I am: I am.
Lear. Be your teares wet?
Yes faith: I pray weepe not,
If you haue poyſon for me, I will drinke it:
I know you do not loue me, for your Siſters
Haue (as I do remember) done me wrong.
You haue ſome cauſe, they haue not.
Cor. No cauſe, no cauſe.
Lear. Am I in France?
Kent. In your owne kingdome Sir.
Lear. Do not abuſe me.
Gent. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage
You ſee is kill'd in him: deſire him to go in,
Trouble him no more till further ſetling.
Cor. Wilt pleaſe your Highneſſe walke?
Lear. You muſt beare with me:
Pray you now forget, and forgiue,
I am old and fooliſh. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter with Drumme and Colours, Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Souldiers.

Baſt. Know of the Duke if his laſt purpoſe hold,
Or whether ſince he is aduis'd by ought
To change the courſe, he's full of alteration,
And ſelfereprouing, bring his conſtant pleaſure.
Reg. Our Siſters man is certainely miſcarried.
Baſt. 'Tis to be doubted Madam.
Reg. Now ſweet Lord,

[Cordelia] Very well.
[Physician] Please you draw neare — Louder the musick there — [Cordelia] O my dear Father &c.
S —

You know the goodneſſe I intend vpon you:
Tell me but truly, but then ſpeake the truth,
Do you not loue my Siſter?
Baſt. In honour'd Loue.
Reg. But haue you neuer found my Brothers way,
To the fore-fended place?
Baſt. No by mine honour, Madam.
Reg. I neuer ſhall endure her, deere my Lord
Be not familiar with her.
Baſt. Feare not, ſhe and the Duke her husband.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Gonerill, Soldiers.

Alb. Our very louing Siſter, well be-met:
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
Forc'd to cry out.
Regan. Why is this reaſond?
Gone. Combine together 'gainſt the Enemie:
For theſe domeſticke and particular broiles,
Are not the queſtion heere.
Alb. Let's then determine with th'ancient of warre
On our proceeding.
Reg. Siſter you'le go with vs?
Gon. No.
Reg. 'Tis moſt conuenient, pray go with vs.
Gon. Oh ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe.
Exeunt both the Armies.

as they are going out Enter Edgar. disguised
Edg. If ere your Grace had ſpeech with man ſo poore,
Heare me one word.
Alb. Ile ouertake you, ſpeake.
Edg. Before you fight the Battaile, ope this Letter.
If you haue victory, let the Trumpet ſound
For him that brought it: wretched though Iſeeme,
I can produce a Champion, that will proue
What is auouched there. If you miſcarry,
Your buſineſſe of the world hath ſo an end,
And machination ceaſes. Fortune loues you.
Alb. Stay till I haue read the Letter.
Edg. I was forbid it:
When time ſhall ſerue, let but the Herald cry,
And Ile appeare againe. *Exit.*
Alb. Why farethee well, I will o're-looke thy paper.

Enter Edmund.

Baſt. The Enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,
Heere is the gueſſe of their true ſtrength and Forces,
By dilligent diſcouerie, but your haſt
Is now vrg'd on you.
Alb. We will greet the time. *Exit.*
Baſt. To both theſe Siſters haue I ſworne my loue:
Each iealous of the other, as the ſtung
Are of the Adder. Which of them ſhall I take?
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enioy'd
If both remaine aliue: To take the Widdow,
Exaſperates, makes mad her Siſter *Gonerill*,
And hardly ſhall I carry out my ſide,
Her husband being aliue. Now then, wee'l vſe
His countenance for the Battaile, which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, deuiſe
His ſpeedy taking off. As for the mercie
Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
The Battaile done, and they within our power,
Shall neuer ſee his pardon: for my ſtate,
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

A Field between the two Camps

Alarum within. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Souldiers, ouer the Stage, and Exeunt.

Enter Edgar, and Gloſter.

Edg. Heere Father, take the ſhadow of this Tree
For your good hoaſt: pray that the right may thriue:
If euer I returne to you againe,
Ile bring you comfort.
Glo. Grace go with you Sir. *Exit.*
Alarum and Retreat within.
Edgar. Away old man, giue me thy hand, away:
King *Lear* hath loſt, he and his Daughter tane,
Giue me thy hand: Come on.
Glo. No further Sir, a man may rot euen heere.
Edg. What in ill thoughts againe?
Men muſt endure
Their going hence, euen as their comming hither,
Ripeneſſe is all come on.
Glo. And that's true too. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

The British Camp near Dover

Enter in conqueſt with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Lear, and Cordelia, as priſoners, Souldiers, Captaine.

Baſt. Some Officers take them away: good guard,
Vntill their greater pleaſures firſt be knowne
That are to cenſure them.
Cor. We are not the firſt,
Who with beſt meaning haue incurr'd the worſt:
For thee oppreſſed King I am caſt downe,
My ſelfe could elſe out-frowne falſe Fortunes frowne.
Shall we not ſee theſe Daughters, and theſe Siſters?
Lear. No, no, no, no: come let's away to priſon,
We two alone will ſing like Birds i'th'Cage:
When thou doſt aske me bleſſing, Ile kneele downe
And aske of thee forgiueneſſe: So wee'l liue,
And pray, and ſing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded Butterflies: and heere (poore Rogues)
Talke of Court newes, and wee'l talke with them too,
Who looſes, and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take vpon's the myſtery of things,
As if we were Gods ſpies: And wee'l weare out
In a wall'd priſon, packs and ſects of great ones,
That ebbe and flow by th'Moone.
Baſt. Take them away.
Lear. Vpon ſuch ſacrifices my *Cordelia*,
The Gods themſelues throw Incenſe.
Haue I caught thee?
He that parts vs, ſhall bring a Brand from Heauen,
And fire vs hence, like Foxes: wipe thine eyes,
The good yeares ſhall deuoure them, fleſh and fell,
Ere

Ere they ſhall make vs weepe ?
Weele ſee e'm ſtaru'd firſt : come. *Exeunt* [guard] *Exit.* on. e.
Baſt. Come hither Captaine, hearke.
Take thou this note, go follow them to priſon,
One ſtep I haue aduanc'd thee, if thou do'ſt
As this inſtructs thee, thou doſt make thy way
To Noble Fortunes : know thou this, that men
Are as the time is ; to be tender minded
Do's not become a Sword, thy great imployment
Will not beare queſtion : either ſay thou'lt do't,
Or thriue by other meanes.
Capt. Ile do't my Lord.
Baſt. About it, and write happy, when th'haſt done,
Marke I ſay inſtantly, and carry it ſo
As I haue ſet it downe. *Iſſuer].I Exit Captaine.*
Flouriſh. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you haue ſhew'd to day your valiant ſtraine,
And Fortune led you well : you haue the Captiues
Who were the oppoſites of this dayes ſtrife :
I do require them of you ſo to vſe them,
As we ſhall find their merites, and our ſafety
May equally determine.
Baſt. Sir, I thought it fit,
To ſend the old and miſerable King to ſome retention,
Whoſe age had Charmes in it, whoſe Title more,
To plucke the common boſome on his ſide,
And turne our impreſt Launces in our eies
Which do command them. With him I ſent the Queene :
My reaſon all the ſame, and they are ready
To morrow, or at further ſpace, t'appeare
Where you ſhall hold your Seſſion.
Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a ſubiect of this Warre,
Not as a Brother.
Reg. That's as we liſt to grace him.
Methinkes our pleaſure might haue bin demanded
Ere you had ſpoke ſo farre. He led our Powers,
Bore the Commiſſion of my place and perſon,
The which immediacie may well ſtand vp,
And call it ſelfe your Brother.
Gon. Not ſo hot :
In his owne grace he doth exalt himſelfe,
More then in your addition.
Reg. In my rights,
By me inueſted, he compeeres the beſt.
Alb. That were the moſt, if he ſhould husband you.
Reg. Ieſters do oft proue Prophets.
Gon. Hola, hola,
That eye that told you ſo, look'd but a ſquint.
Rega. Lady I am not well, elſe I ſhould anſwere
From a full flowing ſtomack. Generall,
Take thou my Souldiers, priſoners, patrimony,
Diſpoſe of them, of me, the walls is thine :
Witneſſe the world, that I create thee heere
My Lord, and Maſter.
Gon. Meane you to enioy him ?
Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.
Baſt. Nor in thine Lord.
Alb. Halfe-blood ed fellow, yes.
Reg. Let the Drum ſtrike, and proue my title thine.
Alb. Stay yet, heare reaſon : *Edmund*, I arreſt thee
On capitall Treaſon ; and in thy arreſt,
This guilded Serpent : for your claime faire Siſters,
I bare it in the intereſt of my wife,
'Tis ſhe is ſub-contracted to this Lord,
And I her husband contradict your Banes.
If you will marry, make your loues to me,
My Lady is beſpoke.
Gon. An enterlude.
Alb. Thou art armed *Gloſter*,
Let the Trmpet ſound :
If none appeare to proue vpon thy perſon,
Thy heynous, manifeſt, and many Treaſons,
There is my pledge : Ile make it on thy heart
Ere I taſte bread, thou art in nothing leſſe
Then I haue heere proclaim'd thee.
Reg. Sicke, O ſicke.
Gon. If not, Ile nere truſt medicine. [*aside*]
Baſt. There's my exchange, what in the world he's
That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies,
Call by the Trumpet : he that dares approach ;
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine
My truth and honor firmely.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. A Herald, ho.
Truſt to thy ſingle vertue, for thy Souldiers
All leuied in my name, haue in my name
Tooke their diſcharge.
Regan. My ſickneſſe growes vpon me.
Alb. She is not well, conuey her to my Tent.
Come hither Herald, let the Trumper ſound,
And read out this. *A Trumpet ſounds.*

Herald reads.

IF any man of qualitie or degree, within the liſts of the Armie, will maintaine vpon Edmund, ſuppoſed Earle of Gloſter, that he is a manifold Traitor, let him appeare by the third ſound of the Trumpet: he is bold in his defence. 1 *Trumpet.*
Her. Againe. 2 *Trumpet.*
Her. Againe. 3 *Trumpet.*
Trumpet anſwers within.

Enter Edgar armed. preceded by a Trumpet.
Alb. Aske him his purpoſes, why he appeares
Vpon this Call o'th'Trumpet.
Her. What are you ?
Your name, your quality, and why you anſwer
This preſent Summons ?
Edg. Know my name is loſt
By Treaſons tooth : bare-gnawne, and Canker-bit,
Yet am I Noble as the Aduerſary
I come to cope.
Alb. Which is that Aduerſary ?
Edg. What's he that ſpeakes for *Edmund* Earle of Gloſter ?
Baſt. Himſelfe, what ſaiſt thou to him ?
Edg. Draw thy Sword,
That if my ſpeech offend a Noble heart,
Thy arme may do thee Iuſtice, heere is mine :
Behold it is my priuiledge,
The priuiledge of mine Honours,
My oath, and my profeſſion. I proteſt,
Maugre thy ſtrength, place, youth, and eminence,
Deſpiſe thy victor-Sword, and fire new Fortune,
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor :
Falſe to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,
Conſpirant 'gainſt this high illuſtirous Prince,
And from th'extremeſt vpward of thy head,
To the diſcent and duſt below thy foote,

A moſt Toad-ſpotted Traitor. Say thou no,
This Sword, this arme, and my beſt ſpirits are bent
To proue vpon thy heart, whereto I ſpeake,
Thou lyeſt.

Baſt. In wiſedome I ſhould aske thy name,
But ſince thy out-ſide lookes ſo faire and Warlike,
And that thy tongue (ſome ſay) of breeding breathes,
What ſafe, and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of Knight-hood, I diſdaine and ſpurne:
Backe do I toſſe theſe Treaſons to thy head,
With the hell-hated Lye, ore-whelme thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by, and ſcarely bruiſe,
This Sword of mine ſhall giue them inſtant way,
Where they ſhall reſt for euer. Trumpets ſpeake.

Alb. Saue him, ſaue him. *Alarums. Fights.*

Gon. This is practiſe *Gloſter*,
By th'law of Warre, thou waſt not bound to anſwer
An vnknowne oppoſite: thou art not vanquiſh'd,
But cozend, and beguild.

Alb. Shut your mouth Dame,
Or with this paper ſhall I ſtop it: hold Sir,
Thou worſe then any name, reade thine owne euill:
No tearing Lady, I perceiue you know it.

Gon. Say if I do, the Lawes are mine not thine,
Who can araigne me for't?

Alb. Moſt monſtrous! O, know'ſt thou this paper?

Baſt. Aske me not what I know. *Exit Gon.*

Alb. Go after her, ſhe's deſperate, gouerne her.

Baſt. What you haue charg'd me with,
That haue I done,
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
'Tis paſt, and ſo am I: But what art thou
That haſt this Fortune on me? If thou'rt Noble,
I do forgiue thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity:
I am no leſſe in blood then thou art *Edmond*,
If more, the more th'haſt wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar* and thy Fathers Sonne,
The Gods are iuſt, and of our pleaſant vices
Make inſtruments to plague vs:
The darke and vitious place where thee he got,
Coſt him his eyes.

Baſt. Th'haſt ſpoken right, 'tis true,
The Wheele is come full circle, I am heere.

Alb. Me thought thy very gate did propheſie
A Royall Nobleneſſe: I muſt embrace thee,
Let ſorrow ſplit my heart, if euer I
Did hate thee, or thy Father.

Egd. Worthy Prince I know't.

Alb. Where haue you hid your ſelfe?
How haue you knowne the miſeries of your Father?

Edg. By nurſing them my Lord. Liſt a breefe tale,
And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burſt.
The bloody proclamation to eſcape
That follow'd me ſo neere, (O our liues ſweetneſſe,
That we the paine of death would hourely dye,
Rather then die at once) taught me to ſhift
Into a mad-mans rags, t'aſſume a ſemblance
That very Dogges diſdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my Father with his bleeding Rings,
Their precious Stones new loſt: became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, ſau'd him from diſpaire.
Neuer (O fault) reueal'd my ſelfe vnto him,
Vntill ſome halfe houre paſt when I was arm'd,
Not ſure, though hoping of this good ſucceſſe,
I ask'd his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt
Told him our pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart
(Alacke too weake the conflict to ſupport)
Twixt two extremes of paſſion, ioy and greefe,
Burſt ſmilingly.

Baſt. This ſpeech of yours hath mou'd me,
And ſhall perchance do good, but ſpeake you on,
You looke as you had ſomething more to ſay.

Alb. If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolue,
Hearing of this.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gen. Helpe, helpe: O helpe.

Edg. What kinde of helpe?

Alb. Speake man.

Edg. What meanes this bloody Knife?

Gen. 'Tis hot, it ſmoakes, it came euen from the heart
of——O ſhe's dead.

Alb. Who dead? Speake man.

Gen. Your Lady Sir, your Lady; and her Siſter
By her is poyſon'd: ſhe confeſſes it.

Baſt. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marry in an inſtant.

Edg. Here comes *Kent.*

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they aliue or dead;

Gonerill and Regans bodies brought out.

This iudgement of the Heauens that makes vs tremble.
Touches vs not with pitty: O, is this he?
The time will not allow the complement
Which very manners vrges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my King and Maſter aye good night.
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of vs forgot,
Speake *Edmund*, where's the King? and where's *Cordelia*?
Seeſt thou this obiect *Kent*?

Kent. Alacke, why thus?

Baſt. Yet *Edmund* was belou'd:
The one the other poiſon'd for my ſake,
And after ſlew herſelfe.

Alb. Euen ſo: couer their faces.

Baſt. Ipant for life: ſome good I meane to do
Deſpight of mine owne Nature. Quickly ſend,
(Be briefe in it) to'th'Caſtle, for my Writ
Is on the life of *Lear*, and on *Cordelia*:
Nay, ſend in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run.

Edg. To who my Lord? Who ha's the Office? Send thy token of repreeue.

Baſt. Well thought on, take my Sword,
Giue it the Captaine.

Edg. Haſt thee for thy life.

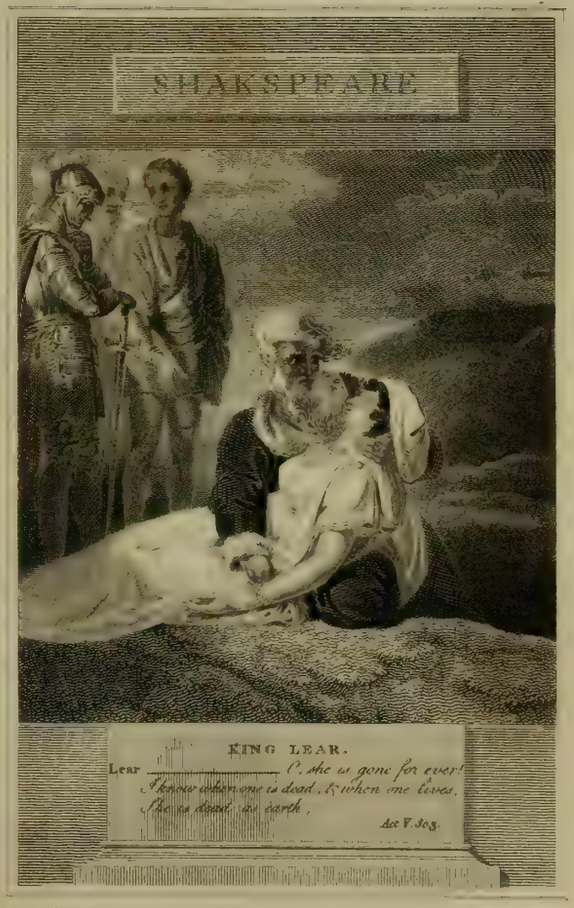
Baſt. He hath Commiſſion from thy Wife and me,
To hang *Cordelia* in the priſon, and
To lay the blame vpon her owne diſpaire,
That ſhe for-did her ſelfe.

Alb. The Gods defend her, beare him hence awhile.

Entor Lear with Cordelia in his armes.

Lear. Howle, howle, howle: O your are men of ſtones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, Il'd vſe them ſo,
That Heauens vault ſhould crack: ſhe's gone for euer.
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glaſſe,

If



KING LEAR.

Lear ——— O, she is gone for ever!
I know when one is dead, & when one lives,
She is dead, as earth.

Act V. Sc 3.

Drawn by Thurston. Engraved by Armstrong

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If that her breath will miſt or ſtaine the ſtone,
Why then ſhe liues.
Kent. Is this the promis'd end?
Edg. Or image of that horror.
Alb. Fall and ceaſe.
Lear. This feather ſtirs, ſhe liues: if it be ſo,
It is a chance which do's redeeme all ſorrowes
That euer I haue felt.
Kent. O my good Maſter. *Kneeling*
Lear. Prythee away.
Edg. 'Tis Noble *Kent* your Friend.
Lear. A plague vpon you Murderors, Traitors all,
I might haue ſau'd her, now ſhe's gone for euer:
Cordelia, *Cordelia*, ſtay a little. Ha:
What is't thou ſaiſt? Her voice was euer ſoft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the Slaue that was a hanging thee.
Gent. 'Tis true (my Lords) he did.
Lear. Did I not fellow?
I haue ſeene the day, with my good biting Faulchion
I would haue made him skip: I am old now,
And theſe ſame croſſes ſpoile me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o'th'beſt, Ile tell you ſtraight. *None* m.c.
Kent. If Fortune brag of two, ſhe lou'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lear. This is a dull ſight, are you not *Kent*?
Kent. The ſame: your Seruant *Kent*,
Where is your Seruant *Caius*?
Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He'le ſtrike and quickly too, he's dead and rotten.
Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.
Lear. Ile ſee that ſtraight. *life & for*
Kent. That from your firſt of difference and decay,
Haue follow'd your ſad ſteps.
Lear. Your are welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man elſe:
All's cheerleſſe, darke, and deadly, *Doom'd* m.c.
Your eldeſt Daughters haue fore-done themſelues,
And deſperately are dead
Lear. I ſo I thinke.
Alb. He knowes not what he ſaies, and vaine is it
Feels & for
That we preſent vs to him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Edg. Very bootleſſe.
Meſſ. Edmund is dead my Lord.
Alb. That's but a trifle heere:
You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be appli'd. For vs we will reſigne,
During the life of this old Maieſty
To him our abſolute power, you to your rights { *to Edgar* / *& Kent*
With boote, and ſuch addition as your Honours
Haue more then merited. All Friends ſhall
Taſte the wages of their vertue, and all Foes
The cup of their deſeruings: O ſee, ſee.
Lear. And my poore Foole is hang'd: no, no, no life?
Why ſhould a Dog, a Horſe, a Rat haue life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer.
Pray you vndo this Button. Thanke you Sir,
Do you ſee this? Looke on her? Looke her lips,
Looke there, looke there. *He dies.*
Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.
Kent. Breake heart, I prythee breake.
Edg. Looke vp my Lord. *to 32*
Kent. Vex not his ghoſt, O let him paſſe, he hates him,
That would vpon the wracke of this tough world *Tough* Pope
Stretch him out longer.
Edg. He is gon indeed.
Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd ſo long,
He but vſurpt his life.
Alb. Beare them from hence, our preſent buſineſſe
Is generall woe: Friends of my ſoule, you twaine, { *to Kent*
Rule in this Realme, and the gor'd ſtate ſuſtaine. { *& Edgar*
Kent. I haue a iourney Sir, ſhortly to go,
My Maſter calls me, I muſt not ſay no. *Dies* 32/not in m.c.
Edg. The waight of this ſad time we muſt obey,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to ſay:
The oldeſt hath borne moſt, we that are yong,
Shall neuer ſee ſo much, nor liue ſo long.
Exeunt with a dead March.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Othello, the Moore of Venice.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Rodorigo, and Iago.

Rodorigo. NEuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That thou (*Iago*) who haſt had my purſe,
As if ſ^e ſtrings were thine, ſhould'ſt know of this.
Ia. But you'l not heare me. If euer I did dream
Of ſuch a matter, abhorre me.
Rodo. Thou told'ſt me,
Thou did'ſt hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Deſpiſe me
If I do not. Three Great-ones of the Cittie,
(In perſonall ſuite to make me his Lieutenant)
Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man
I know my price, I am worth no worſe a place.
But he (as louing his owne pride, and purpoſes)
Euades them, with a bumbaſt Circumſtance,
Horribly ſtufft with Epithites of warre,
Non-ſuites my Mediators. For certes, ſaies he,
I haue already choſe my Officer. And what was he?
For-ſooth, a great Arithmatician,
One *Michaell Caſſio*, a *Florentine*,
(A Fellow almoſt damn'd in a faire Wife)
That neuer ſet a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the deuiſion of a Battaile knowes
More then a Spinſter. Vnleſſe the Bookiſh Theoricke:
Wherein the *Tongued Conſuls can propoſe
As Maſterly as he. Meere pratle (without practiſe)
Is all his Souldierſhip. But he (Sir) had th'election;
And I (of whom his eies had ſeene the proofe
At Rhodes, at Ciprus, and on others grounds
Chriſten'd, and Heathen) muſt be be-leed, and calm'd
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caſter,
He (in good time) muſt his Lieutenant be,
And I (bleſſe the marke) his Mooreſhips Auntient.
Rod. By heauen, I rather would haue bin his hangman.
Iago. Why, there's no remedie.
'Tis the curſſe of Seruice;
Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each ſecond
Stood Heire to'th'firſt. Now Sir, be iudge your ſelfe,
Whether I in any iuſt terme am Affin'd
To loue the *Moore*?
Rod. I would not follow him then.
Iago. O Sir content you.
I follow him, to ſerue my turne vpon him.
We cannot all be Maſters, nor all Maſters
Cannot be truely follow'd. You ſhall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue;
That (doting on his owne obſequious bondage)
Weares out his time, much like his Maſt ers Aſſe,
For naught but Prouender, & when he's old Caſheer'd.
Whip me ſuch honeſt knaues. Others there are
Who trym'd in Formes, and viſages of Dutie,
Keepe yet their hearts attending on themſelues,
And throwing but ſhowes of Seruice on their Lords
Doe well thriue by them.
And when they haue lin'd their Coates
Doe themſelues Homage.
Theſe Fellowes haue ſome ſoule,
And ſuch a one do I profeſſe my ſelfe. For (Sir)
It is as ſure as you are *Rodorigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago*:
In following him, I follow but my ſelfe.
Heauen is my Iudge, not I for loue and dutie,
But ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward Action doth demonſtrate
The natiue act, and figure of my heart
In Complement externe, 'tis not long after
But I will weare my heart vpon my ſleeue
For Dawes to pecke at; I am not what I am.
Rod. What a fall Fortune do's the Thicks-lips owe
If he can carry't thus?
Iago. Call vp her Father:
Rowſe him, make after him, poyſon his delight,
Proclaime him in the Streets. Incenſe her kinſmen,
And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,
Plague him with Flies: though that his Ioy be Ioy,
Yet throw ſuch chances of vexation on't,
As it may looſe ſome colour.
Rodo. Heere is her Fathers houſe, Ile call aloud.
Iago. Doe, with like timerous accent, and dire yell,
As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire
Is ſpied in populus Cities.
Rodo. What hoa: *Brabantio*, Siginor *Brabantio*, hoa.
Iago. Awake: what hoa, *Brabantio*: Theeues, Theeues.
Looke to your houſe, your daughter, and your Bags,
Theeues, Theeues.
Bra. Aboue. What is the reaſon of this terrible
Summons? What is the matter there?
Rodo. Signior is all your Familie within?
Iago. Are your Doores lock'd?
Bra. Why? Wherefore ask you this?
Iago. Sir, y'are rob'd, for ſhame put on your Gowne,
Your

*"Tongued] for eloquent or ſpeechifying Conſuls"
S—

Your heart is burſt, you haue loſt halfe your ſoule
Euen now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tupping your white Ewe. Ariſe, ariſe,
Awake the ſnorting Cittizens with the Bell,
Or elſe the deuill will make a Grand-fire of you.
Ariſe I ſay.
Bra. What, haue you loſt your wits?
Rod. Moſt reuerend Signior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I: what are your?
Rod. My name is *Rodorigo.*
Bra. The worſſer welcome:
I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:
In honeſt plaineneſſe thou haſt heard me ſay,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madneſſe
(Being full of Supper, and diſtempring draughtes)
Vpon malitious knauerie, doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet.
Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir.
Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure,
My ſpirits and my place haue in their power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rodo. Patience good Sir.
Bra. What tell'ſt thou me of Robbing?
This is Venice: my houſe is not a Grange.
Rodo. Moſt graue *Brabantio,*
In ſimple and pure ſoule, I come to you.
Ia. Sir: you are one of thoſe that will not ſerue God, if the deuill bid you. Becauſe we come to do you ſeruice, and you thinke we are Ruffians, you'le haue your Daughter couer'd with a Barbary horſe, you'le haue your Nephewes neigh to you, you'le haue Courſers for Cozens: and Gennets for Germaines.
Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?
Ia. I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daughter and the Moore, are making the Beaſt with two backs.
Bra. Thou art a Villaine.
Iago. You are a Senator.
Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwere. I know thee *Rodorigo.*
Rod. Sir, I will anſwere any thing. But I beſeech you
If't be your pleaſure, and moſt wiſe conſent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,
At this odde Euen and dull watch o'th'night
Tranſported with no worſe nor better guard,
But with a knaue of common hire, a Gundelier,
To the groſſe claſpes of a Laſciuious Moore:
If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,
We then haue done you bold, and ſaucie wrongs.
But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,
We haue your wrong rebuke. Do not beleeue
That from the ſence of all Ciuilitie,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.
Your Daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue)
I ſay againe, hath made a groſſe reuolt,
Tying her Dutie, Beautie, Wit, and Fortunes
In an extrauagant, and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and euery where: ſtraight ſatisfie your ſelfe.
If ſhe be in her Chamber, or your houſe,
Let looſe on me the Iuſtice of the State
For thus deluding you.
Bra. Strike on the Tinder, hoa:
Giue me a Taper: call vp all my people,
This Accident is not vnlike my dreame,
Beleefe of it oppreſſes me alreadie.
Light, I ſay, light. *Exit.*
Iag. Farewell: for I muſt leaue you.
It ſeemes not meete, nor wholeſome to my place
To be producted, (as if I ſtay, I ſhall,)
Againſt the Moore. For I do know the State,
(How euer this may gall him with ſome checke)
Cannot with ſafetie caſt him. For he's embark'd
With ſuch loud reaſon to the Cyprus Warres,
(Which euen now ſtands in Act) that for their ſoules
Another of his Fadome, they haue none,
To lead their Buſineſſe. In which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell apines,
Yet, for neceſſitie of preſent life,
I muſt ſhow out a Flag, and ſigne of Loue,
(Which is indeed but ſigne) that you ſhal ſurely find him
Lead to the Sagitary the raiſed Search:
And there will I be with him. So farewell. *Exit.*

Enter Brabantio, with Seruants and Torches.

Bra. It is too true an euill. Gone ſhe is,
And what's to come of my deſpiſed time,
Is naught but bitterneſſe. Now *Rodorigo,*
Where didſt thou ſee her? (Oh vnhappie Girle)
With the Moore ſaiſt thou? (Who would be a Father?)
How didſt thou know 'twas ſhe? (Oh ſhe deceaues me
Paſt thought:) what ſaid ſhe to you? Get moe Tapers:
Raiſe all my Kindred. Are they married thinke you?
Rodo. Truely I thinke they are.
Bra. Oh Heauen: how got ſhe out?
Oh treaſon of the blood.
Fathers, from hence truſt not your Daughters minds
By what you ſee them act. Is there not Charmes,
By which the propertie of Youth, and Maidhood
May be abus'd? Haue you not read *Rodorigo,*
Of ſome ſuch thing?
Rod. Yes Sir: I haue indeed.
Bra. Call vp my Brother: oh would you had had her.
Some one way, ſome another. Doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?
Rod. I thinke I can diſcouer him, if you pleaſe
To get good Guard, and go along with me.
Bra. Pray you lead on. At euery houſe Ile call,
(I may command at moſt) get Weapons (hoa)
And raiſe ſome ſpeciall Officers of might:
On good *Rodorigo,* I will deſerue your paines. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.

Ia. Though in the trade of Warre I haue ſlaine men,
Yet do I hold it very ſtuffe o'th' conſcience
To do no contriu'd Murder: I lacke Iniquitie
Sometime to do me ſeruice. Nine, or ten times
I had thought t'haue yerk'd him here vnder the Ribbes.
Othello. 'Tis better as it is.
Iago. Nay but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcuruy, and prouoking termes
Againſt your Honor, that with the little godlineſſe I haue
I did full hard forbeare him. But I pray you Sir,
Are you faſt married? Be aſſur'd of this,
That the Magnifico is much belou'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potentiall
As double as the Dukes: He will diuorce you.
Or put vpon you, what reſtraint or greeuance,

The

The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will giue him Cable.
Othel. Let him do his ſpight;
My Seruices, which I haue done the Signorie
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which when I know, that boaſting is an Honour,
I ſhall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,
From Men of Royall Seige. And my demerites
May ſpeake (vnbonnetted) to as proud a Fortune
As this that I haue reach'd. For know *Iago*,
But that I loue the gentle *Deſdemona*,
I would not my vnhouſed free condition
Put into Circumſcription, and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?

Enter Caſſio, with Torches.

Iago. Thoſe are the raiſed Father, and his Friends:
You were beſt go in.
Othel. Not I: I muſt be found.
My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule
Shall manifeſt me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By *Ianus*, I thinke no.
Othel. The Seruants of the Dukes?
And my Lieutenant?
The goodneſſe of the Night vpon you (Friends)
What is the Newes?
Caſſio. The Duke do's greet you (Generall)
And he requires your haſte, Poſt-haſte appearance,
Enen on the inſtant.
Othello. What is the matter, thinke you?
Caſſio. Something from Cyprus, as I may diuine:
It is a buſineſſe of ſome heate. The Gallies
Haue ſent a dozen ſequent Meſſengers
This very night, at one anothers heeles:
And many of the Conſuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the Dukes already. You haue bin hotly call'd for,
When being not at your Lodging to be found,
The Senate hath ſent about three ſeuerall Queſts,
To ſearch you out.
Othel. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but ſpend a word here in the houſe,
And goe with you.
Caſſio. Aunciant, what makes he heere?
Iago. Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Carract,
If it proue lawfull prize, he's made for euer.
Caſſio. I do not vnderſtand.
Iago. He's married.
Caſſio. To who?
Iago. Marry to —— Come Captaine, will you go?
Othel. Haue with you.
Caſſio. Here come sanother Troope to ſeeke for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers, and Torches.

Iago. It is *Brabantio*: Generall be aduis'd,
He comes to bad intent.
Othello. Holla, ſtand there.
Rodo. Signior, it is the Moore.
Bra. Downe with him, Theefe.
Iago. You, *Rodorigo*, come Sir, I am for you.
Othe. Keepe vp your bright Swords, for the dew will ruſt them. Good Signior, you ſhall more command with yeares, then with your Weapons.
Bra. Oh thou foule Theefe,
Where haſt thou ſtow'd my Daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou haſt enchaunted her
For Ile referre me to all things o f ſenſe,
(If ſhe in Chaines of Magick were not bound)
Whether a Maid, ſo tender, Faire, and Happie,
So oppoſite to Marriage, that ſhe ſhun'd
The wealthy curled Deareling of our Nation,
Would euer haue (t'encurre a generall mocke)
Run from her Guardageto the ſootie boſome,
Of ſuch a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight?
Iudge me the world, if 'tis not groſſe in ſenſe,
That thou haſt practis'd on her with foule Charmes,
Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens Motion. Ile haue't diſputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuſer of the World, a practiſer
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold vpon him, if he do reſiſt
Subdue him, at his perill.
Othe. Hold your hands
Both you of my inclining, and the reſt.
Were it my Cue to fight, I ſhould haue knowne it
Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe
To anſwere this your charge?
Bra. To Priſon, till fit time
Of Law, and courſe of direct Seſſion
Call thee to anſwer.
Othe. What if do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith ſatisfi'd,
Whoſe Meſſengers are heere about my ſide,
Vpon ſome preſent buſineſſe of the State,
To bring me to him.
Officer. 'Tis true moſt worthy Signior,
The Dukes in Counſell, and your Noble ſelfe,
I am ſure is ſent for.
Bra. How? The Duke in Counſell?
In this time of the night? Bring him away;
Mine's not an idle Cauſe. The Duke himſelfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as 'twere their owne:
For if ſuch Actions may haue paſſage free,
Bond-ſlaues, and Pagans ſhall our Stateſmen be. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

The ſame, A Councel chamber.

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. There's no compoſition in this Newes,
That giues them Credite.
1. *Sen.* Indeed, they are diſproportioned;
My Letters ſay, a Hundred and ſeuen Gallies.
Duke. And mine a Hundred fortie.
2. *Sena.* And mine two Hundred:
But though they iumpe not on a iuſt accompt,
(As in theſe Caſes where the ayme reports,
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirme
A Turkiſh Fleete, and bearing vp to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is poſſible enough to iudgement:
I do not ſo ſecure me in the Error,
But the maine Article I do approue
In fearefull ſenſe.
Saylor within. What hoa, what hoa, what hoa.

Enter Saylor.

Officer.

Officer. A Meſſenger from the Gallies.
Duke. Now? What's the buſineſſe?
Sailor. The Turkiſh Preparation makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the State,
By Signior *Angelo.*
Duke. How ſay you by this change?
1. *Sen.* This cannot be
By no aſſay of reaſon. 'Tis a Pageant
To keepe vs in falſe gaze, when we conſider
Th'importancie of Cyprus to the Turke;
And let our ſelues againe but vnderſtand,
That as it more concernes the Turke then Rhodes,
So may he with more facile queſtion beare it,
For that it ſtands not in ſuch Warrelike brace,
But altogether lackes th'abilities
That Rhodes is dreſs'd in. If we make thought of this,
We muſt not thinke the Turke is ſo vnskillfull,
To leaue that lateſt, which concernes him firſt,
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe, and gaine
To wake, and wage a danger profitleſſe.
Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.
Officer. Here is more Newes.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſen. The *Ottamites*, Reuerend, and Gracious,
Steering with due courſe toward the Ile of Rhodes,
Haue there inioynted them with an after Fleete.
1. *Sen.* I, ſo I thought: how many, as you gueſſe?
Meſſ. Of thirtie Saile: and now they do re-ſtem
Their backward courſe, bearing with frank appearance
Their purpoſes toward Cyprus. Signior *Montano*,
Your truſtie and moſt Valiant Seruitour,
With his free dutie, recommends you thus,
And prayes you to beleeue him.
Duke. 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus:
Marcus Luccicos is not he in Towne? *Lucchese* m.c
1. *Sen.* He's now in Florence. *Stevens*
Duke. Write from vs,
To him, Poſt, Poſt-haſte, diſpatch.
1. *Sen.* Here comes *Brabantio*, and the Valiant Moore.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Caſſio, Iago, Rodorigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we muſt ſtraight employ you,
Againſt the generall Enemy *Ottoman.*
I did not ſee you: welcome gentle Signior [*to Brabantio* m.c
We lack't your Counſaile, and your helpe to night.
Bra. So did I yours: Good your Grace pardon me.
Neither my place, hor ought I heard of buſineſſe *for* 31
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the generall care
Take hold on me. For my perticular griefe
Is of ſo flood-gate, and ore-bearing Nature,
That it engluts, snd ſwallowes other ſorrowes,
And it is ſtill it ſelfe.
Duke. Why? What's the matter?
Bra. My Daughter: oh my Daughter!
Sen. Dead?
Bra. I, to me.
She is abus'd, ſtolne from me, and corrupted
By Spels, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;
For Nature, ſo prepoſtrouſly to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of ſenſe,)
Sans witch-craft could not.
Duke. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her ſelfe,
And you of her; the bloodie Booke of Law,
You ſhall your ſelfe read, in the bitter letter,
After your owne ſenſe: yea, though our proper Son *Sonne* /31
Stood in your Action.
Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace,
Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it ſeemes
Your ſpeciall Mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.
All. We are verieſorry for't.
Duke. What in yonr owne part, can you ſay to this?
Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.
Othe. Moſt Potent, Graue, and Reuerend Signiors,
My very Noble, and approu'd good Maſters;
That I haue tane away this old mans Daughter,
It is moſt true: true I haue married her;
The verie head, and front of my offending,
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I, in my ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſoft phraſe of Peace; *set* *m.e. x old to*
For ſince theſe Armes of mine, had ſeuen yeares pith,
Till now, ſome nine Moones waſted, they haue vs'd
Their deereſt action, in the Tented Field:
And little of this great world can I ſpeake,
More then pertaines to Feats of Broiles, and Battaile,
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for my ſelfe. Yet, (by your gratious patience)
I will a round vn-varniſh'd u Tale deliuer,
Of my whole courſe of Loue.
What Drugges, what Charmes, *one q in 32*
What Coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,
(For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withall)
I won his Daughter. *With* m.e.
Bra. A Maiden, neuer bold:
Of Spirit ſo ſtill, and quiet, that her Motion
Bluſh'd at her ſelfe, and ſhe, in ſpight of Nature,
Of Yeares, of Country, Credite, euery thing
To fall in Loue, with what ſhe fear'd to looke on;
It is a iudgement main'd, and moſt imperfect.
That will confeſſe Perfection ſo could erre
Againſt all rules of Nature, and muſt be driuen
To find out practiſes of cunning hell
Why this ſhould be. I therefore vouch againe,
That with ſome Mixtures, powrefull o're the blood,
Or with ſome Dram, (coniur'd to this effect)
He wtought vp on her.
To vouch this, is no proofe, *
Without more wider, and more ouer Teſt *certain*
Then theſe thin habits, and poore likely-hoods
Of moderne ſeeming, do prefer againſt him.
Sen. But *Othello*, ſpeake,
Did you, by indirect, and forced courſes
Subdue, and poyſon this yong Maides affections?
Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch faire queſtion
As ſoule, to ſoule affordeth?
Othel. I do beſeech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagitary.
And let her ſpeake of me before her Father;
If you do finde me foule, in herreport,
The Truſt, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not onely take away, but let your Sentence
Euen fall vpon my life.
Duke. Fetch *Deſdemona* hither.
Othe. Aunciant, conduct them: *not in* 32
You beſt know the place.
And tell ſhe come, as truely as to heauen,
I do confeſſe the vices of my blood,
So iuſtly to your Graue eares, Ile preſent

How

" See Malone & Steevens notes Vol XIX. p. 266. Rich Edn 1803. on the merit or fault of retaining this important word with". Sherman

* this speech to the end of the speech of Brabantio m.c.

* These finish are continued as the speech of Othello

How I did thriue in this faire Ladies loue,
And ſhe in mine.
Duke. Say it *Othello.*
Othe. Her Father lou'd me, oft inuited me:
Still queſtion'd me the Storie of my life,
From yeare to yeare: the Battaile, Sieges, Fortune,
That I haue paſt.
I ran it through, euen from my boyiſh daies,
Toth'very moment that he bad me tell it.
Wherein I ſpoke of moſt diſaſtrous chances:
Of mouing Accidents by Flood and Field,
Of haire-breadth ſcapes i'th'imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the Inſolent Foe,
And ſold to ſlauery. Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Trauellours hiſtorie.
Wherein of Antars vaſt, and Defarts idle,
Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whoſe head touch heauen,
It was my hint to ſpeake. Such was my Proceſſe,
And of the Canibals that each others eate,
The *Antropophague*, and men whoſe heads
Grew beneath their ſhoulders. Theſe things to heare,
Would *Deſdemona* ſeriouſly incline:
But ſtill the houſe Affaires would draw her hence:
Which euer as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She'l'd come againe, and with a greedie eare
Deuoure vp my diſcourſe. Which I obſeruing,
Tooke once a pliant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not inſtinctiuely: I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did ſpeake of ſome diſtreſſefull ſtroke
That my youth ſuffer'd: My Storie being done,
She gaue me for my paines a world of kiſſes:
She ſwore in faith 'twas ſtrange: 'twas paſſing ſtrange,
'Twas pittifull: 'twas wondrous pittifull.
She wiſh'd ſhe had not heard it, yet ſhe wiſh'd
That Heauen had made her ſuch a man. She thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a Friend that lou'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my Story,
And that would woo her. Vpon this hint I ſpake,
She lou'd me for the dangers I had paſt,
And I lou'd her, that ſhe did pitty them.
This onely is the witch-craft I haue vs'd.
Here comes the Ladie: Let her witneſſe it.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, Attendants.

Duke. I thinke this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the beſt:
Men do their broken Weapons rather vſe,
Then their bare hands.
Bra. I pray you heare her ſpeake?
If ſhe confeſſe that ſhe was halfe the wooer,
Deſtruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Miſtris,
Do you perceiue in all this Noble Companie,
Where moſt you owe obedience?
Def. My Noble Father,
I do perceiue heere a diuided dutie.
To you I am bound for life, and education:
My life and education both do learne me,
How to reſpect you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your Daughter. But heere's my Husband;
And ſo much dutie, as my Mother ſhew'd
To you, preferring you before her Father:
So much I challenge, that I may profeſſe
Due to the Moore my Lord.
Bra. God be with you: I haue done.
Pleaſe it your Grace, on to the State Affaires;
I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.
Come hither Moore;
I here do giue thee that with all my heart,
Which but thou haſt already, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee. For your ſake (Iewell)
I am glad at ſoule, I haue no other Child,
For thy eſcape would teach me Tirranie
To hang clogges on them. I haue done my Lord.
Duke. Let me ſpeake like your ſelfe:
And lay a Sentence,
Which as a griſe, or ſtep may helpe theſe Louers.
When remedies are paſt, the griefes are ended
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended.
To mourne a Miſcheefe that is paſt and gon,
Is the next way to draw new miſchiefe on.
What cannot be preſern'd, when Fortune takes:
Patience, her Iniury a mock'ry makes.
The rob'd that ſmiles, ſteales ſomething from the Thiefe,
He robs himſelfe, that ſpends a booteleſſe griefe.
Bra. So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguile,
We looſe it not ſo long as we can ſmile:
He beares the Sentence well, that nothing beares,
But the free comfort which from thence he heares.
But he beares both the Sentence, and the ſorrow,
That to pay griefe, muſt of poore Patience borrow.
Theſe Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are Equiuocall.
But words are words, I neuer yet did heare:
That the bruized heart was pierc'd through the eares.
I humbly beſeech you proceed to th'Affaires of State.
Duke. The Turke with a moſt mighty Preparation makes for Cyprus: *Othello*, the Fortitude of the place is beſt knowne to you. And though we haue there a Subſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiencie; yet opinion, a more ſoueraigne Miſtris of Effects, throwes a more ſafer voice on you: you muſt therefore be content to ſlubber the gloſſe of your new Fortunes, with this more ſtubborne, and boyſtrous expedition.
Othe. The Tirant Cuſtome, moſt Graue Senators,
Hath made the flinty and Steele Coach of Warre
My thrice-driuen bed of Downe. I do agnize
A Naturall and prompt Alacartie,
I finde in hardneſſe: and do vndertake
This preſent Warres againſt the *Ottamites*.
Moſt humbly therefore bending to your State,
I craue fit diſpoſition for my Wife,
Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,
With ſuch Accomodation and befort
As leuels with her breeding.
Duke. Why at her Fathers?
Bra. I will not haue it ſo.
Othe. Nor I.
Def. Nor would I thererecide,
To put my Father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Moſt Greaious Duke,
To my vnfolding, lend your proſperous eare,
And let me finde a Charter in your voice
T'aſſiſt my ſimpleneſſe.
Duke. What would you *Deſdemona*?
Def. That I loue the Moore, to liue with him,
My downe-right violence, and ſtorme of Fortunes,

Drawn by J. Thurston — Engraved by C. Armstrong

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May trumpet to the world. My heart's ſubdu'd
Euen to the very quality of my Lord; vtmoſt pleaſure
I ſaw *Othello's* viſage in his mind, 1 L 4 to
And to his Honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my ſoule and Fortunes conſecrate.
So that (deere Lords) if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the Warre,
The Rites for why I loue him, are bereft me:
And I a heauie interim ſhall ſupport
By his deere abſence. Let me go with him.

Othe. Let her haue your voice. voices Lords. be-ſeech you let her will
Vouch with me Heauen, I therefore beg it not haue a
To pleaſe the pallate of my Appetite: free way
Nor to comply with heat the yong affects m.e.
In my defunct, and proper ſatisfaction. Deſires m.e
But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:
And Heauen defend your good ſoules, that you thinke
I will your ſerious and great buſineſſe ſcant
When ſhe is with me. No, when light wing'd Toyes
Of feather'd *Cupid*, ſeele with wanton dulneſſe
My ſpeculatiue, and offic'd Inſtrument:
That my Diſports corrupt, and taint my buſineſſe:
Let Houſe-wiues make a Skillet of my Helme,
And all indigne, and baſe aduerſities,
Make head againſt my Eſtimation.

Duke. Be it as you ſhall priuately determine,
Either for her ſtay, or going: th'Affaire cries haſt:
And ſpeed muſt anſwer it.

Sen. You muſt away to night.

Othe. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'th'morning, here wee'l meete againe.
Othello, leaue ſome Officer behind
And he ſhall our Commiſſion bring to you:
And ſuch things elſe of qualitie and reſpect
As doth import you.

Othe. So pleaſe your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honeſty and truſt:
To his conueyance I aſſigne my wife,
With what elſe needfull, your good Grace ſhall think
To be ſent after me.

Duke. Let it be ſo: to Brabant
Good night to euery one. And Noble Signior
If Vertue no delighted Beautie lacke,
Your Son-in-law is farre more Faire then Blacke.

Sen. Adieu braue Moore, vſe *Deſdemona* well.

Bra. Looke to her (Moore) if thou haſt eies to ſee:
She ha's deceiu'd her Father, and may thee. *Exit.*

Othe. My life vpon her faith. Honeſt *Iago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leaue to thee;
I prythee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the beſt aduantage. Hasten 32
Come *Deſdemona*, I haue but an houre
Of Loue, of wordly matter, and direction
To ſpend with thee. We muſt obey the the time. *Exit.*

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What ſaiſt thou Noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'ſt thou?

Iago. Why go to bed and ſleepe.

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my ſelfe.

Iago. If thou do'ſt, I ſhall neuer loue thee after. Why thou ſilly Gentleman?

Rod. It is ſillyneſſe to liue, when to liue is torment: and then haue we a preſcription to dye, when death is our Phyſition.

Iago. Oh villanous: I haue look'd vpon the world for foure times ſeuen yeares, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betwixt a Benefit, and an Iniurie: I neuer found man that knew how to loue himſelfe. Ere I would ſay, I would drowne my ſelfe for the loue of a Gynney Hen, I would change my Humanity with a Baboone.

Rod. What ſhould I do? I confeſſe it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iago. Vertue? A figge, 'tis in our ſelues that we are thus, or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which, our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Nettles, or ſowe Lettice: Set Hiſope, and weede vp Time: Supplie it with one gender of Hearbes, or diſtract it with many: either to haue it ſterrill with idleneſſe, or manured with Induſtry, why the power, and Corrigeable authoritie of this lies in our Wills. If the braine of our liues balance m.e.
had not one Scale of Reaſon, to poize another of Senſualitie, the blood, and baſeneſſe of our Natures would conduct vs to moſt prepoſtrous Concluſions. But we haue Reaſon to coole our raging Motions, our carnall or 32
Stings, or vnbitted Luſts: whereof I take this, that you call Loue, to be a Sect, or Seyen. Scion m.e.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is meerly a Luſt of the blood, and a permiſſion of the will. Come, be a man: drowne thy ſelfe? Drown Cats, and blind Puppies. I haue profeſt me thy Friend, and I confeſſe me knit to thy deſeruing, with Cables of perdurable toughneſſe. I could neuer better ſteed thee then now. Put Money in thy purſe: follow thou the Warres, defeate thy fauour, with an vſurp'd Beard. I ſay put Money in thy purſe. It cannot be long that *Deſdemona* ſhould continue her loue to the Moore. Put Money in thy purſe: nor he his to her. It was a violent Commencement in her, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable Sequeſtration, put but Money in thy purſe. Theſe Moores omitted m.e.
are changeable in their wils; fill thy purſe with Money. The Food that to him now is as luſhious as Locuſts, ſhalbe to him ſhortly, as bitter as Coloquintida. She muſt change for youth: when ſhe is ſated with his body ſhe will find the errors of her choice. Therefore, put Money in thy purſe. If thou wilt needs damne thy ſelfe, do it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the Money thou canſt: If Sanctimonie, and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian, and ſuper-ſubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits, and all the Tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enioy her: therefore make Money: a pox of drowning thy ſelfe, it is cleane out of the way. Seeke thou rather to be hang'd in Compaſſing thy ioy, then to be drown'd, and go without her.

Rodo. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue?

Iago. Thou art ſure of me: Go make Money: I haue told thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore. My cauſe is hearted; thine hath no leſſe reaſon. Let vs be coniunctiue in our reuenge, againſt him. If thou canſt Cuckold him, thou doſt thy ſelfe a pleaſure, me a ſport. There are many Euents in the Wombe of Time, which wilbe deliuered. Trauerſe, go, prouide thy Money. We will haue more of this to morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meete i'th'morning?

Iago. At my Lodging.

Rod. Ile be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go too, farewell. Do you heare *Rodorigo*?

Rod. Ile ſell all my Land. *Exit.*

Iago. Thus do I euer make my Foole, my purſe:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge ſhould prophane
If I would time expend with ſuch Snipe,

But

"I think I have clearly proved in my M.S. book of notes that Defunct is the proper word, and that the difficulty always lay in the word comply which is there also properly illustrated" Sherwen

Rod. What say you?
Iago. No more of drowning do you hear?
Rod. I am changed: I will sell all my land.
Iago. Go to, farewell: put money enough in your pockets purse.
Thus do I ge.

But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my ſheets
She ha's done my Office. I know not if't be true,
But I, for meere ſuſpition in that kinde,
Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well,
The better ſhall my purpoſe worke on him:
Caſſio's a proper man: Let me ſee now,
To get his Place, and to plume vp my will
In double Knauery. How? How? Let's ſee.
After ſome time, to abuſe *Othello*'s eares,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a perſon, and a ſmooth diſpoſe
To be ſuſpected: fram'd to make women falſe.
The Moore is of a free, and open Nature,
That thinkes men honeſt, that but ſeeme to be ſo,
And will as tenderly be lead by'th'Noſe
As Aſſes are:
I haue't: it is engendred: Hell, and Night,
Muſt bring this monſtrous Birth, to the worlds light.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

A Sea-port Town in Cyprus. A Platform.

Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the Cape, can you diſcerne at Sea?
1. *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood:
I cannot 'twixt the Heauen, and the Maine,
Deſcry a Saile.
Mon. Me thinks, the wind hath ſpoke aloud at Land,
A fuller blaſt ne're ſhooke our Battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd ſo vpon the Sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when Mountaines melt on them,
Can hold the Morties. What ſhall we heare of this?
2 A Segregation of the Turkiſh Fleet:
For do but ſtand vpon the Foaming Shore,
The chidden Billow ſeemes to pelt the Clowds,
The winde-ſhak'd-Surge, with high & monſtrous Maine
Seemes to caſt water on the burning Beare,
And quench the Guards of th'euer-fixed Pole
I neuer did like molleſtation view
On the enchafed Flood.
Men. If that the Turkiſh Fleete
Be not enſhelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd,
It is impoſſible to beare it out.

Enter a Gentleman.

3 Newes Laddes: our warres are done: The deſperate Tempeſt hath ſo bang'd the Turkes,
That their deſignement halts. A Noble ſhip of Venice,
Hath ſeene a greeuous wracke and ſufferance
On moſt part of their Fleet.
Mon. How? Is this true?
3 The Ship is heere put in: A *Verennesſa*, *Michael Caſſio*
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, *Othello*,
Is come on Shore: the Moore himſelfe at Sea,
And is in full Commiſſion heere for Cyprus.
Mon. I am glad on't:
'Tis a worthy Gouernour.
3 But this ſame *Caſſio*, though he ſpeake of comfort,
Touching the Turkiſh loſſe, yet he lookes ſadly,
And praye the Moore be ſafe; for they were parted
With fowle and violent Tempeſt.
Mon. Pray Heauens he be:
For I haue ſeru'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-ſide (hoa)
As well to ſee the Veſſell that's come in,
As to throw-out our eyes for braue *Othello*,
Euen till we make the Maine, and th'Eriall blew,
An indiſtinct regard.
Gent. Come, let's do ſo;
For euery Minute is expectancie
Of more Arriuancie.

Enter Caſſio.

Caſſi. Thankes you, the valiant of the warlike Iſle,
That ſo approoue the Moore: Oh let the Heauens
Giue him defence againſt the Elements,
For I haue loſt him on a dangerous Sea.
Mon. Is he well ſhip'd?
Caſſio. His Barke is ſtoutly Timber'd, and his Pylot
Of verie expert, and approu'd Allowance;
Therefore my hope's (not ſurfetted to death)
Stand in bold Cure.
Within. A Saile, a Saile, a Saile.
Caſſio. What noiſe?
Gent. The Towne is empty; on the brow o'th'Sea
Stand rankes of People, and they cry, a Saile.
Caſſio. My hopes do ſhape him for the Gouernor.
Gent. They do diſcharge their Shot of Courteſie,
Our Friends, at leaſt. [*Guns heard.*
Caſſio. I pray you Sir, go forth,
And giue vs truth who 'tis that is arriu'd.
Gent. I ſhall. *Exit.*
Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wiu'd?
Caſſio. Moſt fortunately: he hath atchieu'd a Maid
That paragons deſcription, and wilde Fame:
One that excels the quirkes of Blazoning pens,
And in th'eſſentiall Veſture of Creation,
Do's tyre the Ingeniuer.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? Who ha's put in?
Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, Auncient to the Generall.
Caſſio. Ha's had moſt fauourable, and happie ſpeed:
Tempeſts themſelues, high Seas, and howling windes,
The gutter'd-Rockes, and Congregated Sands,
Traitors enſteep'd, to enclogge the guiltleſſe Keele,
As hauing ſence of Beautie, do omit
Their mortall Natures, letting go ſafely by
The Diuine *Deſdemona*.
Mon. What is ſhe?
Caſſio. She that I ſpake of:
Our great Captains Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whoſe footing heere anticipates our thoughts,
A Senights ſpeed. Great Ioue, *Othello* guard,
And ſwell his Saile with thine owne powrefull breath,
That he may bleſſe this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loues quicke pants in *Deſdemonaes* Armes,
Giue renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Æmilia.

Oh behold,
The Riches of the Ship is come on ſhore:
You men of Cyprus, let her haue your knees.
Haile to thee Ladie: and the grace of Heauen,
Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand
Enwheele thee round.
Deſ. I thanke you, Valiant *Caſſio*,
What tydings can you tell of my Lord?

Caſſio.

Caſ. He is not yet arriu'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be ſhortly heere.
Def. Oh, but I feare:
How loſt you company?
Caſſio. The great Contention of Sea, and Skies
Parted our fellowſhip. But hearke, a Saile.
Within. A Saile, a Saile. [then Guns heard m.c.
Gent. They giue this greeting to the Cittadell:
This likewiſe is a Friend.
Caſſio. See for the Newes:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Miſtris: [to Emilia m.c.
Let it not gaule your patience (good *Iago*)
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That giues me this bold ſhew of Curteſie. [kiſſes her lippes
Iago. Sir, would ſhe giue you ſomuch of her lippes,
As of her tongue ſhe oft beſtowes on me, lips 32
You would haue enough. ℣ 32
Def. Alas: ſhe ha's no ſpeech.
Iago. Infaith too much:
I finde it ſtill, when I haue leaue to ſleepe.
Marry before your Ladyſhip, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Æmil. You haue little cauſe to ſay ſo.
Iago. Come on, come on: you are Pictures out of doore: Bells in your Parlours: Wilde-Cats in your Kitchens: Saints in your Iniuries: Diuels being offended: Players in your Huſwiferie, and Huſwiues in your Beds.
Def. Oh, fie vpon thee, Slanderer.
Iago. Nay, it is true: or elſe I am a Turke,
You riſe to play, and go to bed to worke.
Æmil. You ſhall not write my praiſe.
Iago. No, let me not.
Deſde. What would'ſt write of me, if thou ſhould'ſt praiſe me?
Iago. Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too't,
For I am nothing, if not Criticall.
Def. Come on, aſſay.
There's one gone to the Harbour?
Iago. I Madam.
Def. I am not merry: but I do beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe.
Come, how would'ſt thou praiſe me?
Iago. I am about it, but indeed my inuention comes from my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze, it pluckes out Braines and all. But my Muſe labours, and thus ſhe is deliuer'd.
If ſhe be faire, and wiſe: faireneſſe, and wit,
The ones for vſe, the other vſeth it.
Def. Well prais'd:
How if ſhe be Blacke and Witty?
Iago. If ſhe be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,
She'le find a white, that ſhall her blackneſſe fit.
Def. Worſe, and worſe.
Æmil. How if Faire, and Fooliſh?
Iago. She neuer yet was fooliſh that was faire,
For euen her folly helpt her to an heire.
Deſde. Theſe are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles laugh i'th'Alehouſe. What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for her that's Foule, and Fooliſh.
Iago. There's none ſo foule and fooliſh thereunto,
But do's foule pranks, which faire, and wiſe-ones do.
Deſde. Oh heauy ignorance: thou praiſeſt the worſt beſt. But what praiſe could'ſt thou beſtow on a deſeruing woman indeed? One, that in the authority of her merit, did iuſtly put on the vouch of very malice it ſelfe.

Iago. She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,
Had Tongue at will, and yet was neuer loud:
Neuer lackt Gold, and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid now I may.
She that being angred, her reuenge being nie,
Bad her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure flie:
She that in wiſedome neuer was ſo fraile,
To change the Cods-head for the Salmons taile:
She that could thinke, and neu'r diſcloſe her mind,
See Suitors following, and not looke behind:
She was a wight, (if euer ſuch wightes were)
Def. To do what?
Iago. To ſuckle Fooles, and chronicle ſmall Beere.

Deſde. Oh moſt lame and impotent concluſion. Do not learne of him *Æmillia*, though he be thy husband. How ſay you (*Caſſio*) is he not a moſt prophane, and liberall Counſailor?
Caſſio. He ſpeakes home (Madam) you may relliſh him more in the Souldier, then in the Scholler.
Iago. He takes her by the palme: I, well ſaid, whiſper. With as little a web as this, will I enſnare as great a Fly as *Caſſio*. I ſmile vpon her, do: I will giue thee in thine owne Courtſhip. You ſay true, 'tis ſo indeed. If ſuch tricks as theſe ſtrip you out of your Lieutenantrie, it had beene better you had not kiſs'd your three fingers ſo oft, which now againe you are moſt apt to play the Sir, in. Very good: well kiſs'd, and excellent Curtſie: 'tis ſo indeed. Yet againe, your fingers to your lippes? Would they were Cluſter-pipes for your ſake.
The Moore I know his Trumpet.
Caſſio, 'Tis truely ſo.
Def. Let's meete him, and recieue him.
Caſſio. Loe, where he comes.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O, my faire Warriour.
Def. My deere *Othello.*
Othe. It giues me wonder great, as my content
To ſee you heere before me.
Oh my Soules Ioy:
If after euery Tempeſt, come ſuch Calmes,
May the windes blow, till they haue waken'd death:
And let the labouring Barke climbe hills of Seas
Olympus high: and duck againe as low,
As hell's from Heauen. If it were now to dye,
'Twere now to be moſt happy. For I feare,
My Soule hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort like to this,
Succeedes in vnknowne Fate.
Def. The Heauens forbid
But that our Loues
And Comforts ſhould encreaſe
Euen as our dayes do grow.
Othe. Amen to rhat (ſweet Powers)
I cannot ſpeake enough of this content,
It ſtoppes me heere: it is too much of ioy,
And this, and this the greateſt diſcords be
That ere our hearts ſhall make.
Iago. Oh you are well tun'd now: But Ile ſet downe the peggs that make this Muſicke, as honeſt as I am.

Othe. Come: let vs to the Caſtle.
Newes (Friends) our Warres are done:
The Turkes are drown'd.
How do's my old Acquaintance of this Iſle? *Do our m.c.*
(Hony) you ſhall be well deſir'd in Cyprus,
I haue found great loue among'ſt them. Oh my Sweet,
I prattle out of faſhion, and I doate
In mine owne comforts. I prythee, good *Iago*,
Go to the Bay, and diſimbarke my Coffers: *My 32*
Bring thou the Maſter to the Cittadell,
He is a good one, and his worthyneſſe
Do's challenge much reſpect. Come *Deſdemona*,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exit Othello and Deſdemona.

Iago. Do thou meet me preſently at the Harbour. Come thither, if thou be'ſt Valiant, (as they ſay baſe men being in Loue, haue then a Nobilitie in their Natures, more then is natiue to them) liſt-me; the Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard. Firſt, I muſt tell thee this: *Deſdemona*, is directly in loue with him.

Rod. With him? Why, 'tis not poſſible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus: and let thy ſoule be inſtructed. Marke me with what violence ſhe firſt lou'd the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantaſticall lies. To loue him ſtill for prating, let not thy diſcreet heart thinke it. Her eye muſt be fed. And what delight ſhall ſhe haue to looke on the diuell? When the Blood is made dull with the Act of Sport, there ſhould be a game to enflame it, and to giue Satiety a freſh appetite. Louelineſſe in fauour, ſimpathy in yeares, Manners, and Beauties: all which the Moore is defectiue in. Now for want of theſe requir'd Conueniences, her delicate tenderneſſe will finde it ſelfe abus'd, begin to heaue the, gorge, diſrelliſh and abhorre the Moore, very Nature will inſtruct her in it, and compell her to ſome ſecond choice. Now Sir, this granted (as it is a moſt pregnant and vnforc'd poſition) who ſtands ſo eminent in the degree of this Forune, as *Caſſio* do's: a knaue very voluble: no further conſcionable, then in putting on the meere forme of Ciuill, and Humaine ſeeming, for the better compaſſe of his ſalt, and moſt hidden looſe Affection? Why none, why none: A ſlipper, and ſubtle knaue, a ſinder of occaſion: that he's an eye can ſtampe, and counterfeit Aduantages, though true Aduantage neuer preſent it ſelfe. A diueliſh knaue: beſides, the knaue is handſome, young: and hath all thoſe requiſites in him, that folly and greene mindes looke after. A peſtilent compleat knaue, and the woman hath found him already.

Rodo. I cannot beleeue that in her, ſhe's full of moſt bleſs'd condition.

Iago. Bleſs'd figges-end. The Wine ſhe drinkes is made of grapes. If ſhee had beene bleſs'd, ſhee would neuer haue lou'd the Moore: Bleſs'd pudding. Didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palme of his hand? Didſt not marke that?

Rod. Yes, that I did: but that was but curteſie.

Iago. Leacherie by this hand: an Index, and obſcure prologue to the Hiſtory of Luſt and foule Thoughts. They met ſo neere with their lippes, that their breathes embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts *Rodorigo*, when theſe mutabilities ſo marſhall the way, hard at hand comes the Maſter, and maine exercife, th'incorporate concluſion: Piſh. But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I haue brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for the Command, Ile lay't vpon you. *Caſſio* knowes you not: Ile not be farre from you. Do you finde ſome occaſion to anger *Caſſio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline, or from what other courſe you pleaſe, which the time ſhall more fauorably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's raſh, and very ſodaine in Choller: and happely may ſtrike at you, prouoke him that he may: for euen out of that will I cauſe theſe of Cyprus to Mutiny. Whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte againe, but by the diſplanting of *Caſſio*. So ſhall you haue a ſhorter iourney to your deſires, by the meanes I ſhall then haue to preferre them. And the impediment moſt profitably remoued, without the which there were no expectation of our proſperitie.

Rodo. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity. *I meete*

Iago. I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the Cittadell. I muſt fetch his Neceſſaries a Shore. Farewell.

Rodo. Adieu. *Exit.*

Iago. That *Caſſio* loues her, I do well beleeu't:
That ſhe loues him, 'tis apt, and of great Credite.
The Moore (how beit that I endure him not)
Is of a conſtant, louing, Noble Nature,
And I dare thinke, he'le proue to *Deſdemona*
A moſt deere husband. Now I do loue her too,
Not out of abſolute Luſt, (though peradnenture
I ſtand accomptant for as great a ſin)
But partely led to dyet my Reuenge,
For that I do ſuſpect the luſtie Moore
Hath leap'd into my Seate. The thought whereof,
Doth (like a poyſonous Minerall) gnaw my Inwardes:
And nothing can, or ſhall content my Soule
Till I am eeuen'd with him, wife, for wife.
Or fayling ſo, yet that I put the Moore,
At leaſt into a Ielouzie ſo ſtrong
That iudgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poore Traſh of Venice, whom I trace *traſh m.c.*
For his quicke hunting, ſtand the putting on, *Steeres*
Ile haue our *Michael Caſſio* on the hip,
Abuſe him to the Moore, in the right garbe
(For I feare *Caſſio* with my Night-Cape too) *Cap 32*
Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an Aſſe,
And practiſing vpon his peace, and quiet,
Euen to madneſſe. 'Tis heere: but yet confus'd,
Knaueries plaine face, is neuer ſeene, till vs'd. *Exit.*

Act II. Scæna 32 Secunda.
A Street m.c.

Enter Othello's, Herald with a Proclamation.
people following m.c.

Herald. It is *Othello's* pleaſure, our Noble and Valiant Generall. That vpon certaine tydings now arriu'd, importing the meere perdition of the Turkiſh Fleete: euery man put himſelfe into Triumph. Some to daunce, ſome to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and Reuels his addition leads him. For beſides theſe beneficiall Newes, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall. So much was his pleaſure ſhould be proclaimed. All offices are open, & there is full libertie of Feaſting from this pre-

& I'll to his mind instead of addition The reading of m.c.

prefent houre of fiue, till the Bell haue told eleuen. Bleſſe the Ile of Cyprus, and our Noble Generall *Othello*. *Exit.*

Scene III.

A Hall in the Castle m.c.

Enter Othello, Deſdemona, Caſſio, and Attendants.

Othe. Good *Michael*, looke you to the guard to night. Let's teach our ſelues that Honourable ſtop, Not to out-ſport diſcretion.

Caſ. *Iago*, hath direction what to do. But notwithſtanding with my perſonall eye Will I looke to't.

Othe. *Iago*, is moſt honeſt: *Michael*, goodnight. To morrow with your earlieſt, Let me haue ſpeech with you. Come my deere Loue, The purchaſe made, the fruites are to enſue, That profit's yet to come 'tweene me, and you. Goodnight. Exeunt Oth. Des- and attend? m.c. *Exit.*

Enter Iago.

Caſ. Welcome *Iago*: we muſt to the Watch.

Iago. Not this houre Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'th'clocke. Our Generall caſt vs thus earely for the loue of his *Deſdemona*: Who, let vs not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and ſhe is ſport for *Ioue*.

Caſ. She's a moſt exquiſite Lady.

Iago. And Ile warrant her, full of Game.

Caſ. Indeed ſhes a moſt freſh anddelicate creature.

Iago. What an eye ſhe ha's? Methinkes it ſounds a parley to prouocation.

Caſ. An inuiting eye: And yet me thinkes right modeſt.

Iago. And when ſhe ſpeakes, Is it not an Alarum to Loue?

Caſ. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well: happineſſe to their Sheetes. Come Lieutenant, I haue a ſtope of Wine, and heere without are a brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine haue a meaſure to the health of blacke *Othello*.

Caſ. Not to night, good *Iago*, I haue very poore, and vnhappie Braines for drinking. I could well wiſh Curteſie would inuent ſome other Cuſtome of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, Ile drinke for you.

Caſſio. I haue drunke but one Cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too: and behold what inouation it makes heere. I am infortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weakeneſſe with any more.

Iago. What man? 'Tis a night of Reuels, the Gallants deſire it.

Caſ. Where are they?

Iago. Heere, at the doore: I pray you call them in.

Caſ. Ile do't, but it diſlikes me. *Exit.*

Iago. If I can faſten but one Cup vpon him Caſſio m.c. With that which he hath drunke to night alreadie, He'l be as full of Quarrell, and offence As my yong Miſtris dogge. Now my ſicke Foole *Rodorigo*, Whom Loue hath turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide out, To *Deſdemona* hath to night Carrows'd. Potations, pottle-deepe; and he's to watch. Three elſe of Cyprus, Noble ſwelling Spirites, Last m.c. (That hold their Honours in a wary diſtance, The very Elements of this Warrelike Iſle) Haue I to night fluſter'd with flowing Cups, And they Watch too. Now 'mongſt this Flocke of drunkards Am I put to our *Caſſio* in ſome Action That may offend the Iſle. But here they come.

with m.c.

Enter Caſſio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

If Conſequence do but approue my dreame, My Boate failes freely, both with winde and Streame.

Caſ. 'Fore heauen, they haue giuen me a rowſe already.

Mon. Good-faith a litle one: not paſt a pint, as I am a Souldier.

Iago. Some Wine hoa.

And let me the Cannakin clinke, clinke:
And let me the Cannakin clinke.
A Souldiers a man: Oh, mans life's but a ſpan,
Why then let a Souldier drinke.

Some Wine Boyes. arne Song 2d in m.c.

Caſ. 'Fore Heauen: an excellent Song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England: where indeedthey are moſt potent in Potting. Your Dane, your Germaine, and your ſwag-belly'd Hollander, (drinke hoa) are nothing to your Engliſh.

Caſſio. Is your Engliſhmen ſo exquiſite in his drinking? exeunt 4 to

Iago. Why, he drinkes you with facillitie, your Dane dead drunke. He ſweates not to ouerthrow your Almaine. He giues your Hollander a vomit, ere the next Pottle can be fill'd.

Caſ. To the health of our Generall.

Mon. I am for it Lieutenant: and Ile do you Iuſtice.

Iago. Oh ſweet England.

King Stephen was and-a worthy Peere,
His Breeches coſt him but a Crowne,
He held them Six pence all to deere,
With that he cal'd the Tailor Lowne:
He was a wight of high Renowne,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis Pride that pulls the Country downe,
And take thy awl'd Cloake about thee.

Some Wine hoa.

Caſſio. Why this is a more exquiſite Song then the other.

Iago. Will you heare't againe?

Caſ. No: for I hold him to be vnworthy of his Place, that do's thoſe things. Well: heau'ns aboue all: and there be ſoules muſt be ſaued, and there be ſoules muſt not be ſaued.

Iago. It's true, good Lieutenant.

Caſ. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of qualitie: I hope to be ſaued.

Iago. And ſo do I too Lieutenant.

Caſſio. I: (but by your leaue) not before me. The Lieutenant is to be ſaued before the Ancient. Let's haue no more of this: let's to our Affaires. Forgiue vs our ſinnes: Gentlemen let's looke to our buſineſſe. Do not thinke Gentlemen, I am drunke: this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunke now: I can ſtand well enough, and I ſpeake well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Caſ. Why very well then: you muſt not thinke then, that I am drunke. *Exit.*

Monta. To th'Platforme (Maſters) come, let's ſet the Watch.

Iago. You ſee this Fellow, that is gone before, He's a Souldier, fit to ſtand by *Cæſar*, And giue direction. And do but ſee his vice, 'Tis to his vertue, a iuſt Equinox,

The one as long as th'other. 'Tis pittie of him:
I feare the truſt *Othello* puts him in,
On ſome odde time of his infirmitie
Will ſhake this Iſland.
Mont. But is he often thus?
Iago. 'Tis euermore his prologue to his ſleepe,
He'le watch the Horologe a double Set, ~~a~~ /32
If Drinke rocke not his Cradle.
Mont. It were well
The Generall were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he ſees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the vertue that appeares in *Caſſio*,
And lookes not on his euills: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now *Rodorigo*? [aside m.c.
I pray you after the Lieutenant, go. Exit. R. m.c.
Mon. And 'tis great pitty, that the Noble Moore
Should hazard ſuch a Place, as his owne Second
With one of an ingraft Infirmitie, not in 32
It were an honeſt Action, to ſay ſo
To the Moore.
Iago. Not I, for this faire Iſland,
I do loue *Caſſio* well: and would do much
To cure him of this euill, But hearke, what noiſe?

Enter Caſſio purſuing Rodorigo.

Caſ. You Rogue: you Raſcall.
Mon. What's the matter Lieutenant?
Caſ. A Knaue teach me my dutie? Ile beate the
Knaue in to a Twiggen-Bottle. wittered 4to
Rod. Beate me?
Caſ. Doſt thou prate, Rogue? striking Rodorigo m.c.
Mon. Nay, good Lieutenant: staying him m.c.
I pray you Sir, hold your hand.
Caſſio Let me go (Sir)
Or Ile knocke you o're the Mazard. die m.c.
Mon. Come, come: you're drunke. Honour /32
Caſſio. Drunke? they fight m.c.
Iago. Away I ſay: go out and cry a Mutinie. aside to Rod. m.c.
Nay good Lieutenant. Alas Gentlemen:
Helpe hoa. Lieutenant. Sir *Montano*:
Helpe Maſters. Heere's a goodly Watch indeed. Bell rings m.c.
Who's that which rings the Bell: Diablo, hoa:
The Towne will riſe. Fie, fie Lieutenant,
You'le be aſham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Othe. What is the matter heere?
Mon. I bleed ſtill, I am hurt to th'death. He dies. but not 32
Othe. Hold for your liues.
Iag. Hold hoa: Lieutenant, Sir *Montano*, Gentlemen: hold m.c.
Haue you forgot all place of ſenſe and dutie?
Hold. The Generall ſpeaks to you: hold for ſhame. hold m.c.
Oth. Why how now hoa? From whence ariſeth this?
Are we turn'd Turkes? and to our ſelues do that
Which Heauen hath forbid the *Ottamittes*.
For Chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous Brawle:
He that ſtirs next, to carue for his owne rage,
Holds his ſoule light: He dies vpon his Motion.
Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frights the Iſle,
From her propriety. What is the matter, Maſters?
Honeſt *Iago*, that lookes dead with greeuing,
Speake: who began this? On thy loue I charge thee?
Iago. I do not know: Friends all, but now, euen now.
In Quarter, and in termes like Bride, and Groome
Deueſting them for Bed: and then, but now:
(As if ſome Planet had vnwitted men)
Swords out, and tilting one at others breaſtes,
In oppoſition bloody. I cannot ſpeake
Any begining to this peeuiſh odds.
And would, in Action glorious, I had loſt
Thoſe legges, that brought me to a part of it.
Othe. How comes it (*Michaell*) you are thus forgot?
Caſ. I pray you pardon me, I cannot ſpeake.
Othe. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont to be ciuill:
The grauitie, and ſtillneſſe of your youth
The world hath noted. And your name is great
In mouthes of wiſeſt Cenſure. What's the matter
That you vnlace your reputation thus,
And ſpend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? Giue me anſwer to it.
Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Iago*, can informe you,
While I ſpare ſpeech which ſomething now offends me.
Of all that Ido know, nor know I ought
By me, that's ſaid, or done amiſſe this night,
Vnleſſe ſelfe-charitie be ſometimes a vice,
And to defend our ſelues, it be a ſinne
When violence aſſailes vs.
Othe. Now by Heauen,
My blood begins my ſafer Guides to rule,
And paſſion (hauing my beſt iudgement collied) cool'd 4to /32
Affaies to leade the way. If I once ſtir,
Or do but lift this Arme, the beſt of you
Shall ſinke in my rebuke. Giue me to know
How this foule Rout began: Who ſet it on,
And he that is approu'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall looſe me. What in a Towne of warre,
Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of feare,
To Manage priuate, and domeſticke Quarrell?
In night, and on the Court and Guard of ſafetie?
'Tis monſtrous: *Iago*, who began't?
Mon. If partially Affin'd, or league in office,
Thou doſt deliuer more, or leſſe then Truth,
Thou art no Souldier.
Iago. Touch me not ſo neere,
I had rather haue this tongue cut from my mouth,
Then it ſhould do offence to *Michaell Caſſio*.
Yet I perſwade my ſelfe, to ſpeake the truth ſo /32
Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall: offered m.c.
Montano and my ſelfe being in ſpeech,
There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe,
And *Caſſio* following him with determin'd Sword
To execute vpon him. Sir, this Gentleman,
Steppes in to *Caſſio*, and entreats his pauſe:
My ſelfe, the crying Fellow did purſue,
Leaſt by his clamour (as it ſo fell out)
The Towne might fall in fright. He, (ſwift of foote)
Out-ran my purpoſe: and I return'd then rather
For that I heard the clinke, and fall of Swords,
And *Caſſio* high in oath: Which till to night
I nere might ſay before. When I came backe
(For this was briefe) I found them cloſe together
At blow, and thruſt, euen as againe they were
When you your ſelfe did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report, can I not m.c.
But Men are Men: The beſt ſometimes forget,
Though *Caſſio* did ſome little wrong to him,
As men in rage ſtrike thoſe that wiſh them beſt,
Yet ſurely *Caſſio* I beleeue receiu'd
From him that fled, ſome ſtrange Indignitie,
Which patience could not paſſe.

Othe.

* There is some mistake – as in ~~the~~ page
320 Montano dies

Othe. I know *Iago*
Thy honeſtie, and loue doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Caſſio*: *Caſſio*, I loue thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine.

Enter Deſdemona attended.

Looke if my gentle Loue be not rais'd vp:
Ile make thee an example.
Def. What is the matter (Deere?)
Othe. All's well, Sweeting:
Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts [To Montano, & who is led off
My ſelfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:
Iago, looke with care about the Towne,
And ſilence thoſe whom this vil'd brawle diſtracted.
Come *Deſdemona*, 'tis the Soldiers life,
To haue their Balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtrife. *Exit.*
Iago. What are you hurt Lieutenant?
Caſ. I, paſt all Surgery.
Iago. Marry Heauen forbid.
Caſ. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I haue loſt my Reputation. I haue loſt the immortall part of myſelfe, and what remaines is beſtiall. My Reputation, *Iago*, my Reputation.
Iago. As I am an honeſt man I had thought you had receiued ſome bodily wound; there is more ſence in that then in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and moſt falſe impoſition; oft got without merit, and loſt without deſeruing. You haue loſt no Reputation at all, vnleſſe you repute your ſelfe ſuch a looſer. What man, there are more wayes to recouer the Generall againe. You are but now caſt in his moode, (a puniſhment more in policie, then in malice) euen ſo as one would beate his offenceleſſe dogge, ro affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to him againe, and he's yours.
Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, then to deceiue ſo good a Commander, with ſo ſlight, ſo drunken, and ſo indiſcreet an Officer. Drunke? And ſpeake Parrat? And ſquabble? Swagger? Sweare? And diſcourſe Fuſtian with ones owne ſhadow? Oh thou inviſible ſpirit of Wine, if thou haſt no name to be knowne by, let vs call thee Diuell.
Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your Sword? What had he done to you?
Caſ. I know not.
Iago. Is't poſſible?
Caſ. I remember a maſſe of things, but nothing diſtinctly: a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men ſhould put an Enemie in their mouthes, to ſteale away their Braines? that we ſhould with ioy, pleaſance, reuell and applauſe, transforme our ſelues into Beaſts.
Iago. Why? But you are now well enough: how came you thus recouered?
Caſ. It hath pleas'd the diuell drunkenneſſe, to giue place to the diuell wrath, one vnperfectneſſe, ſhewes me another to make me frankly deſpiſe my ſelfe.
Iago. Come, you are too ſeuere a Moraller. As the Time, the Place, & the Condition of this Country ſtands I could hartily wiſh this had not befalne: but ſince it is, as it is, mend it for your owne good.
Caſ. I will aske him for my Place againe, he ſhall tell me, I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To be now a ſenſible man, by and by a Foole, and preſently a Beaſt. Oh ſtrange! Euery inordinate cup is vnbleſs'd, and the Ingredient is a diuell.
Iago. Come, come: good wine, is a good familiar Creature, if it be well vs'd: exclaime no more againſt it. And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you thinke I loue you.
Caſſio. I haue well approued it, Sir. I drunke?
Iago. You, or any man liuing, may be drunke at a time man. I tell you what you ſhall do: Our General's Wife, is now the Generall. I may ſay ſo, in this reſpect, for that he hath deuoted, and giuen vp himſelfe to the Contemplation, marke: and deuotement of her parts and Graces. Confeſſe your ſelfe freely to her: Importune her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is of ſo free, ſo kinde, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſſe, not to do more then ſhe is requeſted. This broken ioynt betweene you, and her husband, entreat her to ſplinter. And my Fortunes againſt any lay worth naming, this cracke of your Loue, ſhall grow ſtonger, then it was before. haue o.c.
Caſſio. You aduiſe me well.
Iago. I protеſt in the ſinceritie of Loue, and honeſt kindneſſe.
Caſſio. I thinke it freely: and betimes in the morning, I will beſeech the vertuous *Deſdemona* to vndertake for me: I am deſperate of my Fortunes if they check me.
Iago. You are in the right: good night Lieutenant, I muſt to the Watch.
Caſſio. Good night, honeſt *Iago.*
Exit Caſſio.
Iago. And what's he then,
That ſaies I play the Villaine?
When this aduiſe is free I giue, and honeſt,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the courſe
To win the Moore againe.
For 'tis moſt eaſie
Th'inclyning *Deſdemona* to ſubdue
In any honeſt Suite. She's fram'd as fruitefull
As the free Elements. And then for her
To win the Moore, were to renownce his Baptiſme,
All Seales, and Simbols of redeemed ſin:
His Soule is ſo enfetter'd to her Loue;
That ſhe may make, vnmake, do what ſhe liſt,
Euen as her Appetite ſhall play the God,
With his weake Function. How am I then a Villaine,
To Counſell *Caſſio* to this paralell courſe,
Directly to his good? Diuinitie of hell,
When diuels will the blackeſt ſinnes put on,
They do ſuggeſt at firſt with heauenly ſhewes,
As I do now. For whiles this honeſt Foole
Plies *Deſdemona*, to repaire his Fortune,
And ſhe for him, pleades ſtrongly to the Moore,
Ile powre this peſtilence into his eare:
That ſhe repeales him, for her bodies Luſt'
And by how much ſhe ſtriues to do him good,
She ſhall vndo her Credite with the Moore.
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodneſſe make the Net,
That ſhall en-maſh them all.
How now *Rodorigo*?

Enter Rodorigo.

Rodorigo. I do follow heere in the Chace, not like a Hound that hunts, but one that fills vp the Crie. My Money is almoſt ſpent; I haue bin to night exceedingly well Cudgell'd: And I thinke the iſſue

will be, I ſhall haue ſo much experience for my paines; And ſo, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, returne againe to Venice.

Iago. How poore are they that haue not Patience? What wound did euer heale but by degrees? Thou know'ſt we worke by Wit, and not by Witchcraft And Wit depends on dilatory time: Dos't not go well? *Caſſio* hath beaten thee, And thou by that ſmall hurt hath caſheer'd *Caſſio:* Though other things grow faire againſt the Sun, Yet Fruites that bloſſome firſt, will firſt be ripe: Content thy ſelfe, a-while. Introth 'tis Morning; Pleaſure, and Action, make the houres ſeeme ſhort. Retire thee, go where thou art Billited: Away, I ſay, thou ſhalt know more heereafter: Nay get thee gone. *Exit Rodorigo.*
Two things are to be done: My Wife muſt moue for *Caſſio* to her Miſtris: Ile ſet her on my ſelfe, a while, to draw the Moor apart, And bring him iumpe, when he may *Caſſio* finde Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way: Dull not Deuice, by coldneſſe, and delay. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Before the caſtle.

Enter Caſſio, Muſitians, and Clowne.

Caſſio. Maſters, play heere, I wil content your paines, Something that's briefe: and bid, goodmorrow General.

Clo. Why Maſters, haue your Inſtruments bin in Naples, that they ſpeake i'th'Noſe thus?

Muſ. How Sir? how?

Clo. Are theſe I pray you, winde Inſtruments?

Muſ. I marry are they ſir.

Clo. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Muſ. Whereby hangs a tale, ſir?

Clow. Marry ſir, by many a winde Inſtrument that I know. But Maſters, heere's money for you: and the Generall ſo likes your Muſick, that he deſires you for loues ſake to make no more noiſe with it.

Muſ. Well Sir, we will not.

Clo. If you haue any Muſicke that may not be heard, too't againe. But (as they ſay) to heare Muſicke, the Generall do's not greatly care.

Muſ. We haue none ſuch, ſir.

Clow. Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for Ile away. Go, vaniſh into ayre, away. *Exit Mu.*

Caſſio Doſt thou heare me, mine honeſt Friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honeſt Friend: I heare you.

Caſſio. Prythee keepe vp thy Quillets, ther's a poore peece of Gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generall be ſtirring, tell her, there's one *Caſſio* entreats her a little fauour of Speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is ſtirring ſir: if ſhe will ſtirre hither, I ſhall ſeeme to notifie vnto her. *Exit Clo.*

Enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago.*

Iago. You haue not bin a-bed then?

Caſſio. Why no: the day had broke before we parted. I haue made bold *(Iago)* to ſend in to your wife: My ſuite to her is, that ſhe will to vertuous *Deſdemona* Procure me ſome acceſſe.

Iago. Ile ſend her to you preſently: And Ile deuiſe a meane to draw the Moore Out of the way, that your conuerſe and buſineſſe May be more free. *Exit*

Caſſio. I humbly thanke you for't. I neuer knew A Florentine more kinde, and honeſt.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Goodmorrow (good Lieutenant) I am ſorrie For your diſpleaſure: but all will ſure be well. The Generall and his wife are talking of it, And ſhe ſpeakes for you ſtoutly. The Moore replies, That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus, And great Affinitie: and that in wholſome Wiſedome He might not but refuſe you. But he proteſts he loues you And needs no other Suitor, but his likings To bring you in againe.

Caſſio. Yet I beſeech you, If you thinke fit, or that it may be done, Giue me aduantage of ſome breefe Diſcourſe With *Deſdemona* alone.

Æmil. Pray you come in: I will beſtow you where you ſhall haue time To ſpeake your boſome freely.

Caſſio. I am much bound to you.

Scæna Secunda.

A Room in the caſtle.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Othe. Theſe Letters giue (*Iago*) to the Pylot, And by him do my duties to the Senate: That done, I will be walking on the Workes, Repaire there to mee.

Iago. Well, my good Lord, Ile doo't.

Oth. This Fortification (Gentlemen) ſhall we ſee't?

Gent. Well waite vpon your Lordſhip. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

Before the caſtle.

Enter Deſdemona, Caſſio, and Æmilia.

Def. Be thou aſſur'd (good *Caſſio)* I will do All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Æmil. Good Madam do: I warrant it greeues my Husband, As if the cauſe were his.

Def. Oh that's an honeſt Fellow, Do not doubt *Caſſio* But I will haue my Lord, and you againe As friendly as you were.

Caſſio. Bounteous Madam, What euer ſhall become of *Michael Caſſio,* He's neuer any thing but your true Seruant.

Def. I know't: I thanke you: you do loue my Lord: You haue knowne him long, and be you well aſſur'd He ſhall in ſtrangeneſſe ſtand no farther off, Then in a politique diſtance.

Caſſio. I, but Lady, That policie may either laſt ſo long, Or feede vpon ſuch nice and wateriſh diet, Or breede it ſelfe ſo out of Circumſtances, That I being abſent, and my place ſupply'd, My Generall will forget my Loue, and Seruice.

Def. Do not doubt that: before *Æmilia* here,

Act III OTHELLO. Scene 3.

Ramberg del.t Thornthwaite f. sculp.t

Mr. HENDERSON in IAGO,

Iago — — — But such a handkerchief,—
(I am sure it was your Wife's) did I to-day
see Cassio wipe his beard with.'

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand Novr 24th 1785.

OTHELLO.

Act IV.

Isaac Taylor del et sculp.

With her; on her — what you will —

— oh devil —

March 1, 1773. Publish'd according to Act of Parliament for John Bell in the Strand.

I giue thee warrant of thy place. Aſſure thee,
If I do vow a friendſhip, Ile performe it
To the laſt Article. My Lord ſhall neuer reſt,
Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
His Bed ſhall ſeeme a Schoole, his Boord a Shrift,
Ile intermingle euery thing he do's
With *Caſſio*'s ſuite: Therefore be merry *Caſſio*,
For thy Solicitor ſhall rather dye,
Then giue thy cauſe away.

Enter Othello, and Iago. at a distance m.e.

Æmil. Madam, heere comes my Lord.
Caſſio. Madam, Ile take my leaue.
Def. Why ſtay, and heare me ſpeake.
Caſſio. Madam, not now: I am very ill at eaſe,
Vnfit for mine owne purpoſes.
Def. Well, do your diſcretion. *Exit Caſſio.*
Iago. Hah? I like not that.
Othel. What doſt thou ſay?
Iago. Nothing my Lord; or if—I know not what.
Othel. Was not that *Caſſio* parted from my wife?
Iago. *Caſſio* my Lord? No ſure, I cannot thinke it
That he would ſteale away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing your comming.
Oth. I do beleeue 'twas he.
Def. How now my Lord?
I haue bin talking with a Suitor heere,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who is't you meane?
Def. Why your Lieutenant *Caſſio*: Good my Lord,
If I haue any grace, or power to moue you,
His preſent reconciliation take.
For if he be not one, that truly loues you,
That erres in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,
I haue no iudgement in an honeſt face,
I prythee call him backe.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Def. I ſooth; ſo humbled,
That he hath left part of his greeſe with mee
To ſuffer with him. Good Loue, call him backe.
Othel. Not now (ſweet *Deſdemon*) ſome other time.
Def. But ſhall't be ſhortly?
Oth. The ſooner (Sweet) for you.
Def. Shall't be to night, at Supper?
Oth. No, not to night.
Def. To morrow Dinner then?
Oth. I ſhall not dine at home:
I meete the Captaines at the Cittadell.
Def. Why then to morrow night, on Tueſday morne,
On Tueſday noone, or night; on Wenſday Morne.
I prythee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three dayes. Infaith hee's penitent:
And yet his Treſpaſſe, in our common reaſon
(Saue that they ſay the warres muſt make example)
Out of her beſt, is not almoſt a fault
T'encurre a priuate checke. When ſhall he come?
Tell me *Othello*. I wonder in my Soule
What you would aske me, that I ſhould deny, would 32
Or ſtand ſo mam'ring on? What? *Michael Caſſio*,
That came a woing with you? and ſo many a time omitted m.e.
(When I haue ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly)
Hath tane your part, to haue ſo much to do
To bring him in? Truſt me, I could do much.
Oth. Prythee no more: Let him come when he will:
I will deny thee nothing.
Def. Why, this is not a Boone:
'Tis as I ſhould entreate you weare your Gloues,
Or feede on nouriſhing diſhes, or keepe you warme,
Or ſue to you, to do a peculiar profit
To your owne perſon. Nay, when I haue a ſuite
Wherein I meane to touch your Loue indeed,
It ſhall be full of poize, and difficult waight,
And fearefull to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon, I do beſeech thee, grant me this,
To leaue me but a little to my ſelfe.
Def. Shall I deny you? No: farewell my Lord.
Oth. Farewell my *Deſdemona*, Ile come to thee ſtrait.
Def. *Æmilia* come; be as your Fancies teach you:
What ere you be, I am obedient. *Exit.*
Oth. Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soule
But I do loue thee: and when I loue thee not,
Chaos is come againe.
Iago. My Noble Lord.
Oth. What doſt thou ſay, *Iago*?
Iago. Did *Michael Caſſio*
When he woo'd my Lady, know of your loue?
Oth. He did, from firſt to laſt:
Why doſt thou aske?
Iago. But for a ſatisfaction of my Thought,
No further harme.
Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?
Iago. I did not thinke he had bin acquainted with hir. 32
Oth. O yes, and went betweene vs very oft.
Iago. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed? I indeed. Diſcern'ſt thou ought in that?
Is he not honeſt?
Iago. Honeſt, my Lord?
Oth. Honeſt? I, Honeſt. omitted
Iago. My Lord, for ought I know.
Oth. What do'ſt thou thinke?
Iago. Thinke, my Lord?
Oth. Thinke, my Lord? Alas, thou ecchos't me; By Heavens he Echo's me. m.e.
As if there were ſome Monſter in thy thought
Too hideous to be ſhewne. Thou doſt mean ſomthing:
I heard thee ſay euen now, thou lik'ſt not that,
When *Caſsio* left my wife. What didd'ſt not like? stood
And when I told thee, he was of my Counſaile,
Of my whole courſe of wooing; thou cried'ſt, Indeede?
And didd'ſt contract, and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadd'ſt ſhut vp in thy Braine omitted
Some horrible Conceite. If thou do'ſt loue me,
Shew me thy thought.
Iago. My Lord, you know I loue you.
Oth. I thinke thou do'ſt:
And for I know thou'rt full of Loue, and Honeſtie,
And weigh'ſt thy words before thou giu'ſt them breath,
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine, fright me the more:
For ſuch things in a falſe diſloyall Knaue
Are trickes of Cuſtome: but in a man that's iuſt,
They're cloſe dilations, working from the heart, cold 32 Close / Denotements m.e.
That Paſſion cannot rule.
Iago. For *Michael Caſsio*,
I dare be ſworne, I thinke that he is honeſt.
Oth. I thinke ſo too.
Iago. Men ſhould be what they ſeeme,
Or thoſe that be not, would they might ſeeme none.
Oth. Certaine, men ſhould be what they ſeeme.
Iago. Why then I thinke *Caſsio's* an honeſt man. that m.e is me
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this?
I prythee ſpeake to me, as to thy thinkings,
As thou doſt ruminate, and giue thy worſt of thoughts
The

The worſt of words.
Iago. Good my Lord pardon me,
Though I am bound to euery Acte of dutie,
I am not bound to that: All Slaues are free:
Vtter my Thoughts? Why ſay, they are vild, and falce?
As where's that Palace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? Who ha's that breaſt ſo pure,
Wherein vncleanly Apprehenſions
Keepe Leetes, and Law-dayes, and in Seſſions ſit
With meditations lawfull?
Oth. Thou do'ſt conſpire againſt thy Friend (*Iago*)
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his eare
A ſtranger to thy Thoughts.
Iago. I do beſeech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my gueſſe
(As I confeſſe it is my Natures plague
To ſpy into Abuſes, and of my iealouſie
Shapes faults that are not) that your wiſedome
From one, that ſo imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your ſelfe a trouble
Out of his ſcattering, and vnſure obſeruance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Not for my Manhood, Honeſty, and Wiſedome,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What doſt thou meane?
Iago. Good name in Man, & woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Iewell of their Soules;
Who ſteales my purſe, ſteales traſh:
'Tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin ſlaue to thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.
Oth. Ile know thy Thoughts.
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor ſhall not, whil'ſt 'tis in my cuſtodie.
Oth. Ha?
Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of iealouſie,
It is the greene-ey'd Monſter, which doth mocke
The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in bliſſe,
Who certaine of his Fate, loues not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tels he o're,
Who dotes, yet doubts: Suſpects, yet ſoundly loues?
Oth. O miſerie.
Iago. Poore, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,
But Riches fineleſſe, is as poore as Winter,
To him that euer feares he ſhall be poore:
Good Heauen, the Soules of all my Tribe defend
From Iealouſie.
Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'ſt thou, I'ld make a Life of Iealouſie;
To follow ſtill the changes of the Moone
With freſh ſuſpitions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is to be reſolu'd: Exchange me for a Goat,
When I ſhall turne the buſineſſe of my Soule
To ſuch exufflicate, and blow'd Surmiſes,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me Iealious,
To ſay my wife is faire, feeds well, loues company,
Is free of Speech, Sings, Playes, and Dances:
Where Vertue is, theſe are more vertuous.
Nor from mine owne weake merites, will I draw
The ſmalleſt feare, or doubt of her reuolt,
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me. No *Iago*,
Ile ſee before I doubt; when I doubt, proue;
And on the proofe, there is no more but this,
Away at once with Loue, or Iealouſie.

Ia. I am glad of this: For now I ſhall haue reaſon
To ſhew the Loue and Duty that I beare you
With franker ſpirit. Therefore (as I am bound)
Receiue it from me. I ſpeake not yet of proofe:
Looke to your wife, obſerue her well with *Caſsio*,
Weare your eyes, thus: not Iealious, nor Secure:
I would not haue your free, and Noble Nature,
Out of ſelfe-Bounty, be abus'd: Looke too't:
I know our Country diſpoſition well:
In Venice, they do let Heauen ſee the prankes
They dare not ſhew their Husbands.
Their beſt Conſcience,
Is not to leaue't vndone, but kept vnknowne.
Oth. Doſt thou ſay ſo?
Iago. She did deceiue her Father, marrying you,
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake, and feare your lookes,
She lou'd them moſt.
Oth. And ſo ſhe did.
Iago. Why go too then:
Shee that ſo young could giue out ſuch a Seeming
To ſeele her Fathers eyes vp, cloſe as Oake,
He thought 'twas Witchcraft.
But I am much too blame:
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon
For too much louing you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.
Iago. I ſee this hath a little daſh'd your Spirits:
Oth. Not a iot, not a iot.
Iago. Truſt me, I feare it has:
I hope you will conſider what is ſpoke
Comes from your Loue.
But I do ſee y'are moou'd:
I am to pray you, not to ſtraine my ſpeech
To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,
Then to Suſpition.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do ſo (my Lord)
My ſpeech ſhould fall into ſuch vilde ſucceſſe,
Which my Thoughts aym'd not.
Caſſio's my worthy Friend:
My Lord, I ſee y'are mou'd.
Oth. No, not much mou'd:
I do not thinke but *Deſdemona*'s honeſt.
Iago. Long liue ſhe ſo;
And long liue you to thinke ſo.
Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it ſelfe.
Iago. I, there's the point:
As (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many propoſed Matches
Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things, Nature tends:
Foh, one may ſmel in ſuch, a will moſt ranke,
Foule diſproportions, Thoughts vnnaturall.
But (pardon me) I do not in poſition
Diſtinctly ſpeake of her, though I may feare
Her will, recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fal to match you with her Country formes,
And happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou doſt perceiue, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to obſerue.
Leaue me *Iago*.
Iago. My Lord, I take my leaue.
Othel. Why did I marry?
This honeſt Creature (doubtleſſe)
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfolds.

Iago

Iago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honor
To ſcan this thing no farther: Leaue it to time,
Although 'tis fit that *Caſſio* haue his Place;
For ſure he filles it vp with great Ability;
Yet if you pleaſe, to him off a-while:
You ſhall by that perceiue him, and his meanes:
Note if your Lady ſtraine his Entertainment
With any ſtrong, or vehement importunitie,
Much will be ſeene in that: In the meane time,
Let me be thought too buſie in my feares,
(As worthy cauſe I haue to feare I am)
And hold her free, I do beſeech your Honor.
Oth. Feare not my gouernment.
Iago. I once more take my leaue. *Exit.*
Oth. This Fellow's of exceeding honeſty,
And knowes all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit
Of humane dealings. If I do proue her Haggard,
Though that her Ieſſes were my deere heart-ſtrings,
I'ld whiſtle her off, and let her downe the winde
To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am blacke,
And haue not thoſe ſoft parts of Conuerſation
That Chamberers haue: Or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of yeares (yet that's not much)
Shee's gone. I am abus'd, and my releefe
Muſt be to loath her. Oh Curſe of Marriage!
That we can call theſe delicate Creatures ours,
And not their Appetites? I had rather be a Toad,
And liue vpon the vapour of a Dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in the thing I loue
For others vſes. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,
Prerogatiu'd are they leſſe then the Baſe,
'Tis deſtiny vnſhunnable, like death:
Euen then, this forked plague is Fated to vs,
When we do quicken. Looke where ſhe comes:

Enter Deſdemona and Æmilia.

If ſhe be falſe, Heauen mock'd it ſelfe:
Ile not beleeue't.
Def. How now, my deere *Othello*?
Your dinner, and the generous Iſlanders
By you inuited, do attend your preſence.
Oth. I am too blame.
Def. Why do you ſpeake ſo faintly?
Are you not well?
Oth. I haue a paine vpon my Forehead, heere.
Def. Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe.
Let me but binde it hard, within this houre
It will be well.
Oth. Your Napkin is too little:
Let it alone: Come, Ile go in with you. *Exit.*
Def. I am very ſorry that you are not well.
Æmil. I am glad I haue found this Napkin:
This was her firſt remembrance from the Moore,
My wayward Husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to ſteale it. But ſhe ſo loues the Token,
(For he coniur'd her, ſhe ſhould euer keepe it)
That ſhe reſerues it euermore about her,
To kiſſe, and talke too. Ile haue the worke tane out,
And giu't *Iago:* what he will do with it
Heauen knowes, not I:
I nothing, but to pleaſe his Fantaſie.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? What do you heere alone?
Æmil. Do not you chide: I haue a thing for you.
Iago. You haue a thing for me?
It is a common thing——
Æmil. Hah?
Iago. To haue a fooliſh wife.
Æmil. Oh, is that all? What will you giue me now
For that ſame Handkerchiefe.
Iago. What Handkerchiefe?
Æmil. What Handkerchiefe?
Why that the Moore firſt gaue to *Deſdemona*,
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteale.
Iago. Haſt ſtolne it from her?
Æmil. No: but ſhe let it drop by negligence,
And to th'aduantage, I being heere, took't vp:
Looke, heere 'tis.
Iago. A good wench, giue it me.
Æmil. What will you do with't, that you haue bene
ſo earneſt to haue me filch it?
Iago. Why, what is that to you? {Snatching it
Æmil. If it be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Giu't me againe. Poore Lady, ſhee'l run mad
When ſhe ſhall lacke it.
Iago. Be not acknowne on't: I haue vſe for it. Go, leaue me. *Exit Æmil.*
I will in *Caſſio's* Lodging looſe this Napkin,
And let him finde it. Trifles light as ayre,
Are to the iealious, confirmations ſtrong,
As proofes of holy Writ. This may do ſomething.
The Moore already changes with my poyſon: ✗
Dangerous conceites, are in their Natures poyſons,
Which at the firſt are ſcarſe found to diſtaſte:
But with a little act vpon the blood,
Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did ſay ſo.

Enter Othello.

Looke where he comes: Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowſie Syrrups of the world
Shall euer medicine thee to that ſweete ſleepe
Which thou owd'ſt yeſterday.
Oth. Ha, ha, falſe to mee?
Iago. Why how now Generall? No more of that.
Oth. Auant, be gone: Thou haſt ſet me on the Racke:
I ſweare 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know't a little.
Iago. How now, my Lord?
Oth. What ſenſe had I, in her ſtolne houres of Luſt?
I ſaw't not, thought it not: it harm'd not me:
I ſlept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie.
I found not *Caſſio's* kiſſes on her Lippes:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtolne,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.
Iago. I am ſorry to heare this?
Oth. I had beene happy, if the generall Campe,
Pyoners and all, had taſted her ſweet Body,
So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for euer
Farewell the Tranquill minde; farewell Content;
Farewell the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Warres,
That makes Ambition, Vertue! Oh farewell;
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the ſhrill Trumpe,
The Spirit-ſtirring Drum, th'Eare-piercing Fife,
The Royall Banner, and all Qualitie,
Pride, Pompe, and Circumſtance of glorious Warre:
And O you mortall Engines, whoſe rude throates
Th'immortall Ioues dread Clamours, counterfet,
Farewell: *Othello's* Occupation's gone.
Iago. Is't poſſible my Lord?
Oth. Villaine, be ſure thou proue my Loue a Whore:
Be ſure of it: Giue me the Occular proofe, {Taking him by the throat
O.

Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,
Thou had'ſt bin better haue bin borne a Dog
Then anſwer my wak'd wrath.
Iago. Is't come to this?
Oth. Make me to ſee't: or (at the leaſt) ſo proue it,
That the probation beare no Hindge, nor Loope,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe vpon thy life.
Iago. My Noble Lord.
Oth. If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more: Abandon all remorſe
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make Heauen weepe, all Earth amaz'd;
For nothing canſt thou to damnation adde,
Greater then that.
Iago. O Grace! O Heauen forgiue me!
Are you a Man? Haue you a Soule? or Senſe?
God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,
That louſt to make thine Honeſty, a Vice!
Oh monſtrous world! Take note, take note (O World)
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence
Ile loue no Friend, ſith Loue breeds ſuch offence.
Oth. Nay ſtay: thou ſhould'ſt be honeſt.
Iago. I ſhould be wiſe; for Honeſtie's a Foole,
And loſes that it workes for.
Oth. By the World, I thinke my Wife be honeſt, and thinke ſhe is not:
I thinke that thou art iuſt, and thinke thou art not:
Ile haue ſome proofe. My name that was as freſh
As *Dians* Viſage, is now begrim'd and blacke
As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Kniues,
Poyſon, or Fire, or ſuffocating ſtreames,
Ile not indure it. Would I were ſatis fied.
Iago. I ſee you are eaten vp with Paſſion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be ſatisfied?
Oth. Would? Nay, and I will.
Iago. And may: but how? How ſatisfied, my Lord?
Would you the ſuper-viſion groſſely gape on?
Behold her top'd?
Oth. Death, and damnation. Oh!
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke,
To bring them to that Proſpect: Damne them then,
If euer mortall eyes do ſee them boulſter
More then their owne. What then? How then?
What ſhall I ſay? Where's Satisfaction?
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes,
As ſalt as Wolues in pride, and Fooles as groſſe
As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet, I ſay,
If imputation, and ſtrong circumſtances,
Which leade directly to the doore of Truth,
Will giue you ſatisfaction, you might haue't.
Oth. Giue me a liuing reaſon ſhe's diſloyall.
Iago. I do not like the Office.
But ſith I am entred in this cauſe ſo farre
(Prick'd too't by fooliſh Honeſty, and Loue)
I will go on. I lay with *Caſſio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not ſleepe. There are a kinde of men,
So looſe of Soule, that in their ſleepes will mutter
Their Affayres: one of this kinde is *Caſſio:*
In ſleepe I heard him ſay, ſweet *Deſdemona,*
Let vs be wary, let vs hide our Loues,
And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand:
Cry, oh ſweet Creature: then kiſſe me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kiſſes by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lippes, laid his Leg ore my Thigh,
And ſigh, and kiſſe, and then cry curſed Fate,
That gaue thee to the Moore.
Oth. Oh monſtrous! monſtrous!
Iago. Nay, this was but his Dreame.
Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone concluſion,
'Tis a ſhrew'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame.
Iago. And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That do demonſtrate thinly.
Oth. Ile teare her all to peeces.
Iago. Nay yet be wiſe; yet we ſee nothing done,
She may be honeſt yet: Tell me but this,
Haue you not ſometimes ſeene a Handkerchiefe
Spotted with Strawberries, in your wiues hand?
Oth. I gaue her ſuch a one: 'twas my firſt gift.
Iago. I know not that: but ſuch a Handkerchiefe
(I am ſure it was your wiues) did I to day
See *Caſſio* wipe his Beard with.
Oth. If it be that.
Iago. If it be that, or any, it was hers.
It ſpeakes againſt her with the other proofes.
Othel. O that the Slaue had forty thouſand liues:
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge.
Now do I ſee 'tis true. Looke heere *Iago,*
All my fond loue thus do I blow to Heauen. 'Tis gone.
Ariſe blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell,
Yeeld vp (O Loue) thy Crowne, and hearted Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell boſome with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aſpickes tongues.
Iago. Yet be content.
Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood.
Iago. Patience I ſay: your minde may change.
Oth. Neuer *Iago.* Like to the Ponticke Sea,
Whoſe Icie Current, and compulſiue courſe,
Neu'r keepes retyring ebbe, but keepes due on
To the Proponticke, and the Helleſpont:
Euen ſo my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall neu'r looke backe, neu'r ebbe to humble Loue,
Till that a capeable, and wide Reuenge
Swallow them vp. Now by yond Marble Heauen,
In the due reuerence of a Sacred vow, [*Kneels*
I heere engage my words.
Iago. Do not riſe yet:
Witneſſe you euer-burning Lights aboue,
You Elements, that clip vs round about,
Witneſſe that heere *Iago* doth giue vp
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello*'s Seruice. Let him command,
And to obey ſhall be in me remorſe,
What bloody buſineſſe euer.
Oth. I greet thy loue,
Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the inſtant put thee too't.
Within theſe three dayes let me heare thee ſay,
That *Caſſio*'s not aliue.
Iago. My Friend is dead:
'Tis done at your Requeſt.
But let her liue.
Oth. Damne her lewde Minx:
O damne her, damne her.
Come go with me a-part, I will withdraw
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift meanes of death
For the faire Diuell.
Now art thou my Lieutenant.
Iago. I am your owne for euer. *Exeunt.*

Scena

Act III.
Scæna Quarta.

The same m.c.

Enter Deſdemona, Æmilia, and Clown.

Def. Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant *Caſſio* lyes?

Clow. I dare not ſay he lies any where.

Def. Why man?

Clo. He's a Soldier, and for me to ſay a Souldier lyes, 'tis ſtabbing.

Def. Go too: where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tel you where I lye.

Def. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for mee to deuiſe a lodging, and ſay he lies heere, or he lies there, were to lye in mine owne throat.

Def. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clo. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make Queſtions, and by them anſwer.

Def. Seeke him, bidde him come hither: tell him, I haue moou'd my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compaſſe of mans Wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. *Exit Clo.*

Def. Where ſhould I looſe the Handkerchiefe, *Æmilia*?

Æmil. I know not Madam.

Def. Beleeue me, I had rather haue loſt my purſe
Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore
Is true of minde, and made of no ſuch baſeneſſe,
As iealious Creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.

Æmil. Is he not iealious?

Def. Who, he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all ſuch humors from him.

Æmil. Looke where he comes.

Enter Othello.

Def. I will not leaue him now, till *Caſſio* be
Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?

Oth. Well my good Lady. Oh hardnes to diſſemble! (aside)
How do you, *Deſdemona*?

Def. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Giue me your hand.
This hand is moiſt my Lady.

Def. It hath felt no age, nor knowne no ſorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulneſſe, and liberall heart:
Hot, hot, and moyſt. This hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from Liberty: Faſting, and Prayer,
Much Caſtigation, Exerciſe deuout,
For heere's a yong, and ſweating Diuell heere
That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good hand,
A franke one.

Def. You may (indeed) ſay ſo:
For 'twas that hand that gaue away my heart.

Oth. A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gaue hands:
But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Def. I cannot ſpeake of this:
Come, now your promiſe.

Oth. What promiſe, Chucke?

Def. I haue ſent to bid *Caſſio* come ſpeake with you.

Oth. I haue a ſalt and ſorry Rheume offends me:
Lend me thy Handkerchiefe. Fuller m.c. wild

Def. Heere my Lord.

Oth. That which I gaue you.

Def. I haue it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Def. No indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault: That Handkerchiefe
Did an Ægyptian to my Mother giue:
She was a Charmer, and could almoſt read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while ſhe kept it,
'T would make her Amiable, and ſubdue my Father (omitted sc)
Intirely to her loue: But if ſhe loſt it,
Or made a Guift of it, my Fathers eye
Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits ſhould hunt
After new Fancies. She dying, gaue it me,
And bid me (when my Fate would haue me Wiu'd)
To giue it her. I did ſo; and take heede on't,
Make it a Darling, like your precious eye:
To looſe't, or giue't away, were ſuch perdition,
As nothing elſe could match.

Def. Is't poſſible?

Oth. 'Tis true: There's Magicke in the web of it:
A *Sybill* that had numbred in the world
The Sun to courſe, two hundred compaſſes, make me
In her Prophetticke furie ſow'd the Worke:
The Wormes were hallowed, that did breede the Silke,
And it was dyde in Mummey, which the Skilfull (with the skilful conserves of s to)
Conſeru'd of Maidens hearts.

Def. Indeed? Is't true?

Oth. Moſt veritable, therefore looke too't well.

Def. Then would to Heauen, that I had neuer ſeene't?

Oth. Ha? wherefore?

Def. Why do you ſpeake ſo ſtartingly, and raſh?

Oth. Is't loſt? Is't gon? Speak, is't out o'th'way?

Def. Bleſſe vs.

Oth. Say you?

Def. It is not loſt: but what and if it were?

Oth. How?

Def. I ſay it is not loſt.

Oth. Fetcht, let me ſee't.

Def. Why ſo I can: but I will not now;
This is a tricke to put me from my ſuite,
Pray you let *Caſſio* be receiu'd againe.

Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchiefe,
My minde miſ-giues.

Def. Come, come: you'l neuer meete a more ſufficient man.

Oth. The Handkerchiefe.

Def. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good Fortunes on your loue;
Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The Handkerchiefe.

Def. Inſooth, you are too blame.

Oth. Away. *Exit Othello.*

Æmil. Is not this man iealious?

Def. I neu'r ſaw this before.
Sure, there's ſome wonder in this Handkerchikfe,
I am moſt vnhappy in the loſſe of it.

Æmil. 'Tis not a yeare or two ſhewes vs a man:
They are all but Stomackes, and we all but Food,
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full
They belch vs.

Enter Iago, and Caſſio.

Looke you, *Caſſio* and my Husband.

Iago. There is no other way: 'tis ſhe muſt doo't:
And loe the happineſſe: go, and importune her.

Def.

Def. How now (good *Caſſio*) what's the newes with you?

Caſſio. Madam, my former ſuite. I do beſeech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exiſt, and be a member of his loue,
Whom I, with all the Office of my heart
Intirely honour, I would not be delayd.
If my offence, be of ſuch mortall kinde,
That nor my Seruice paſt, nor preſent Sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ranſome me into his loue againe,
But to know ſo, muſt be my benefit:
So ſhall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And ſhut my ſelfe vp in ſome other courſe
To Fortunes Almes.

Def. Alas (thrice-gentle *Caſſio*)
My Aduocation is not now in Tune;
My Lord, is not my Lord; nor ſhould I know him,
Were he in Fauour, as in Humour alter'd.
So helpe me euery ſpirit ſanctified,
As I haue ſpoken for you all my beſt,
And ſtood within the blanke of his diſpleaſure
For my free ſpeech. You muſt awhile be patient:
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Then for my ſelfe, I dare. Let that ſuffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now:
And certainly in ſtrange vnquietneſſe.

Iago. Can he be angry? I haue ſeene the Cannon
When it hath blowne his Rankes into the Ayre,
And like the Diuell from his very Arme
Puff't his owne Brother: And is he angry?
Something of moment then: I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. *Exit*

Def. I prythee do ſo. Something ſure of State,
Either from Venice, or ſome vnhatch'd practiſe
Made demonſtrable heere in Cyprus, to him,
Hath pudled his cleare Spirit: and in ſuch caſes,
Mens Natures wrangle with inferiour things,
Though great ones are their obiect. 'Tis euen ſo.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthfull members, euen to a ſenſe
Of paine. Nay, we muſt thinke men are not Gods,
Nor of them looke for ſuch obſeruancie
As fits the Bridall. Beſhrew me much, *Æmilia*,
I was (vnhandſome Warrior, as I am)
Arraigning his vnkindneſſe with my ſoule:
But now I finde, I had ſuborn'd the Witneſſe,
And he's Indited falſely.

Æmil. Pray heauen it bee
State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception,
Nor no Iealious Toy, concerning you.

Def. Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cauſe.

Æmil. But Iealious ſoules will not be anſwer'd ſo;
They are not euer iealious for the cauſe,
But iealious, for they're iealious. It is a Monſter
Begot vpon it ſelfe, borne on it ſelfe.

Def. Heauen keepe the Monſter from *Othello's* mind.

Æmil. Lady, Amen.

Def. I will go ſeeke him. *Caſſio*, walke heere about:
If I doe finde him fit, Ile moue your ſuite,
And ſeeke to effect it to my vttermoſt. *Exit*

Caſ. I humbly thanke your Ladyſhip.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. 'Saue you (Friend *Caſſio.*)

Caſſio. What make you from home?
How is't with you, my moſt faire *Bianca*?
Indeed (ſweet Loue) I was comming to your houſe.

Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, *Caſſio.*
What? keepe a weeke away? Seuen dayes, and Nights?
Eight ſcore eight houres? And Louers abſent howres
More tedious then the Diall, eight ſcore times?
Oh weary reck'ning.

Caſſio. Pardon me, *Bianca*:
I haue this while with leaden thoughts beene preſt,
But I ſhall in a more continuate time
Strike off this ſcore of abſence. Sweet *Bianca*
Take me this worke out.

Bianca. Oh *Caſſio*, whence came this?
This is ſome Token from a newer Friend,
To the felt-Abſence: now I feele a Cauſe:
Is't come to this? Well, well.

Caſſio. Go too, woman:
Throw your vilde geſſes in the Diuels teeth,
From whence you haue them. You are iealious now,
That this is from ſome Miſtris, ſome remembrance;
No, in good troth *Bianca.*

Bian. Why, who's is it?

Caſſio. I know not neither:
I found it in my Chamber,
I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded
(As like enough it will) I would haue it coppied:
Take it, and doo't, and leaue me for this time.

Bian. Leaue you? Wherefore?

Caſſio. I do attend heere on the Generall,
And thinke it no addition nor my wiſh
To haue him ſee me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I ptay you?

Caſſio. Not that I loue you not.

Bian. But that you do not loue me.
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And ſay, if I ſhall ſee you ſoone at night?

Caſſio. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend heere: But Ile ſee you ſoone.

Bian. 'Tis very good: I muſt be circumſtanc'd.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you thinke ſo?

Oth. Thinke ſo, *Iago*?

Iago. What, to kiſſe in priuate?

Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kiſſe?

Iago. Or to be naked with her Friend in bed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?

Oth. Naked in bed (*Iago*) and not meane harme?
It is hypocriſie againſt the Diuell:
They that meane vertuouſly, and yet do ſo,
The Diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heauen.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall ſlip:
But if I giue my wife a Handkerchiefe.

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers,
She may (I thinke) beſtow't on any man.

Oth. She is Protectreſſe of her honor too:
May ſhe giue that?

Iago.

Iago. Her honor is an Effence that's not ſeene,
They haue it very oft, that haue it not.
But for the Handkerchiefe.
Othe. By heauen, I would moſt gladly haue forgot it:
Thou ſaidſt (oh, it comes ore my memorie,
As doth the Rauen o're the infectious houſe:
Boading to all) he had my Handkerchiefe.
Iago. I: what of that?
Othe. That's not ſo good now.
Iag. What if I had ſaid, I had ſeene him do you wrong?
Or heard him ſay (as Knaues be ſuch abroad,
Who hauing by their owne importunate ſuit,
Or voluntary dotage of ſome Miſtris,
Conuinced or ſupply'd them cannot chuſe
But they muſt blab.)
Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing?
Iago. He hath (my Lord) but be you well aſſur'd,
No more then he'le vn-ſweare.
Oth. What hath he ſaid?
Iago. Why, that he did: I know not what he did.
Othe. What? What?
Iago. Lye.
Oth. With her?
Iago. With her? On her: what you will.
Othe. Lye with her? lye on her? We ſay lye on her, when they be-lye-her. Lye with her: that's fullſome: Handkerchiefe: Confeſſions: Handkerchiefe. To confeſſe, and be hang'd for his labour. Firſt, to be hang'd, and then to confeſſe: I tremble at it. Nature would not inueſt her ſelfe in ſuch ſhadowing paſſion, without ſome Inſtruction. It is not words that ſhakes me thus, (piſh) Noſes, Eares, and Lippes: is't poſſible. Confeſſe? Handkerchiefe? O diuell. *Falls in a Traunce.*
Iago. Worke on,
My Medicine workes. Thus credulous Fooles are caught,
And many worthy, and chaſt Dames euen thus,
(All guiltleſſe) meete reproach: what hoa? My Lord?
My Lord, I ſay: *Othello.*

Enter Caſſio.

How now *Caſſio?*
Caſ. What's the matter?
Iago. My Lord is falne into an Epilepſie,
This is his ſecond Fit: he had one yeſterday.
Caſ. Rub him about the Temples.
Iago. The Lethargie muſt haue his quyet courſe:
If not, he foames at mouth: and by and by
Breakes out to ſauage madneſſe. Looke, he ſtirres:
Do you withdraw your ſelfe a little while,
He will recouer ſtraight: when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion, ſpeake with you.
How is it Generall? Haue you not hurt your head?
Othe. Doſt thou mocke me?
Iago. I mocke you not, by Heauen:
Would you would beare your Fortune like a Man.
Othe. A Horned man's a Monſter, and a Beaſt.
Iago. Ther's many a Beaſt then in a populous Citty,
And many a ciuill Monſter.
Othe. Did he confeſſe it?
Iago. Good Sir, be a man:
Thinke euery bearded fellow that's but yoak'd
May draw with you. There's Millions now aliue,
That nightly lye in thoſe vnproper beds,
Which they dare ſweare peculiar. Your caſe is better.
Oh, 'tis the ſpight of hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a ſecure Cowch;
And to ſuppoſe her chaſt. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what ſhe ſhallbe.
Oth. Oh, thou art wiſe: 'tis certaine.
Iago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your ſelfe but in a patient Liſt,
Whil'ſt you were heere, o're-whelmed with your griefe
(A paſſion moſt reſulting ſuch a man) unsuiting m.c.
Caſſio came hither. I ſhifted him away,
And la yd good ſcuſes vpon your Extaſie,
Bad him anon returne: and heere ſpeake with me,
The which he promis'd. Do but encaue your ſelfe,
And marke the Fleeres, the Gybes, and notable Scornes
That dwell in euery Region of his face,
For I will make him tell the Tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is againe to cope your wife.
I ſay, but marke his geſture: marry Patience,
Or I ſhall ſay y'are all in all in Spleene,
And nothing of a man.
Othe. Do'ſt thou heare, *Iago*,
I will be found moſt cunning in my Patience:
But (do'ſt thou heare) moſt bloody.
Iago. That's not amiſſe,
But yet keepe time in all: will you withdraw? Othello withdraws m.c
Now will I queſtion *Caſſio* of *Bianca*,
A Huſwife, that by ſelling her deſires
Buyes her ſelfe Bread, and Cloath. It is a Creature
That dotes on *Caſſio*, (as 'tis the Strumpets plague
To be-guile many, and be be-guil'd by one)
He, when he heares of her, cannot reſtraine
From the exceſſe of Laughter. Heere he comes.

Enter Caſſio.

As he ſhall ſmile, *Othello* ſhall go mad:
And his vnbookiſh Ieloufie muſt conſerue
Poore *Caſſio's* ſmiles, geſtures, and light behauiours
Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?
Caſ. The worſer, that you giue me the addition,
Whoſe want euen killes me.
Iago. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't:
Now, if this Suit lay in *Bianca's* dowre, powers [speaking low] m.c.
How quickely ſhould you ſpeed?
Caſ. Alas poore Caitiffe.
Oth. Looke how he laughes already. [aside m.c.
Iago. I neuer knew woman loue man ſo.
Caſ. Alas poore Rogue, I thinke indeed ſhe loues me.
Oth. Now he denies it faintly: and laughes it out [aside m.c.
Iago. Do you heare *Caſſio*?
Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o're: go too, well ſaid, well ſaid. [aside m.c.
Iago. She giues it out, that you ſhall marry her.
Do you intend it?
Caſ. Ha, ha, ha.
Oth. Do ye triumph, Romaine? do you triumph [aside m.c.
Caſ. I marry. What? A cuſtomer; prythee beare
Some Charitie to my wit, do not thinke it
So vnwholeſome. Ha, ha, ha.
Oth. So, ſo, ſo, ſo: they laugh, that winnes. [aside m.c.
Iago. Why the cry goes, that you marry her. shall faith
Caſ. Prythee ſay true.
Iago. I am a very Villaine elſe.
Oth. Haue you ſcoar'd me? Well.
Caſ. This is the Monkeys owne giuing out:
She is perſwaded I will marry her
Out of her owne loue & flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth. Iago becomes me: now he begins the ſtory
Caſſio. She was heere euen now: ſhe haunts me in euery place. I was the other day talking on the Sea-banke with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.
Oth. Crying oh deere *Caſſio*, as it were: his geſture imports it.
Caſſio. So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me: So ſhakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.
Oth. Now he tells how ſhe pluckt him to my Chamber: oh, I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dogge, I ſhall throw it to.
Caſſio. Well, I muſt leaue her companie.
Iago. Before me: looke where ſhe comes.

Enter Bianca.

Caſ. 'Tis ſuch another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one? What do you meane by this haunting of me?
Bian. Let the diuell, and his dam haunt you: what did you meane by that ſame Handkerchiefe, you gaue me euen now? I was a fine Foole to take it: I muſt take out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you ſhould finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there. This is ſome Minxes token, & I muſt take out the worke? There, giue it your Hobbey-horſe, whereſoeuer you had it, Ile take out no worke on't.
Caſſio. How now, my ſweete *Bianca*? How now? How now?
Othe. By Heauen, that ſhould be my Handkerchiefe.
Bian. If you'le come to ſupper to night you may, if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit*
Iago. After her: after her.
Caſ. I muſt, ſhee'l rayle in the ſtreets elſe.
Iago. Will you ſup there?
Caſſio. Yes, I intend ſo.
Iago. Well, I may chance to ſee you: for I would very faine ſpeake with you.
Caſ. Prythee come: will you?
Iago. Go too: ſay no more. *Exit Caſsio.*
Oth. How ſhall I murther him, *Iago.*
Iago. Did you perceiue how he laugh'd at his vice?
Oth. Oh, *Iago.*
Iago And did you ſee the Handkerchiefe?
Oth. Was that mine?
Iago. Yours by this hand: and to ſee how he prizes the fooliſh woman your wife: ſhe gaue it him, and he hath giu'n it his whore.
Oth. I would haue him nine yeeres a killing: A fine woman, a faire woman, a ſweete woman?
Iago. Nay, you muſt forget that.
Othello. I, let her rot and periſh, and be damn'd to night, for ſhe ſhall not liue. No, my heart is turn'd to ſtone: I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a ſweeter Creature: ſhe might lye by an Emperours ſide, and command him Taskes.
Iago. Nay, that's not your way.
Othe. Hang her, I do but ſay what ſhe is: ſo delicate with her Needle: an admirable Muſitian. Oh ſhe will ſing the Sauageneſſe out of a Beare: of ſo high and plenteous wit, and inuention?
Iago. She's the worſe for all this.
Othe. Oh, a thouſand, a thouſand times: And then of ſo gentle a condition?
Iago. I too gentle.
Othe. Nay that's certaine: But yet the pitty of it, *Iago*: oh *Iago*, the pitty of it *Iago.*
Iago. If you are ſo fond ouer her iniquitie: giue her pattent to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes neere no body.
Oth. I will chop her into Meſſes: Cuckold me?
Iago. Oh, 'tis foule in her.
Oth. With mine Officer?
Iago. That's fouler.
Othe. Get me ſome poyſon, *Iago*, this night. Ile not expoſtulate with her: leaſt her body and beautie vnprouide my mind againe: this night *Iago.*
Iago. Do it not with poyſon, ſtrangle her in her bed, Euen the bed ſhe hath contaminated.
Oth. Good, good: The Iuſtice of it pleaſes: very good.
Iago. And for *Caſſio*, let me be his vndertaker: You ſhall heare more by midnight. *Trumpet within.*

Enter Lodouico, Deſdemona, and Attendants.

Othe. Excellent good: What Trumpet is that ſame?
Iago. I warrant ſomething from Venice, 'Tis *Lodouico*, this, comes from the Duke. See, your wife's with him.
Lodo. Saue you worthy Generall.
Othe. With all my heart Sir.
Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.
Othe. I kiſſe the Inſtrument of their pleaſures.
Def. And what's the newes, good cozen *Lodouico*?
Iago. I am very glad to ſee you Signior: Welcome to Cyprus.
Lod. I thanke you: how do's Lieutenant *Caſſio*?
Iago. Liues Sir,
Def. Cozen, there's falne betweene him, & my Lord, An vnkind breach: but you ſhall make all well.
Othe. Are you ſure of that?
Def. My Lord?
Othe. This faile you not to do, as you will— *Exeat*
Lod. He did not call: he's buſie in the paper, Is there deuiſion 'twixt my Lord, and *Caſſio*?
Def. A moſt vnhappy one: I would do much T'attone them, for the loue I beare to *Caſſio.*
Oth. Fire, and brimeſtone.
Def. My Lord.
Oth. Are you wife?
Def. What is he angrie?
Lod. May be thLetter mou'd him. For as I thinke, they do command him home, Deputing *Caſsio* in his Gouernment.
Def. Truſt me, I am glad on't.
Othe. Indeed?
Def. My Lord?
Othe. I am glad to ſee you mad.
Def. Why, ſweete *Othello*?
Othe. Diuell. *Striking her*
Def. I haue not deſeru'd this.
Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in Venice, Though I ſhould ſweare I ſaw't. 'Tis very much, Make her amends: ſhe weepes.
Othe. Oh diuell, diuell: If that the Earth could teeme with womans teares, Each drop ſhe falls, would proue a Crocodile: Out of my ſight.
Def. I will not ſtay to offend you. *Going.*
Lod. Truely obedient Lady: I do beſeech your Lordſhip call her backe.

Oth.

Othe. Miſtris.
Def. My Lord.
Othe. What would you with her, Sir?
Lod. Who I, my Lord?
Othe. I, you did wiſh, that I would make her turne:
Sir, ſhe can turne, and turne: and yet go on
And turne againe. And ſhe can weepe, Sir, weepe.
And ſhe's obedient: as you ſay obedient.
Very obedient: proceed you in your teares.
Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted paſſion)
I am commanded home: get you away:
Ile ſend for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate,
And will returne to Venice. Hence, auaunt:
Caſſio ſhall haue my Place. And Sir, to night
I do entreat, that we may ſup together.
You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.
Goates, and Monkeys. *Exit.*
Lod. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all ſufficient? Is this the Nature
Whom Paſſion could not ſhake? Whoſe ſolid vertue
The ſhot of Accident, nor dart of Chance
Could neither graze, nor pierce?
Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits ſafe? Is he not light of Braine?
Iago. He's that he is: I may not breath my cenſure.
What he might be: if what he might, he is not,
I would to heauen he were.
Lod. What? Strike his wife?
Iago. 'Faith that was not ſo well: yet would I knew
That ſtroke would proue the worſt.
Lod. Is it his vſe?
Or did the Letters, worke vpon his blood,
And new create his fault?
Iago. Alas, alas:
It is not honeſtie in me to ſpeake
What I haue ſeene, and knowne. You ſhall obſerue him,
And his owne courſes will deonte him ſo,
That I may ſaue my ſpeech: do but go after
And marke how he continues.
Lod. I am ſorry that I am deceiu'd in him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello and Æmilia.

Othe. You haue ſeene nothing then?
Æmil. Nor euer heard: nor euer did ſuſpect.
Othe. Yes, you haue ſeene *Caſſio*, and ſhe together.
Æmi. But then I ſaw no harme: and then I heard,
Each ſyllable that breath made vp betweene them.
Othe. What? Did they neuer whiſper?
Æmil. Neuer my Lord.
Othe. Nor ſend you out o'th'way?
Æmil. Neuer.
Othe. To fetch her Fan, her Gloues, her Mask, nor no-
Æmil. Neuer my Lord. (thing?
Othe. That's ſtrange.
Æmil. I durſt (my Lord) to wager, ſhe is honeſt:
Lay downe my Soule at ſtake: If you thinke other,
Remoue your thought. It doth abuſe your boſome:
If any wretch haue put this in your head,
Let Heauen requit it with the Serpents curſe,
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte, and true,
There's no man happy. The pureſt of their Wiues
Is foule as Slander.
Othe. Bid her come hither: go. *Exit Æmilia.*
She ſaies enough: yet ſhe's a ſimple Baud
That cannot ſay as much. This is a ſubtile Whore:
A Cloſſet Lockeand Key of Villanous Secrets,
And yet ſhe'le kneele, and pray: I haue ſeene her do't.

Enter Deſdemona, and Æmilia.

Def. My Lord, what is your will?
Othe. Pray you Chucke come hither.
Def. What is your pleaſure?
Oth. Let me ſee your eyes: looke in my face.
Def. What horrible Fancie's this?
Othe. Some of your Function Miſtris: (to Emilia
Leaue Procreants alone, and ſhut the doore:
Cough, or cry hem; if any bod ycome:
Your Myſtery, your Myſtery: May diſpatch. *Exit Æmi.*
Def. Vpon my knee, what doth your ſpeech import?
I vnderſtand a Fury in your words.
Othe. Why? What art thou?
Def. Your wife my Lord: your true and loyall wife.
Othello. Come ſweare it: damne thy ſelfe, leaſt
being like one of Heauen, the diuells themſelues ſhould
feare to ceaze thee. Therefore be double damn'd: ſweare
thou art honeſt.
Def. Heauen doth truely know it.
Othe. Heauen truely knowes, that thou art falſe as hell.
Def. To whom my Lord?
With whom? How am I falſe?
Othe. Ah *Deſdemon*, away, away, away.
Def. Alas the heauy day: why do you weepe?
Am I the motiue of theſe teares my Lord?
If happely you my Father do ſuſpect,
An Inſtrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me: if you haue loſt him,
I haue loſt him too.
Othe. Had it pleas'd Heauen,
To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd
All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare-head:
Steep'd me in pouertie to the very lippes,
Giuen to Captiuitie, me, and my vtmoſt hopes,
I ſhould haue found in ſome place of my Soule
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,
To point his ſlow, and mouing finger at.
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well:
But there where I haue garnerd vp my heart,
Where either I muſt liue, or beare no life,
The Fountaine from the which my currant runnes,
Or elſe dries vp: to be diſcarded thence,
Or keepe it as a Ceſterne, for foule Toades
To knot and gender in. Turne thy complexion there:
Patience, thou young and Roſe-lip'd Cherubin,
I heere looke grim as hell.
Def. I hope my Noble Lord eſteemes me honeſt.
Othe. Oh I, as Sommer Flyes are in the Shambles,
That quicken euen with blowing. Oh thou weed:
Who art ſo louely faire, and ſmell'ſt ſo ſweete,
That the Senſe akes at thee,
Would thou had'ſt neuer bin borne.
Def. Alas, what ignoran t ſin haue I committed?
Othe. Was this faire Paper? This moſt goodly Booke
Made to write Whore vpon? What commited,

Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,
I ſhould make very Forges of my cheekes,
That would to Cynders burne vp Modeſtie,
Did I but ſpeake thy deedes. What commited?
Heauen ſtoppes the Noſe at it, and the Moone winks:
The baudy winde that kiſſes all it meetes,
Is huſh'd within the hollow Myne of Earth
And will not hear't. What commited? *impudent Strumpet* m.e
Def. By Heauen you do me wrong.
Othe. Are not you a Strumpet?
Def. No, as I am a Chriſtian.
If to preſerue this veſſell for my Lord,
From any other foule vnlawfull touch *Raised 4to*
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.
Othe. What, not a Whore?
Def. No, as I ſhall be ſau'd.
Othe. Is't poſſible?
Def. Oh Heauen forgiue vs.
Othe. I cry you mercy then.
I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with *Othello.* You Miſtris,

Enter Æmilia.

That haue the office oppoſite to Saint *Peter*,
And keepes the gate of hell. You, you: I you.
We haue done our courſe: there's money for your paines:
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counſaile. *Exit.*
Æmil. Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceiue?
How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?
Def. Faith, halfe a ſleepe.
Æmi. Good Madam,
What's the matter with my Lord?
Def. With who?
Æmil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?
Def. Who is thy Lord?
Æmil. He that is yours, ſweet Lady.
Def. I haue none: do not talke to me, *Æmilia*,
I cannot weepe: nor anſweres haue I none,
Bnt what ſhould go by water. Prythee to night,
Lay on my bed my wedding ſheetes, remember,
And call thy husband hither.
Æmil. Heere's a change indeed. *Exit.*
Def. 'Tis meete I ſhould be vs'd ſo: very meete.
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might ſticke
The ſmall'ſt opinion on my leaſt miſvſe? *on my greatest / abuse* m.e.

Enter Iago, and Æmilia.

Iago. What is your pleaſure Madam?
How is't with you?
Def. I cannot tell: thoſe that do teach yong Babes
Do it with gentle meanes, and eaſie taskes.
He might haue chid me ſo: for in good faith
I am a Child to chiding.
Iago. What is the matter Lady?
Æmil. Alas (*Iago*) my Lord hath ſo bewhor'd her,
Throwne ſuch diſpight, and heauy termes vpon her
That true hearts cannot beare it.
Def. Am I that name, *Iago*?
Iago. What name, (faire Lady?)
Def. Such as ſhe ſaid my Lord did ſay I was.
Æmil. He call'd her whore: a Begger in his drinke:
Could not haue laid ſuch termes vpon his Callet.
Iago. Why did he ſo?
Def. I do not know: I am ſure I am none ſuch.
Iago. Do not weepe, do not weepe: alas the day.
Æmil. Hath ſhe forſooke ſo many Noble Matches?
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?
To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weepe?
Def. It is my wretched Fortune.
Iago. Beſhrew him for't:
How comes this Tricke vpon him?
Def. Nay, Heauen doth know.
Æmi. I will be hang'd, if ſome eternall Villaine,
Some buſie and inſinuating Rogue,
Some cogging, cozening Slaue, to get ſome Office,
Haue not deuis'd this Slander: I will be hang'd elſe.
Iago. Fie, there is no ſuch man: it is impoſſible.
Def. If any ſuch there be, Heauen pardon him.
Æmil. A halter pardon him:
And hell gnaw his bones.
Why ſhould he call her Whore?
Who keepes her companie?
What Place? What Time?
What Forme? What liklyhood?
The Moore's abus'd by ſome moſt villanous Knaue,
Some baſe notorious Knaue, ſome ſcuruy Fellow. *most villa / m*
Oh Heauens, that ſuch companions thou'd'ſt vnfold,
And put in euery honeſt hand a whip
To laſh the Raſcalls naked through the world,
Euen from the Eaſt to th'Weſt.
Iago. Speake within doore.
Æmil. Oh fie vpon them: ſome ſuch Squire he was
That turn'd your wit, the ſeamy-ſide without,
And made you to ſuſpect me with the Moore.
Iago. You are a Foole: go too.
Def. Alas *Iago*,
What ſhall I do to win my Lord againe?
Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,
I know not how I loſt him. Heere I kneele:
If ere my will did treſpaſſe 'gainſt his Loue,
Either in diſcourſe of thought, or actuall deed,
Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence
Delighted them: or any other Forme.
Or that I do not yet, and euer did,
And euer will, (though he do ſhake me off
To beggerly diuorcement) Loue him deerely,
Comfort forſweare me. Vnkindneſſe may do much,
And his vnkindneſſe may defeat my life,
But neuer taynt my Loue. I cannot ſay Whore,
It do's abhorre me now I ſpeake the word,
To do the Act, that might the addition earne,
Not the worlds Maſſe of vanitie could make me.
Iago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:
The buſineſſe of the State do's him offence. *and he doth chide with you* m.e
Def. If 'twere no other.
Iago. It is but ſo, I warrant,
Hearke how theſe Inſtruments ſummon to ſupper:
The Meſſengers of Venice ſtaies the meate,
Go in, and weepe not: all things ſhall be well.

Exeunt Deſdemona and Æmilia.

and the great Messengers of Venice stay m.e. 4to

Enter Rodorigo.

How now *Rodorigo?*
Rod. I do not finde
That thou deal'ſt iuſtly with me.
Iago. What in the contrarie?
Rodori. Euery day thou daſts me with ſome deuiſe *Iago*, and rather, as it ſeemes to me now, keep'ſt from me all conueniencie, then ſupplieſt me with the leaſt aduantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perſwaded to put vp in peace, what already I haue fooliſhly ſuffred.
Iago. Will you heare me *Rodorigo?*

Rodori. I

Rodori. I haue heard too much: and your words and Performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me moſt vniuſtly.

Rodo. With naught but truth: I haue waſted my ſelfe out of my meanes. The Iewels you haue had from me to deliuer *Deſdemona*, would halfe haue corrupted a Votariſt. You haue told me ſhe hath receiu'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of ſodaine reſpect, and acquaintance, but I finde none. acquittance m.c. 4to

Iago. Well, go too: very well.

Rod. Very well, go too: I cannot go too, (man) nor tis not very well. Nay I think it is ſcuruy: and begin to finde my ſelfe fopt in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rodor. I tell you, 'tis not very well: I will make my ſelfe knowne to *Deſdemona*. If ſhe will returne me my Iewels, I will giue ouer my Suit, and repent my vnlawfull ſolicitation. If not, aſſure your ſelfe, I will ſeeke ſatisfaction of you.

Iago. You haue ſaid now.

Rodo. I: and ſaid nothing but what I proteſt intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I ſee there's mettle in thee: and euen from this inſtant do build on thee a better opinion then euer before: giue me thy hand *Rodorigo*. Thou haſt taken againſt me a moſt iuſt exception: but yet I proteſt I haue dealt moſt directly in thy Affaire.

Rod. It hath not appeer'd.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeer'd: and your ſuſpition is not without wit and iudgement. But *Rodorigo*, if thou haſt that in thee indeed, which I haue greater reaſon to beleeue now then euer, (I meane purpoſe, Courage, and Valour) this night ſhew it. If thou the next night following enioy not *Deſdemona*, take me from this world with Treacherie, and deuiſe Engines for my life.

Rod. Well: what is it? Is it within, reaſon and compaſſe?

Iago. Sir, there is eſpeciall Commiſſion come from Venice to depute *Caſſio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true? Why then *Othello* and *Deſdemona* returne againe to Venice.

Iago. Oh no: he goes into Mauritania and taketh away with him the faire *Deſdemona*, vnleſſe his abode be lingred heere by ſome accident. Wherein none can be ſo determinate, as the remouing of *Caſſio*.

Rod. How do you meane remouing him?

Iago. Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello's* place: knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would haue me to do.

Iago. I: if you dare do your ſelfe a profit, and a right. He ſups to night with a Harlotry: and thither will I go to him. He knowes not yet of his Honourable Fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which I will faſhion to fall out betweene twelue and one) you may take him at your pleaſure. I will be neere to ſecond your Attempt, and he ſhall fall betweene vs. Come, ſtand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me: I will ſhew you ſuch a neceſſitie in his death, that you ſhall thinke your ſelfe bound to put it on him. It is now high ſupper time: and the night growes to waſt. About it.

Rod. I will heare further reaſon for this.

Iago. And you ſhalbe ſatisfi'd. *Exeunt.*

Act IV. Sc. 32

Scena Tertia.

Another Room in the Caſtle m.c.

Enter Othello, Lodouico, Deſdemona, Æmilia, and Atendants.

Lod. I do beſeech you Sir, trouble your ſelfe no further.

Oth. Oh pardon me: 'twill do me good to walke.

Lodoui. Madam, good night: I humbly thanke your Ladyſhip.

Def. Your Honour is moſt welcome.

Oth. Will you walke Sir? Oh *Deſdemona*.

Def. My Lord.

Othello. Get you to bed on th'inſtant, I will be return'd forthwith: diſmiſſe your Attendant there: look't be done. [Exeunt Othello Ludovico & Attendants m.c. *Exit.*

Def. I will my Lord.

Æm. How goes it now? He lookes gentler then he did.

Def. He ſaies he will returne incontinent,
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to diſmiſſe you.

Æmi. Diſmiſſe me?

Def. It was his bidding: therefore good *Æmilia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We muſt not now diſpleaſe him.

Æmil. I, would you had neuer ſeene him.

Def. So would not I: my loue doth ſo approue him,
That euen his ſtubborneſſe, his checks, his frownes,
(Prythee vn-pin me) haue grace and fauour.

Æmi. I haue laid thoſe Sheetes you bad me on the bed. faith 4to

Def. All's one: good Father, how fooliſh are our minds?
If I do die before, prythee ſhrow'd me thice f. 32
In one of theſe ſame Sheetes.

Æmil. Come, come: you talke.

Def. My Mother had a Maid call'd *Barbarie*,
She was in loue: and he ſhe lou'd prou'd mad,
And did forſake her. She had a Song of Willough,
An old thing 'twas: but it expreſs'd her Fortune,
And ſhe dy'd ſinging it. That Song to night,
Will not go from my mind: I haue much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one ſide
And ſing it like poore *Brabarie*: prythee diſpatch.

Æmi. Shall I go fetch your Night-gowne?

Def. No, vn-pin me here,
This *Lodouico* is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handſome man.

Def. He ſpeakes well.

Æmil. I know a Lady in Venicewould haue walk'd barefoot to Paleſtine for a touch of his nether lip. nether 4to

Def. *The poore Soule ſat ſinging, by a Sicamour tree.* ſighing m.c. 4to f. 2
Sing all a greene Willough:
Her hand on her boſome her head on her knee,
Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.
The freſh Streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes
Sing Willough, &c.
Her ſalt teares fell from her, and ſoftned the ſtones,
Sing Willough, &c. (Lay by theſe)
Willough, Willough. (Prythee high thee: he'le come anon)
Sing all a greene Willough muſt be my Garland.
Let no body blame him, his ſcorne I approue.
(Nay that's not next. Harke, who is't that knocks?

Æmil. It's the wind.

Def. *I call'd my Loue falſe Loue: but what ſaid he then?*
Sing Willough, &c.
If I court mo women, you'le couch with mo men.

So get thee gone, good night: mine eyes do itch:
Do that boade weeping?
Æmil. 'Tis neyther heere, nor there.
Def. I haue heard it said so. O these Men, these men!
Do'st thou in conscience thinke (tell me *Æmilia*)
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such grosse kinde?
Æmil. There be some such, no question.
Def. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?
Æmil. Why, would not you?
Def. No, by this Heauenly light.
Æmil. Nor I neither, by this Heauenly light:
I might doo't as well i'th'darke.
Def. Would'st thou do such a deed for al the world?
Æmil. The world's a huge thing:
It is a great price, for a small vice.
Def. Introth, I thinke thou would'st not.
Æmil. Introth I thinke I should, and vndoo't when I had done. Marry, I would not doe such a thing for a ioynt Ring, nor for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world: why, who would not make her husbanda Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I should venture Purgatory for't.
Def. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.
Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th'world; and hauing the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.
Def. I do not thinke there is any such woman.
Æmil. Yes, a dozen: and as many to'th'vantage, as would store the world they plaid for.
But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults
If Wiues do fall: (Say, that they slacke their duties,
And powre our Treasures into forraigne laps;
Or else breake out in peeuish Iealousies,
Throwing restraint vpon vs: Or say they strike vs,
Or scant our former hauing in despight)
Why we haue galles: and though we haue some Grace,
Yet haue we some Reuenge. Let Husbands know,
Their wiues haue sense like them: They see, and smell,
And haue their Palats both for sweet, and sowre,
As Husbands haue. What is it that they do,
When they change vs for others? Is it Sport?
I thinke it is: and doth Affection breed it?
I thinke it doth. Is't Frailty that thus erres?
It is so too. And haue not we Affections?
Desires for Sport? and Frailty, as men haue?
Then let them vse vs well: else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct vs so.
Def. Good night, good night:
Heauen me such vses send,
Not to picke bad, from bad; but by bad, mend. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Iago, and Rodorigo.

Iago. Heere, stand behinde this Barke,
Straight will he come:
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home:
Quicke, quicke, feare nothing; Ile be at thy Elbow,
It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke on that,
And fixe most firme thy Resolution.
Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't.
Iago. Heere, at thy hand: Be bold, & take thy stand.
Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the deed,
And yet he hath giuen me satisfying Reasons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword: he dies.
Iago. I haue rub'd this yong Quat almost to the sense,
And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,
Euery way makes my gaine. Liue *Rodorigo*,
He calles me to a restitution large
Of Gold, and Iewels, that I bob'd from him,
As Guifts to *Desdemona*.
It must not be: If *Cassio* do remaine,
He hath a dayly beauty in his life,
That makes me vgly: and besides, the Moore
May vnfold me to him: there stand I in much perill:
No, he must dye. But so, I heard him comming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate, 'tis he: Villaine thou dyest.
Cas. That thrust had beene mine enemy indeed,
But that my Coate is better then thou know'st:
I will make proofe of thine.
Rod. Oh, I am slaine.
Cassio. I am maym'd for euer.
Helpe hoa: Murther, murther.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voyce of *Cassio*, *Iago* keepes his word.
Rod. O Villaine that I am.
Oth. It is euen so.
Cas. Oh helpe hoa: Light, a Surgeon.
Oth. 'Tis he: O braue *Iago*, honest, and iust,
That hast such Noble sense of thy Friends wrong,
Thou teachest me. Minion, your deere lyes dead,
And your vnblest Fate hies: Strumpet I come:
For of my heart, those Charmes thine Eyes, are blotted.
Thy Bed lust-stain'd, shall with Lusts blood bee spotted.

Exit Othello.

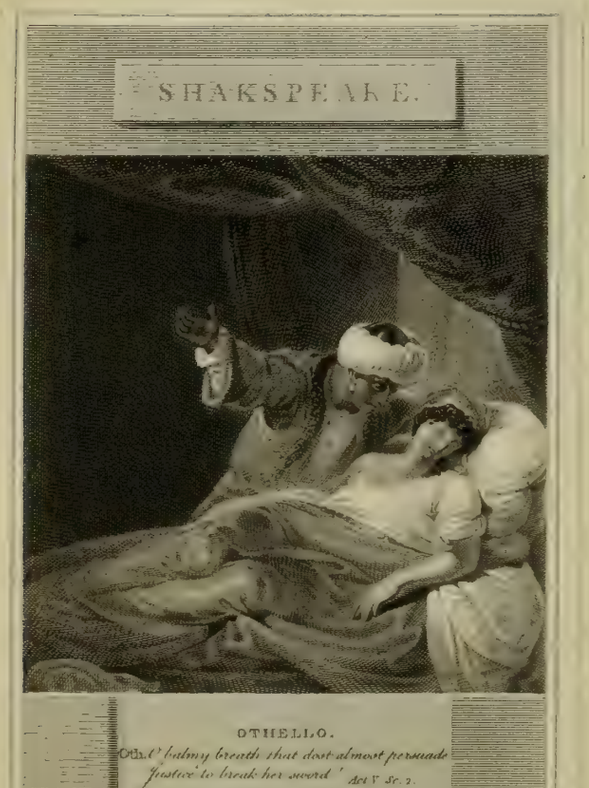
Enter Lodouico and Gratiano.

Cas. What hoa? no Watch? No passage?
Murther, Murther.
Gra. 'Tis some mischance, the voyce is very direfull.
Cas. Oh helpe.
Lodo. Hearke.
Rod. Oh wretched Villaine.
Lod. Two or three groane. 'Tis heauy night;
These may be counterfeits: Let's think't vnsafe
To come into the cry, without more helpe.
Rod. Nobody come: then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago.

Lod. Hearke.
Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light, and Weapons.
Iago. Who's there?
Who's noyse is this that cries on murther?
Lodo. We do not know.
Iago. Do not you heare a cry?
Cas. Heere, heere: for heauen sake helpe me.
Iago. What's the matter?
Gra. This is *Othello*'s Ancient, as I take it.
Lodo. The same indeede, a very valiant Fellow.
Iago. What are you heere, that cry so greeuously?
Cas. Iago? Oh I am spoyl'd, vndone by Villaines:
Giue me some helpe.
Iago. O mee, Lieutenant!
What Villaines haue done this?
Cas. I thinke that one of them is heereabout,

And


SHAKSPEARE.
OTHELLO.
Oth. O balmy breath that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! Act V Sc. 2.

And cannot make away.
Iago. Oh treacherous Villaines:
What are you there? Come in, and giue some helpe.
Rod. O helpe me there.
Cassio. That's one of them.
Iago. Oh murd'rous Slaue! O Villaine!
Rod. O damn'd *Iago*! O inhumane Dogge!
Iago. Kill men i'th'darke?
Where be these bloody Theeues?
How silent is this Towne? Hoa, murther, murther.
What may you be? Are you of good, or euill?
Lod. As you shall proue vs, praise vs.
Iago. Signior *Lodouico*?
Lod. He Sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy: here's *Cassio* hurt by Villaines.
Gra. Cassio?
Iago. How is't Brother?
Cas. My Legge is cut in two.
Iago. Marry heauen forbid:
Light Gentlemen, Ile binde it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter hoa? Who is't that cry'd?
Iago. Who is't that cry'd?
Bian. Oh my deere *Cassio*,
My sweet *Cassio*: Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.
Iago. O notable Strumpet. *Cassio*, may you suspect
Who they should be, that haue thus mangled you?
Cas. No.
Gra. I am sorry to finde you thus;
I haue beene to seeke you.
Iago. Lend me a Garter. So:——Oh for a Chaire
To beare him easily hence.
Bian. Alas he faints. Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Trash
To be a party in this Iniurie.
Patience awhile, good *Cassio*. Come, come;
Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?
Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman
Rodorigo? No: Yes sure: Yes, 'tis *Rodorigo*.
Gra. What, of Venice?
Iago. Euen he Sir: Did you know him?
Gra. Know him? I.
Iago. Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my Manners,
That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.
Iago. How do you *Cassio*? Oh, a Chaire, a Chaire.
Gra. Rodorigo?
Iago. He, he, 'tis he:
Oh that's well said, the Chaire.
Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
Ile fetch the Generall's Surgeon. For you Mistris,
Saue you your labour. He that lies slaine heere (*Cassio*)
Was my deere friend. What malice was between you?
Cas. None in the world: nor do I know the man?
Iago. What? looke you pale? Oh beare him o'th'Ayre.
Stay you good Gentlemen. Look you pale, Mistris?
Do you perceiue the gastnesse of her eye?
Nay, if you stare, we shall heare more anon.
Behold her well: I pray you looke vpon her:
Do you see Gentlemen? Nay, guiltinesse will speake
Though tongues were out of vse.
Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, Husband?
Iago. *Cassio* hath heere bin set on in the darke
By *Rodorigo*, and Fellowes that are scap'd:
He's almost slaine, and *Rodorigo* quite dead.
Æmil. Alas good Gentleman: alas good *Cassio*.
Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prythe *Æmilia*,
Go know of *Cassio* where he supt to night.
What, do you shake at that?
Bian. He supt at my house, but I therefore shake not.
Iago. O did he so? I charge you go with me.
Æmil. Oh fie vpon thee Strumpet.
Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.
Æmil. As I? Fie vpon thee.
Iago. Kinde Gentlemen:
Let's go see poore *Cassio* dresst.
Come Mistris, you must tel's another Tale.
Æmilia, run you to the Cittadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath happ'd:
Will you go on afore? This is the night
That either makes me, or foredoes me quight. *Exeunt*

Scæna Secunda.

A bed-chamber. Desdemona a bed asleep a light.

Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the Cause, it is the Cause (my Soule)
Let me not name it to you, you chaste Starres,
It is the Cause. Yet Ile not shed her blood,
Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, than Snow,
And smooth as Monumentall Alablaster: [takes off his sword
Yet she must dye, else shee'l betray more men:
Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,
I can againe thy former light restore,
Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,
Thou cunning'st Patterne of excelling Nature,
I know not where is that *Promethæan* heate
That can thy Light re-Lume.
When I haue pluck'd thy Rose,
I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
It needs must wither. Ile smell thee on the Tree.
Oh Balmy breath, that dost almost perswade
Iustice to breake her Sword. One more, one more:
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And loue thee after. One more, and that's the last.
So sweet, was ne're so fatall. I must weepe,
But they are cruell Teares: This sorrow's heauenly,
It strikes, where it doth loue. She wakes.
Des. Who's there? *Othello*?
Oth. I *Desdemona*.
Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord?
Oth. Haue you pray'd to night, *Desdemon*?
Des. I my Lord.
Oth. If you bethinke your selfe of any Crime
Vnreconcil'd as yet to Heauen, and Grace,
Solicite for it straight.
Des. Alacke, my Lord,
What may you meane by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be breefe, I will walke by:
I would not kill thy vnprepared Spirit,
No, Heauens fore-fend) I would not kill thy Soule.
Des. Talke you of killing?
Oth. I, I do.
Des. Then Heauen haue mercy on mee.

Oth.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Def. If you ſay, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Humh.
Def. And yet I feare you: for you're fatall then
When your eyes rowle ſo.
Why I ſhould feare, I know not,
Since guiltineſſe I know not: But yet I feele I feare.
Oth. Thinke on thy ſinnes.
Def. They are Loues I beare to you.
Oth. I, and for that thou dy'ſt.
Def. That death's vnnaturall, that kils for louing.
Alas, why gnaw you ſo your nether-lip?
Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very Frame:
Theſe are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be ſtill.
Def. I will ſo: What's the matter?
Oth. That Handkerchiefe
Which I ſo lou'd, and gaue thee, thou gau'ſt to *Caſſio*.
Def. No by my Life, and Soule: ſend for the man,
And aske him.
Oth. Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Periury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Def. I, but not yet to dye.
Oth. Preſently.
Therefore confeſſe thee freely of thy ſinne:
For to deny each Article with Oath,
Cannot remoue, nor choake the ſtrong Conception
That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye.
Def. O Heauen haue mercy on me.
Oth. I ſay, Amen.
Def. And haue you mercy too. I neuer did
Offend you in my life: neuer lou'd *Caſſio*,
But with ſuch generall warrantie of Heauen,
As I might loue. I neuer gaue him Token.
Oth. By Heauen I ſaw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.
O periur'd woman, thou do'ſt ſtone my heart,
And makes me call, what I intend to do,
A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I ſaw the Handkerchiefe.
Def. He found it then:
I neuer gaue it him: Send, for him hither:
Let him confeſſe a truth.
Oth. He hath confeſt.
Def. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath vs'd thee.
Def. How? vnlawfully?
Oth. I.
Def. He will not ſay ſo.
Oth. No: his mouth is ſtopp'd:
Honeſt *Iago* hath 'tane order for't.
Def. Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?
Oth. Had all his haires bin liues, my great Reuenge
Had ſtomacke for them all.
Def. Alas, he is betray'd, and I vndone.
Oth. Out Strumpet: weep'ſt thou for him to my face?
Def. O baniſh me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Downe Strumpet.
Def. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.
Oth. Nay, if you ſtriue.
Def. But halfe an houre.
Oth. Being done, there is no pawſe.
Def. But while I ſay one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. *Smothers her.*
Æmilia at the doore.
Æmil. My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?
My Lord, my Lord.
Oth. What noiſe is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
I would not haue thee linger in thy paine?
So, ſo.
Æmil. within. What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?
Oth. Who's there?
Æmil. Oh good my Lord, I would ſpeake a word with you.
Oth. Yes: 'Tis *Æmilia*: by and by. Shee's dead.
'Tis like ſhe comes to ſpeake of *Caſſio*'s death:
The noiſe was high. Hah, no more moouing?
Still as the Graue. Shall ſhe come in? Wer't good?
I thinke ſhe ſtirres againe. No, what's beſt to do?
If ſhe come in, ſhee'l ſure ſpeake to my wife:
My wife, my wife: what wife? I haue no wife.
Oh inſupportable! Oh heauy houre!
Me thinkes, it ſhould be now a huge Eclipſe
Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th'affrighted Globe
Did yawne at Alteration.
Æmil. I do beſeech you
That I may ſpeake with you. Oh good my Lord.
Oth. I had forgot thee: oh come in *Æmilia*.
Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?
unlocks the door *Enter Æmilia.*
Æmil. Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers done.
Oth. What? now?
Æmil. But now, my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neerer Earth then ſhe was wont,
And makes men mad.
Æmil. *Caſſio*, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young Venetian, call'd *Rodorigo*.
Oth. *Rodorigo* kill'd? and *Caſſio* kill'd?
Æmil. No, *Caſſio* is not kill'd.
Oth. Not *Caſſio* kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,
And ſweet Reuenge growes harſh.
Def. O falſely, falſely murder'd.
Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That? What?
Æmil. Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice.
Helpe, helpe hoa, helpe. Oh Ladie ſpeake againe,
Sweet *Deſdemona*, oh ſweet Miſtris, ſpeake.
Def. A guiltleſſe death, I dye.
Æmil. Oh who hath done this deed?
Def. No body: I my ſelfe, farewell:
Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell.
Oth. Why, how ſhould ſhe be murdred?
Æmil. Alas: who knowes?
Oth. You heare her ſay her ſelfe, it was not I.
Æmil. She ſaid ſo: I muſt needs report the truth.
Oth. She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Æmil. Oh the more Angell ſhe, and you the blacker Diuell.
Oth. She turn'd to folly: and ſhe was a whore.
Æmil. Thou do'ſt bely her, and thou art a diuell.
Oth. She was falſe as water.
Æmil. Thou art raſh as fire, to ſay
That ſhe was falſe. Oh ſhe was heauenly true.
Oth. *Caſſio* did top her: Ask thy husband elſe.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:
But that I did proceed vpon iuſt grounds
To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.

Æmil.

Ramberg del. C. Sharpe sc.

Mrs SIDDONS in DESDEMONA,

'Talk you of killing'

London, Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, Nov.r 8th 1785

Printed for J. Bell, British Library Strand London Aprd 25th 1785

Æmil. My Husband?
Oth. Thy Husband.
Æmil. That ſhe was falſe to Wedlocke?
Oth. I, with *Caſſio:* had ſhe bin true,
If Heauen would make me ſuch another world,
Of one entyre and perfect Chryſolite,
I'ld not haue ſold her for it.
Æmil. My Husband?
Oth. I, 'twas he that told me on her firſt, omitted m.c.
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime
That ſtickes on filthy deeds.
Æmil. My Husband?
Oth. What needs this itterance, Woman? iteration 4to
I ſay, thy Husband.
Æmil. Oh Miſtris, this & the next speech omitted in 1st 4to
Villany hath made mockes with loue:
My Husband ſay ſhe was falſe?
Oth. He, Woman;
I ſay thy Husband: Do'ſt vnderſtand the word?
My Friend, thy Husband; honeſt, honeſt *Iago.*
Æmil. If he ſay ſo, may his pernicious Soule
Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to'th'heart,
She was too fond of her moſt filthy Bargaine.
Oth. Hah?
Æmil. Do thy worſt:
This deede of thine is no more worthy Heauen,
Then thou was't worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were beſt.
Æmil. Thou haſt not halfe that powre to do me harm,
As I haue to be hurt. Oh Gull, oh dolt,
As ignorant as durt: thou haſt done a deed
(I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee known,
Though I loſt twenty liues. Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe:
The Moore hath kill'd my Miſtris. Murther, murther.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

Mon. What is the matter? How now Generall?
Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Iago:* you haue done well,
That men muſt lay their Murthers on your necke.
Gra. What is the matter?
Æmil. Diſproue this Villaine, if thou bee'ſt a man:
He ſayes, thou told'ſt him that his wife was falſe:
I know thou did'ſt not: thou'rt not ſuch a Villain.
Speake, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought,
And told no more
Then what he found himſelfe was apt, and true.
Æmil. But did you euer tell him,
She was falſe?
Iago. I did.
Æmil. You told a Lye, an odious damned Lye:
Vpon my Soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye.
Shee falſe with *Caſſio?*
Did you ſay with *Caſſio?*
Iago. With *Caſſio,* Miſtris?
Go too, charme your tongue.
Emil. I will not charme my Tongue;
I am bound to ſpeake,
My Miſtris heere lyes murthered in her bed.
All. Oh Heauens, forefend.
Emil. And your reports haue ſet the Murder on.
Othello. Nay ſtare not Maſters,
It is true indeede.
Gra. 'Tis a ſtrange Truth.
Mont. O monſtrous Acte.
Emil. Villany, villany, villany:
I thinke vpon't, I thinke? I ſmel't: O Villany:
I thought ſo then: Ile kill my ſelfe for greefe.
O villany! villany!
Iago. What, are you mad?
I charge you get you home.
Emil. Good Gentlemen, let me haue leaue to ſpeake:
'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:
Perchance *Iago,* I will ne're go home.
Oth. Oh, oh, oh. hanging over his wife m.c.
Emil. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare:
For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.
Oth. Oh ſhe was fowle!
I ſcarſe did know you Vnkle, there lies your Neece,
Whoſe breath (indeed) theſe hands haue newly ſtopp'd:
I know this acte ſhewes horrible and grim.
Gra. Poore *Deſdemon:*
I am glad thy Father's dead,
Thy Match was mortall to him: and pure greefe
Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he liue now,
This ſight would make him do a deſperate turne:
Yea, curſe his better Angell from his ſide,
And fall to Reprobance. Reprobation m.c.
Oth. 'Tis pittifull: but yet *Iago* knowes
That ſhe with *Caſſio,* hath the Act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed. *Caſſio* confeſt it,
And ſhe did gratifie his amorous workes
With that Recognizance and pledge of Loue
Which I firſt gaue her: I ſaw it in his hand:
It was a Handkerchiefe, an Antique Token
My Father gaue my Mother.
Emil. Oh Heauen! oh heauenly Powres!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace? Hold my m.c.
No, I will ſpeake as liberall as the North;
Let Heauen, and Men, and Diuels, let them all,
All, all, crie ſhame againſt me, yet Ile ſpeake.
Iago. Be wiſe, and get you home. [Iago offers to ſtab his wife m.c.
Emil. I will not.
Gra. Fye, your Sword vpon a Woman.
Emil. Oh thou dull Moore,
That Handkerchiefe thou ſpeak'ſt of
I found by Fortune, and did giue my Husband:
For often, with a ſolemne earneſtneſſe,
(More then indeed belong'd to ſuch a Trifle)
He begg'd of me, to ſteale't.
Iago. Villanous Whore.
Emil. She giue it *Caſſio?* No, alas I found it,
And I did giu't my Husband.
Iago. Filth, thou lyeſt. Iago ſtabs his wife and runs out m.c.
Emil. By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous Coxcombe, what ſhould ſuch a Foole
Do with ſo good a wife?
Oth. Are there no ſtones in Heauen,
But what ſerues for the Thunder?
Precious Villaine.
Gra. The woman falles:
Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.
Emil. I, I: oh lay me by my Miſtris ſide.
Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon
Which I haue recouer'd from the Moore:
Come guard the doore without, let him not paſſe,
But kill him rather. Ile after that ſame villaine,
For 'tis a damned Slaue. Exeunt Mont & Grat. Exit. m.c.

Oth. I am not valiant neither:
But euery Punie whipſter gets my Sword.
But why ſhould Honor out-liue Honeſty?
Let it go all.
Æmil. What did thy Song boad Lady? *Hearke*
Hearke, canſt thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
And dye in Muſicke: *Willough, Willough, Willough.*
Moore, ſhe was chaſte: She lou'd thee, cruell Moore,
So come my Soule to bliſſe, as I ſpeake true:
So ſpeaking as I thinke, alas, I dye. [*Dies m. c.*
Oth. I haue another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:
Oh heere it is: Vnkle I muſt come forth.
[*within* *Gra.* If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee deere;
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.
Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and ſpeake with me,
Or naked as I am I will aſſault thee.
Gra. What is the matter?
Othel. Behold, I haue a weapon:
A better neuer did it ſelfe ſuſtaine
Vpon a Soldiers Thigh. I haue ſeene the day,
That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,
I haue made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times your ſtop. But (oh vaine boaſt)
Who can controll his Fate? 'Tis not ſo now.
Be not affraid, though you do ſee me weapon'd:
Heere is my iournies end, heere is my butt
And verie Sea-marke of my vtmoſt Saile.
Do you go backe diſmaid? 'Tis a loſt feare:
Man but a Ruſh againſt *Othello*'s breſt,
And he retires. Where ſhould *Othello* go?
Now: how doſt thou looke now? Oh ill-Starr'd wench,
Pale as thy Smocke: when we ſhall meete at compt,
This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heauen,
And Fiends will ſnatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girle?
Euen like thy Chaſtity. O curſed, curſed Slaue!
Whip me ye Diuels,
From the poſſeſſion of this Heauenly ſight:
Blow me about in windes, roaſt me in Sulphure,
Waſh me in ſteepe-downe gulfes of Liquid fire.
Oh *Deſdemon*! dead *Deſdemon*: dead. Oh, oh!

Enter Lodouico, Caſſio, Montano, and Iago, with Officers. *Prisoner m. c.*

Lod. Where is this raſh, and moſt vnfortunate man?
Oth. That's he that was *Othello*: heere I am.
Lod. Where is that Viper?
Bring the Villaine forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a Fable,
If that thou bee'ſt a Diuell, I cannot kill thee. [*Othello wounds Iago m. c.*
Lod. Wrench his Sword from him.
Iago. I bleed Sir, but not kill'd.
Othel. I am not ſorry neither, Il'd haue thee liue:
For in my ſenſe, 'tis happineſſe to die.
Lod. Oh thou *Othello*, that was once ſo good,
Falne in the practiſe of a curſed Slaue,
What ſhall be ſaide to thee.
Oth. Why any thing:
An honourable Murderer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confeſt his Villany:
Did you and he conſent in *Caſſio*'s death.
Oth. I.
Caſ. Deere Generall, I neuer gaue you cauſe.
Oth. I do beleeue it, and I aske your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Diuell,
Why he hath thus enſnar'd my Soule and Body.
Iag. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth, I neuer will ſpeake word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou doſt beſt.
Lod. Sir,
You ſhall vnderſtand what hath befalne,
(Which, as I thinke, you know not) heere is a Letter
Found in the pocket of the ſlaine *Rodorigo*,
And heere another, the one of them imports
The death of *Caſſio*, to be vndertooke
By *Rodorigo*.
Oth. Oh Villaine!
Caſſio. Moſt Heatheniſh, and moſt groſſe.
Lod. Now, heere's another diſcontented paper
Found in his pocket too: and this it ſeemes
Rodorigo meant t'haue ſent this damned villaine:
But that (belike) *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and ſatisfi'd him.
Oth. Oh thou pernitious Caitiffe;
How came you (*Caſſio*) by that Handkerchiefe
That was my wiues?
Caſſio. I found it in my Chamber:
And he himſelfe confeſt it but euen now,
That there he dropt it for a ſpeciall purpoſe,
Which wrought to his deſire.
Othel. O Foole, foole, foole!
Caſſio. There is beſides, in *Rodorigo's* Letter,
How he vpbraides *Iago*, that he made him
Braue me vpon the Watch: whereon it came
That I was caſt: and euen but now he ſpake
(After long ſeeming dead) *Iago* hurt him,
Iago ſet him on.
Lod. You muſt forſake this roome, and go with vs:
Your Power, and your Command is taken off,
And *Caſſio* rules in Cyprus. For this Slaue,
If there be any cunning Crueltie,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It ſhall be his. You ſhall cloſe Priſoner reſt,
Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne
To the Venetian State. Come, bring away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you goe:
I haue done the State ſome ſeruice, and they know't:
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you ſhall theſe vnluckie deeds relate,
Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet downe ought in malice.
Then muſt you ſpeake,
Of one that lou'd not wiſely, but too well:
Of one, not eaſily Iealious, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whoſe hand
(Like the baſe Iudean) threw a Pearle away
Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whoſe ſubdu'd Eyes,
Albeit vn-vſed to the melting moode,
Drops teares as faſt as the Arabian Trees
Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this:
And ſay beſides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke
Beate a Venetian, and traduc'd the State,
I tooke by th'throat the circumciſed Dogge,
And ſmoate him, thus. [*Stabbing himself m. c.*
Lod. Oh bloody period.
Gra. All that is ſpoke, is marr'd.
Oth. I kiſt thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,
Killing my ſelfe, to dye vpon a kiſſe. *falls on Des: Dyes*
Caſſio.

Caſ. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon:
For he was great of heart.
Lod. Oh Sparton Dogge:
More fell then Anguiſh, Hunger, or the Sea:
Looke on the Tragicke Loading of this bed:
This is thy worke:
The Obiect poyſons Sight,
Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keepe the houſe,
And ſeize vpon the Fortunes of the Moore,
For they ſucceede on you. To you, Lord Gouernor,
Remaines th eCenſure of this helliſh villaine:
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it:
My ſelfe will ſtraight aboord, and to the State,
This heauie Act, with heauie heart relate. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Names of the Actors.

(:***:)

OThello, *the Moore.* Mr Betterton
Brabantio, *Father to Deſdemona.* Hoyden
Caſſio, *an Honourable Lieutenant.* Williams
Iago, *a Villaine.* Sandford
Rodorigo, *a gull'd Gentleman.* Bowen
Duke of Venice. Kynaston
Senators.
Montano, *Gouernour of Cyprus.*
Gentlemen of Cyprus.
Lodouico, *and* Gratiano, *two Noble Venetians.*
Saylors.
Clowne.
Deſdemona, *Wife to Othello.* Mrs Bracegirdle
Æmilia, *Wife to Iago.* Mrs Lee
Bianca, *a Curtezan.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Anthonie, and Cleopatra.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo.

NAy, but this dotage of our Generals
Ore-flowes the meaſure: thoſe his goodly eyes
That o're the Files and Muſters of the Warre,
Haue glow'd like plated Mars:
Now bend, now turne
The Office and Deuotion of their view
Vpon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,
Which in the ſcuffles of great Fights hath burſt
The Buckles on his breſt, reneages all temper,
And is become the Bellowes and the Fan
To coole a Gypſies Luſt.

Flouriſh. Enter Anthony, Cleopatra her Ladies, the Traine, with Eunuchs fanning her.

Looke where they come:
Take but good note, and you ſhall ſee in him
(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd
Into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and ſee.

Cleo. If it be Loue indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggery in the loue that can be reckon'd

Cleo. Ile ſet a bourne how farre to be belou'd.

Ant. Then muſt thou needes finde out new Heauen, new Earth.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.

Ant. Grates me, the ſumme.

Cleo. Nay heare them *Anthony*.
Fuluia perchance is angry: Or who knowes,
If the ſcarſe-bearded *Cæſar* haue not ſent
His powrefull Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchiſe that:
Perform't, or elſe we damne thee.

Ant. How, my Loue?

Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and moſt like:
You muſt not ſtay heere longer, your diſmiſſion
Is come from *Cæſar*, therefore heare it *Anthony*.
Where's *Fuluias* Proceſſe? (*Cæſars* I would ſay) both?
Call in the Meſſengers: As I am Egypts Queene,
Thou bluſheſt *Anthony*, and that blood of thine
Is *Cæſars* homager: elſe ſo thy cheeke payes ſhame,
When ſhrill-tongu'd *Fuluia* ſcolds. The Meſſengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raing'd Empire fall: Heere is my ſpace,
Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth alike
Feeds Beaſt as Man; the Nobleneſſe of life
Is to do thus: when ſuch a mutuall paire,
And ſuch a twaine can doo't, in which I binde
One paine of puniſhment, the world to weete
We ſtand vp Peereleſſe.

Cleo. Excellent falſhood:
Why did he marry *Fuluia*, and not loue her?
Ile ſeeme the Foole I am not. *Anthony* will be himſelfe.

Ant. But ſtirr'd by *Cleopatra*.
Now for the loue of Loue, and her ſoft houres,
Let's not confound the time with Conference harſh;
There's not a minute of our liues ſhould ſtretch
Without ſome pleaſure now. What ſport to night?

Cleo. Heare the Ambaſſadors.

Ant. Fye wrangling Queene:
Whom euery thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weepe: who euery paſſion fully ſtriues
To make it ſelfe (in Thee) faire, and admir'd.
No Meſſenger but thine, and all alone, to night
Wee'l wander through the ſtreets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Laſt night you did deſire it. Speake not to vs.

Exeunt with the Traine.

Dem. Is *Cæſar* with *Anthonius* priz'd ſo ſlight?

Philo. Sir ſometimes when he is not *Anthony*,
He comes too ſhort of that great Property
Which ſtill ſhould go with *Anthony*.

Dem. I am full ſorry, that hee approues the common Lyar who thus ſpeakes of him at Rome; but I will hope of better deeds to morrow. Reſt you happy. *Exeunt*

Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Southſayer, Rannius, Lucillius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas.

Char. L. *Alexas*, ſweet *Alexas*, moſt any thing *Alexas*, almoſt moſt abſolute *Alexas*, where's the Soothſayer that you prais'd ſo to'th'Queene? Oh that I knewe this Husband, which you ſay, muſt change his Hornes with Garlands.

Alex. Soothſayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the Man? Is't you ſir that know things?

Sooth. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enob. Bring in the Banket quickly: Wine enough,

Cleopa

Cleopatra's health to drinke.

Char. Good ſir, giue me good Fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foreſee.

Char. Pray then, foreſee me one.

Sooth. You ſhall be yet farre fairer then you are.

Char. He meanes in fleſh.

Iras. No, you ſhall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his preſcience, be attentiue.

Char. Huſh.

Sooth. You ſhall be more belouing, then beloued.

Char. I had rather heate my Liuer with drinking.

Alex. Nay, heare him.

Char. Good now ſome excellent Fortune: Let mee be married to three Kings in a forenoone, and Widdow them all: Let me haue a Childe at fifty, to whom *Herode* of Iewry may do Homage. Finde me to marrie me with *Octauius Cæſar*, and companion me with my Miſtris.

Sooth. You ſhall out-liue the Lady whom you ſerue.

Char. Oh excellent, I loue long life better then Figs.

Sooth. You haue ſeene and proued a fairer former fortune, then that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my Children ſhall haue no names: Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches muſt I haue.

Sooth. If euery of your wiſhes had a wombe, & foretell euery wiſh, a Million.

Char. Out Foole, I forgiue thee for a Witch.

Alex. You thinke none but your ſheets are priuie to your wiſhes.

Char. Nay come, tell *Iras* hers.

Alex. Wee'l know all our Fortunes.

Enob. Mine, and moſt of our Fortunes to night, ſhall be drunke to bed.

Iras. There's a Palme preſages Chaſtity, if nothing els.

Char. E'ne as the o're-flowing Nylus preſageth Famine.

Iras. Go you wilde Bedfellow, you cannot Soothſay.

Char. Nay, if an oyly Palme bee not a fruitfull Prognoſtication, I cannot ſcratch mine eare. Prythee tel her but a worky day Fortune,

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how, giue me particulars.

Sooth. I haue ſaid.

Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then ſhe?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better then I: where would you chooſe it.

Iras. Not in my Husbands noſe.

Char. Our worſer thoughts Heauens mend.

Alexas. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him mary a woman that cannot go, ſweet *Iſis*, I beſeech thee, and let her dye too, and giue him a worſe, and let worſe follow worſe, till the worſt of all follow him laughing to his graue, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good *Iſis* heare me this Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more waight: good *Iſis* I beſeech thee.

Iras. Amen, deere Goddeſſe, heare that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to ſee a handſome man looſe-Wiu'd, ſo it is a deadly ſorrow, to beholde a foule Knaue vncuckolded: Therefore deere *Iſis* keep *decorum*, and Fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a Cuckold, they would make themſelues Whores, but they'ld doo't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Enob. Huſh, heere comes *Anthony.*

Char. Not he, the Queene.

Cleo. Saue you, my Lord.

Enob. No Lady.

Cleo. Was he not heere?

Char. No Madam.

Cleo. He was diſpos'd to mirth, but on the ſodaine A Romane thought hath ſtrooke him. *Enobarbus*?

Enob. Madam.

Cleo. Seeke him, and bring him hither: wher's *Alexias*?

Alex. Heere at your ſeruice. My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony, with a Meſſenger.

Cleo. We will not looke vpon him: Go with vs. *Exeunt Cleopatra, Enobar, Alex, Iris, Charmion, Sooth. & attendants.*

Meſſen. *Fuluia* thy Wife, Firſt came into the Field.

Ant. Againſt my Brother *Lucius*?

Meſſen. I: but ſoone that Warre had end, And the times ſtate Made friends of them, ioynting their force 'gainſt *Cæſar*, Whoſe better iſſue in the warre from Italy, Vpon the firſt encounter draue them.

Ant. Well, what worſt.

Meſſ. The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.

Ant. When it concernes the Foole or Coward: On. Things that are paſt, are done, with me. 'Tis thus, Who tels me true, though in his Tale lye death, I heare him as he flatter'd.

Meſ. *Labienus* (this is ſtiffe-newes) Hath with his Parthian Force Extended Aſia: from Euphrates his conquering Banner ſhooke, from Syria to Lydia, And to Ionia, whil'ſt———

Ant. *Anthony* thou would'ſt ſay.

Meſ. Oh my Lord.

Ant. Speake to me home, Mince not the generall tongue, name *Cleopatra* as ſhe is call'd in Rome: Raile thou in *Fuluia's* phraſe, and taunt my faults With ſuch full Licenſe, as both Truth and Malice Haue power to vtter. Oh then we bring forth weeds, When our quicke windes lye ſtill, and our illes told vs Is as our earing: fare thee well awhile.

Meſ. At your Noble pleaſure. *Exit Meſſenger.*

Enter another Meſſenger.

Ant. From *Scicion* how the newes? Speake there.

1.*Meſ.* The man from *Scicion*, Is there ſuch an one?

2.*Meſ.* He ſtayes vpon your will.

Ant. Let him appeare: Theſe ſtrong Egyptian Fetters I muſt breake, Or looſe my ſelfe in dotage.

Enter another Meſſenger with a Letter.

What are you?

3.*Meſ.* *Fuluia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where dyed ſhe.

Meſ. In *Scicion*, her length of ſickneſſe, With what elſe more ſerious, Importeth thee to know, this beares. *[gives a Letter*

Antho. Forbeare me *[Exit Meſſenger*

There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I deſire it: What our contempts doth often hurle from vs,

"Warburton proposed to read Winds, which is certainly justifiable, as it only implies the transposal of the letter W. which makes no sense. In Richd 2nd there is an unmerciful boy note upon this word." Jerram

We with it ours againe. The preſent pleaſure,
By reuolution lowring, does become
The oppoſite of it ſelfe: ſhe's good being gon,
The hand could plucke her backe, that ſhou'd her on.
I muſt from this enchanting Queene breake off,
Ten thouſand harmes, more then the ills I know
My idleneſſe doth hatch.

Enter Enobarbus.

How now *Enobarbus*.

Eno. What's your pleaſure, Sir?

Anth. I muſt with haſte from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We ſee how mortall an vnkindneſſe is to them, if they ſuffer our departure death's the word.

Ant. I muſt be gone.

Eno. Vnder a compelling an occaſion, let women die. It were pitty to caſt them away for nothing, though betweene them and a great cauſe, they ſhould be eſteemed nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the leaſt noyſe of this, dies inſtantly: I haue ſeene her dye twenty times vppon farre poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits ſome louing acte vpon her, ſhe hath ſuch a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning paſt mans thought.

Eno. Alacke Sir no, her paſſions are made of nothing but the fineſt part of pure Loue. We cannot cal her winds and waters, ſighes and teares: They are greater ſtormes and Tempeſts then Almanackes can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, ſhe makes a ſhowre of Raine as well as Ioue.

Ant. Would I had neuer ſeene her.

Eno. Oh ſir, you had then left vnſeene a wonderfull peece of worke, which not to haue beene bleſt withall, would haue diſcredited your Trauaile.

Ant. Fuluia is dead.

Eno. Sir.

Ant. Fuluia is dead.

Eno. Fuluia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why ſir, giue the Gods a thankefull Sacrifice: when it pleaſeth their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, it ſhewes to man the Tailors of the earth: comforting therein, that when olde Robes are worne out, there are members to make new. If there were no more Women but *Fuluia*, then had you indeede a cut, and the caſe to be lamented: This greefe is crown'd with Conſolation, your old Smocke brings foorth a new Petticoate, and indeed the teares liue in an Onion, that ſhould water this ſorrow.

Ant. The buſineſſe ſhe hath broached in the State,
Cannot endure my abſence.

Eno. And the buſineſſe you haue broach'd heere cannot be without you, eſpecially that of *Cleopatra*'s, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light Anſweres:
Let our Officers
Haue notice what we purpoſe. I ſhall breake
The cauſe of our Expedience to the Queene,
And get her loue to part. For not alone
The death of *Fuluia*, with more vrgent touches
Do ſtrongly ſpeake to vs: but the Letters too
Of many our contriuing Friends in Rome,
Petition vs at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Haue giuen the dare to *Cæſar*, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our ſlippery people,
Whoſe Loue is neuer link'd to the deſeruer,
Till his deſerts are paſt, begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his Dignities
Vpon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power,
Higher then both in Blood and Life, ſtands vp
For the maine Souldier. Whoſe quality going on,
The ſides o'th'world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which like the Courſers heire, hath yet but life,
And not a Serpents poyſon. Say our pleaſure,
To ſuch whoſe places vnder vs, require
Our quicke remoue from hence.

Enob. I ſhall doo't.

Exeunt 32

Act I. Scene iii. m. e.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not ſee him ſince.

Cleo. See where he is,
Whoſe with him, what he does:
I did not ſend you. If you finde him ſad,
Say I am dauncing: if in Myrth, report
That I am ſodaine ſicke. Quicke, and returne. Ex 32

Char. Madam, me thinkes if you did loue him deerly,
You do not hold the method, to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What ſhould I do, I do not?

Ch. In each thing giue him way, croſſe him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teacheſt like a foole: the way to loſe him.

Char. Tempt him not ſo too farre. I wiſh forbeare,
In time we hate that which we often feare.

Enter Anthony.

But heere comes *Anthony*.

Cleo. I am ſicke, and ſullen.

An. I am ſorry to giue breathing to my purpoſe.

Cleo. Helpe me away deere *Charmian*, I ſhall fall,
It cannot be thus long, the ſides of Nature
Will not ſuſtaine it.

Ant. Now my deereſt Queene.

Cleo. Pray you ſtand farther from mee.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by that ſame eye ther's ſome good news.
What ſayes the married woman you may goe?
Would ſhe had neuer giuen you leaue to come.
Let her not ſay 'tis I that keepe you heere,
I haue no power vpon you: Hers you are.

Ant. The Gods beſt know.

Cleo. Oh neuer was there Queene
So mightily betrayed: yet at the firſt
I ſaw the Treaſons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra.

Cleo. Why ſhould I thinke you can be mine, & true,
(Though you in ſwearing ſhake the Throaned Gods)
Who haue beene falſe to *Fuluia*?
Riotous madneſſe,
To be entangled with thoſe mouth-made vowes,
Which breake them ſelues in ſwearing.

Ant. Moſt ſweet Queene.

Cleo. Nay pray you ſeeke no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and goe:
When you ſued ſtaying,
Then was the time for words: No going then,
Eternity was in our Lippes, and Eyes,
Bliſſe in our browes bent: none our parts ſo poore,
But was a race of Heauen. They are ſo ſtill,
Or thou the greateſt Souldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greateſt Lyar.

Ant. How now Lady?

Cleo.

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou ſhould'ſt know
There were a heart in Egypt.
Ant. Heare me Queene:
The ſtrong neceſſity of Time, commands
Our Seruicles a-while: but my full heart
Remaines in vſe with you. Our Italy,
Shines o're with ciuill Swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome,
Equality of two Domeſticke powers,
Breed ſcrupulous faction: The hated growne to ſtrength
Are newly growne to Loue: The condemn'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his Fathers Honor, creepes apace
Into the hearts of ſuch, as haue not thriued
Vpon the preſent ſtate, whoſe Numbers threaten,
And quietneſſe growne ſicke of reſt, would purge
By any deſperate change: My more particular,
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſafe my going,
Is *Fuluias* death.
Cleo. Though age from folly could not giue me freedom
It does from childiſhneſſe. Can *Fuluia* dye?
Ant. She's dead my Queene.
Looke heere, and at thy Soueraigne leyſure read
The Garboyles ſhe awak'd: at the laſt, beſt,
See when, and where ſhee died.
Cleo. O moſt falſe Loue!
Where be the Sacred Violles thou ſhould'ſt fill
With ſorrowfull water? Now I ſee, I ſee,
In *Fuluias* death, how mine receiu'd ſhall be.
Ant. Quarrell no more, but bee prepar'd to know
The purpoſes I beare: which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall giue th'aduice. By the fire
That quickens Nylus ſlime, I go from hence
Thy Souldier, Seruant, making Peace or Warre,
As thou affects.
Cleo. Cut my Lace, *Charmian* come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So *Anthony* loues.
Ant. My precious Queene forbeare,
And giue true euidence to his Loue, which ſtands
An honourable Triall.
Cleo. So *Fuluia* told me.
I prythee turne aſide, and weepe for her,
Then bid adiew to me, and ſay the teares
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent diſſembling, and let it looke
Like perfect Honor.
Ant. You'l heat my blood no more?
Cleo. You can do better yet: but this is meetly.
Ant. Now by Sword.
Cleo. And Target. Still he mends.
But this is not the beſt. Looke prythee *Charmian*,
How this Herculean Roman do's become
The carriage of his chafe.
Ant. Ile leaue you Lady.
Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word:
Sir, you and I muſt part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I haue lou'd, but there's not it:
That you know well, ſomething it is I would:
Oh, my Obliuion is a very *Anthony*,
And I am all forgotten.
Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds Idleneſſe your ſubiect, I ſhould take you
For Idleneſſe it ſelfe.
Cleo. 'Tis ſweating Labour,
To beare ſuch Idleneſſe ſo neere the heart
As *Cleopatra* this. But Sir, forgiue me,
Since my becommings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence,
Therefore be deafe to my vnpittied Folly,
And all the Gods go with you. Vpon your Sword
Sit Lawrell victory, and ſmooth ſucceſſe *Laurell* m.c.
Be ſtrew'd before your feete.
Ant. Let vs go.
Come: Our ſeparation ſo abides and flies,
That thou reciding heere, goes yet with mee;
And I hence fleeting, heere remaine with thee.
Away. *Exeunt.*

Act I. Scene V. Rome. An apartment in Cæsar's m.c.
Enter Octauius reading a Letter, Lepidus, Traine and their Traine.

Cæſ. You may ſee *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæſars* Naturall vice, to hate
One great Competitor. From Alexandria
This is the newes: He fiſhes, drinkes, and waſtes
The Lampes of night in reuell: Is not more manlike
Then *Cleopatra*: nor the Queene of *Ptolomy*
More Womanly then he. Hardly gaue audience
Or vouchſafe to thinke he had Partners. You *d* m.c.
Shall finde there a man, who is th'abſtracts of all faults,
That all men follow.
Lep. I muſt not thinke
There are, euils enow to darken all his goodneſſe:
His faults in him, ſeeme as the Spots of Heauen,
More fierie by nights Blackneſſe; Hereditarie,
Rather then purchaſte: what he cannot change,
Then what he chooſes.
Cæſ. You are too indulgent. Let's graunt it is not
Amiſſe to tumble on the bed of *Ptolomy*,
To giue a Kingdome for a Mirth, to ſit
And keepe the turne of Tipling with a Slaue,
To reele the ſtreets at noone, and ſtand the Buffet
With knaues that ſmels of ſweate: Say this becoms him
(As his compoſure muſt be rare indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh) yet muſt *Anthony*
No way excuſe his foyles, when we do beare *foils* m.c.
So great waight in his lightneſſe. If he fill'd
His vacancie with his Voluptuouſneſſe,
Full furſets, and the drineſſe of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound ſuch time,
That drummes him from his ſport, and ſpeakes as lowd
As his owne State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:
As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge,
Pawne their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebell to iudgement.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Lep. Heere's more newes.
Meſ. Thy biddings haue beene done, & euerie houre
Moſt Noble *Cæſar*, ſhalt thou haue report
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is ſtrong at Sea,
And it appeares, he is belou'd of thoſe
That only haue feard *Cæſar*: to the Ports
The diſcontents repaire, and mens reports
Giue him much wrong'd.
Cæſ. I ſhould haue knowne no leſſe,
It hath bin taught vs from the primall ſtate
That he which is was wiſht, vntill he were:
And the ebb'd man,
Ne're lou'd, till ne're worth loue,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common bodie, *dear'd* m.c.
Like to a Vagabond Flagge vpon the Streame,
Goes too, and backe, lacking the varrying tyde *lashing* o.c.

x 2 *Cackeying* m.c. To

To rot it ſelfe with motion.
Meſ. Cæſar I bring thee word,
Menacrates and *Menas* famous Pyrates
Makes the Sea ſerue them, which they eare and wound
With keeles of euery kinde. Many hot inrodes
They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime
Lacke blood to thinke on't, and flu∫h youth reuolt,
No Veſſell can peepe forth: but 'tis as ſoone
Taken as ſeene: for *Pompeyes* name ſtrikes more
Then could his Warre reſiſted.
Cæſar. Anthony,
Leaue thy laſciuious Vaſſailes. When thou once
Was beaten from *Medena*, where thou ſlew'ſt
Hirſius, and *Pauſa* Conſuls, at thy heele
Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'ſt againſt,
(Though daintily brought vp) with patience more
Then Sauages could ſuffer. Thou did'ſt drinke
The ſtale of Horſes, and the gilded Puddle
Which Beaſts would cough at. Thy pallat thē did daine
The rougheſt Berry, on the rudeſt Hedge.
Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Paſture ſheets,
The barkes of Trees thou brows'd. On the Alpes,
It is reported thou did'ſt eate ſtrange fleſh,
Which ſome did dye to looke on: And all this
(It wounds thine Honor that I ſpeake it now)
Was borne ſo like a Soldiour, that thy cheeke
So much as lank'd not.
Lep. 'Tis pitty of him.
Cæſ. Let his ſhames quickely
Driue him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine
Did ſhew our ſelues i'th'Field, and to that end
Aſſemble me immediate counſell, *Pompey*
Thriues in our Idleneſſe.
Lep. To morrow *Cæſar*,
I ſhall be furniſht to informe you rightly
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
To front this preſent time.
Cæſ. Til which encounter, it is my buſines too. Farewell.
Lep. Farewell my Lord, what you ſhal know mean time
Of ſtirres abroad, I ſhall beſeech you Sir
To let me be partaker.
Cæſar. Doubt not ſir, I knew it for my Bond. *Exeunt*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, & Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian.
Char. Madam.
Cleo. Ha, ha, giue me to drinke *Mandragoru.*
Char. Why Madam?
Cleo. That I might ſleepe out this great gap of time:
My *Anthony* is away.
Char. You thinke of him too much.
Cleo. O 'tis Treaſon.
Char. Madam, I truſt not ſo.
Cleo. Thou, Eunuch *Mardian*?
Mar. What's your Highneſſe pleaſure?
Cleo. Not now to heare thee ſing. I take no pleaſure
In ought an Eunuch ha's: Tis well for thee,
That being vnſeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not flye forth of Egypt. Haſt thou Affections?
Mar. Yes gracious Madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing
But what in deede is honeſt to be done:
Yet haue I fierce Affections, and thinke
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. Oh *Charmion*:
Where think'ſt thou he is now? Stands he, or ſits he?
Or does he walke? Or is he on his Horſe?
Oh happy horſe to beare the weight of *Anthony*!
Do brauely Horſe, for wot'ſt thou whom thou moou'ſt,
The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arme
And Burganet of men. Hee's ſpeaking now,
Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nyle,
(For ſo he cals me:) Now I feede my ſelfe
With moſt delicious poyſon. Thinke on me
That am with Phœbus amorous pinches blacke,
And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted *Cæſar*,
When thou was't heere aboue the ground, I was
A morſell for a Monarke: and great *Pompey*
Would ſtand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
There would he anchor his Aſpect, and dye
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas from Cæſar.

Alex. Soueraigne of Egypt, haile.
Cleo. How much vnlike art thou *Marke Anthony*?
Yet comming from him, that great Med'cine hath
With his Tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my braue *Marke Anthonie*?
Alex. Laſt thing he did (deere Qu ene)
He kiſt the laſt of many doubled kiſſes
This Orient Pearle. His ſpeech ſtickes in my heart.
Cleo. Mine eare muſt plucke it thence.
Alex. Good Friend, quoth he:
Say the firme Roman to great Egypt ſends
This treaſure of an Oyſter: at whoſe foote
To mend the petty preſent, I will peece
Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the Eaſt,
(Say thou) ſhall call her Miſtris. So he nodded,
And ſoberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede,
Who neigh'd ſo hye, that what I would haue ſpoke,
Was beaſtly dumbe by him.
Cleo. What was he ſad, or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o'th'yeare, between ye extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor ſad nor merrie.
Cleo. Oh well diuided diſpoſition: Note him,
Note him good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him.
He was not ſad, for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their lookes by his. He was not merrie,
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his ioy, but betweene both.
Oh heauenly mingle! Bee'ſt thou ſad, or merrie,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So do's it no mans elſe. Met'ſt thou my Poſts?
Alex. I Madam, twenty ſeuerall Meſſengers.
Why do you ſend ſo thicke?
Cleo. Who's borne that day, when I forget to ſend
to *Anthonie*, ſhall dye a Begger. Inke and paper *Charmian*. Welcome my good *Alexas*. Did I *Charmian*, euer loue *Cæſar* ſo?
Char. Oh that braue *Cæſar*!
Cleo. Be choak'd with ſuch another Emphaſis,
Say the braue *Anthony*.
Char. The valiant *Cæſar*.
Cleo. By Iſis, I will giue thee bloody teeth,
If thou with *Cæſar* Parago nagaine:
My man of men.
Char. By your moſt gracious pardon,
I ſing but after you.
Cleo. My Sallad dayes,
When I was greene in iudgement, cold in blood,
To ſay, as I ſaide then. But come, away,
Get me Inke and Paper,

Hee

he ſhall haue euery day a ſeuerall greeting, or Ile vnpeople Egypt. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius. Scena 2. *Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in warlike manner.* *A room in Pompey's House* m.c.

Pom. If the great Gods be iuſt, they ſhall aſſiſt
The deeds of iuſteſt men.

Mene. Know worthy *Pompey*, that what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are ſuitors to their Throne, decayes the thing we ſue for.

Mene. We ignorant of our ſelues,
Begge often our owne harmes, which the wiſe Powres
Deny vs for our good: ſo finde we profit
By looſing of our Prayers.

Pom. I ſhall do well:
The people loue me, and the Sea is mine;
My powers are Creſſent, and my Auguring hope *
Sayes it will come to'th'full. *Marke Anthony*
In Egypt ſits at dinner, and will make
No warres without doores. *Cæſar* gets money where
He looſes hearts: *Lepidus* flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loues,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene. *Cæſar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,
A mighty ſtrength they carry.

Pom. Where haue you this? 'Tis falſe.

Mene. From *Siluius*, Sir.

Pom. He dreames: I know they are in Rome together
Looking for *Anthony*: but all the charmes of Loue,
Salt *Cleopatra* ſoften thy wand lip, *omitted* m.c.
Let Witchcraft ioyne with Beauty, Luſt with both,
Tye vp the Libertine in a field of Feaſts,
Keepe his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes,
Sharpen with cloyleſſe ſawce his Appetite,
That ſleepe and feeding may prorogue his Honour,
Euen till a Lethied dulneſſe———

Enter Varrius.

How now *Varrius*?

Var. This is moſt certaine, that I ſhall deliuer:
Marke Anthony is euery houre in Rome
Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A ſpace for farther Trauaile.

Pom. I could haue giuen leſſe matter
A better eare. *Menas*, I did not thinke
This amorous Surfetter would haue donn'd his Helme
For ſuch a petty Warre: his Souldierſhip
Is twice the other twaine: But let vs reare
The higher our Opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the lap of Egypts Widdow, plucke
The neere Luſt-wearied *Anthony*.

Mene. I cannot hope,
Cæſar and *Anthony* ſhall well greet together;
His Wife that's dead, did treſpaſſes to *Cæſar*,
His Brother wan'd vpon him, although I thinke *Warr'd* 322 m.c.
Not mou'd by *Anthony*.

Pom. I know not *Menas*,
How leſſer Enmities may giue way to greater,
Were't not that we ſtand vp againſt them all:
'Twer pregnant they ſhould ſquare between themſelues,
For they haue entertained cauſe enough
To draw their ſwords: but how the feare of vs
May Ciment their diuiſions, and binde vp
The petty difference, we yet not know:
Bee't as our Gods will haue't; it onely ſtands
Our liues vpon, to vſe our ſtrongeſt hands
Come *Menas*. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena 2. *Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.* *Rome.* *A room in the House of Lepidus* m.c.

Lep. Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed
And ſhall become you well, to intreat your Captaine
To ſoft and gentle ſpeech.

Enob. I ſhall intreat him
To anſwer like himſelfe: if *Cæſar* moue him,
Let *Anthony* looke ouer *Cæſars* head,
And ſpeake as lowd as Mars. By Iupiter,
Were I the wearer of *Anthonio's* Beard,
I would not ſhaue't to day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for priuate ſtomacking.

Eno. Euery time ſerues for the matter that is then borne in't.

Lep. But ſmall to greater matters muſt giue way.

Eno. Not if the ſmall come firſt.

Lep. Your ſpeech is paſſion: but pray you ſtirre
No Embers vp. Heere comes the Noble *Anthony*.

Enter Anthony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder *Cæſar*.

Enter Cæſar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compoſe well heere, to Parthia:
Hearke *Ventidius*.

Cæſar. I do not know *Mecenas*, aske *Agrippa*.

Lep. Noble Friends:
That which combin'd vs was moſt great, and let not
A leaner action rend vs. What's amiſſe,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our triuiall difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,
The rather for I earneſtly beſeech,
Touch you the ſowreſt points with ſweeteſt tearmes,
Nor curſtneſſe grow to'th'matter.

Ant. 'Tis ſpoken well:
Were we before our Armies, and to fight,
I ſhould do thus. *Flouriſh.*

Cæſ. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thanke you.

Cæſ. Sit.

Ant, Sit ſir. ! m.c.

Cæſ. Nay then.

Ant. I learne, you take things ill, which are not ſo:
Or being, concerne you not.

Cæſ. I muſt be laught at, if or for nothing, or a little, I
Should ſay my ſelfe offended, and with you
Chiefely i'th'world. More laught at, that I ſhould
Once name you derogately: when to ſound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt *Cæſar*, what was't to you?

Cæſ. No more then my reciding heere at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet if you there
Did practiſe on my State, your being in Egypt
Might be my queſtion.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæſ. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did heere befall me. Your Wife and Brother
Made warres vpon me, and their conteſtation
Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.

Ant. You do miſtake your buſines, my Brother neuer
Did vrge me in his Act: I did inquire it,
And haue my Learning from ſome true reports
That drew their ſwords with you, did he not rather
Diſcredit my authority with yours,
And make the warres alike againſt my ſtomacke,
Hauing alike your cauſe. Of this, my Letters
Before did ſatisfie you. If you'l patch a quarrell, *not* 32
As matter whole you haue to make it with,

m.c. *not* x 3 It

* Pedit Edd adopts Theobalds conceiton "To my powers a Crescent" —

It muſt not be with this.

Cæſ. You praiſe your ſelfe, by laying defects of iudgement to me: but you patcht vp your excuſes.

Anth. Not ſo, not ſo:
I know you could not lacke, I am certaine on't,
Very neceſſity of this thought, that I
Your Partner in the cauſe 'gainſt which he fought,
Could not with graceſull eyes attend thoſe Warres
Which fronted mine owne peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her ſpirit, in ſuch another,
The third oth'world is yours, which with a Snaffle,
You may pace eaſie, but not ſuch a wife.

Enobar. Would we had all ſuch wiues, that the men might go to Warres with the women.

Anth. So much vncurbable, her Garboiles (*Cæſar*)
Made out of her impatience: which not wanted
Shrodeneſſe of policie to: I greeuing grant,
Did you too much diſquiet, for that you muſt,
But ſay I could not helpe it.

Cæſar. I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you
Did pocket vp my Letters: and with taunts
Did gibe my Miſiue out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell vpon me, ere admitted, then:
Three Kings I had newly feaſted, and did want
Of what I was i'th'morning but next day
I told him of my ſelfe, which was as much
As to haue askt him pardon. Let this Fellow
Be nothing of our ſtrife: if we contend
Out of our queſtion wipe him.

Cæſar. You haue broken the Article of your oath, which you ſhall neuer haue tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft *Cæſar.*

Ant. No *Lepidus*, let him ſpeake,
The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,
Suppoſing that I lackt it: but on *Cæſar*,
The Article of my oath.

Cæſar. To lend me Armes, and aide when I requir'd them, the which you both denied.

Anth. Neglected rather:
And then when poyſoned houres had bound me vp
From mine owne knowledge, as neerely as I may,
Ile play the penitent to you. But mine honeſty,
Shall not make poore my greatneſſe, nor my power
Worke without it. Truth is, that *Fuluia*,
To haue me out of Egypt, made Warres heere,
For which my ſelfe, the ignorant motiue, do
So farre aske pardon, as befits mine Honour
To ſtoope in ſuch a caſe.

Lep. 'Tis Noble ſpoken.

Mece. If it might pleaſe you, to enforce no further
The griefes betweene ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember: that the preſent neede,
Speakes to attone you.

Lep. Worthily ſpoken *Mecenas.*

Enobar. Or if you borrow one anothers Loue for the inſtant, you may when you heare no more words of *Pompey* returne it againe: you ſhall haue time to wrangle in, when you haue nothing elſe to do.

Anth. Thou art a Souldier, onely ſpeake no more.

Enob. That trueth ſhould be ſilent, I had almoſt forgot.

Anth. You wrong this preſence, therefore ſpeake no more.

Enob. Go too then: your Conſiderate ſtone.

Cæſar. I do not much diſlike the matter, but
The manner of his ſpeech: for't cannot be,
We ſhall remaine in friendſhip, our conditions
So diffring in their acts. Yet if I knew,
What Hoope ſhould hold vs ſtaunch from edge to edge
At h'world: I would perſue it.

Agri. Giue me leaue *Cæſar.*

Cæſar. Speake *Agrippa.*

Agri. Thou haſt a Siſter by the Mothers ſide, admir'd *Octauia*? Great *Mark Anthony* is now a widdower.

Cæſar. Say not, ſay *Agrippa*; if *Cleopater* heard you, your proofe were well deſerued of raſhneſſe.

Anth. I am not marryed *Cæſar*: let me heere *Agrippa* further ſpeake.

Agri. To hold you in perpetuall amitie,
To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an vn-ſlipping knot, take *Anthony*,
Octauia to his wife: whoſe beauty claimes
No worſe a husband then the beſt of men: whoſe Vertue, and whoſe generall graces, ſpeake
That which none elſe can vtter. By this marriage,
All little Ieloufies which now ſeeme great,
And all great feares, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truth's would be tales,
Where now halfe tales be truth's: her loue to both,
Would each to other, and all loues to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I haue ſpoke,
For 'tis a ſtudied not a preſent thought,
By duty ruminated.

Anth. Will *Cæſar* ſpeake?

Cæſar. Not till he heares how *Anthony* is toucht,
With what is ſpoke already.

Anth. What power is in *Agrippa*,
If I would ſay *Agrippa*, be it ſo,
To make this good?

Cæſar. The power of *Cæſar*,
And his power, vnto *Octauia.*

Anth. May I neuer
(To this good purpoſe, that ſo fairely ſhewes)
Dreame of impediment: let me haue thy hand
Further this act of Grace: and from this houre,
The heart of Brothers gouerne in our Loues,
And ſway our great Deſignes.

Cæſar. There's my hand:
A Siſter I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did euer loue ſo deerely. Let her liue
To ioyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and neuer
Flie off our Loues againe.

Lepi. Happily, Amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my Sword 'gainſt *Pompey*,
For he hath laid ſtrange courteſies, and great
Of late vpon me. I muſt thanke him onely,
Leaſt my remembrance, ſuffer ill report:
At heele of that, defie him.

Lepi. Time cals vpon's,
Of vs muſt *Pompey* preſently be fought,
Or elſe he ſeekes out vs.

Anth. Where lies he?

Cæſar. About the Mount-Meſena.

Anth. What is his ſtrength by land?

Cæſar. Great, and encreaſing:
But by Sea he is an abſolute Maſter.

Anth. So is the Fame,
Would we had ſpoke together. Haſt we for it,
Yet ere we put our ſelues in Armes, diſpatch we
The buſineſſe we haue talkt of.

Cæſar. With moſt gladneſſe,
And do inuite you to my Siſters view,

Whe-

Whether ſtraight Ile lead you.

Anth. Let vs *Lepidus* not lacke your companie.

Lep. Noble *Anthony*, not ſickeneſſe ſhould detaine me. *Exeunt* 31

Flouriſh. Exit omnes.

Manet Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecenas.

Mec. Welcome from Ægypt Sir.

Eno. Halfe the heart of *Cæſar*, worthy *Mecenas.* My honourable Friend *Agrippa.*

Agri. Good *Enobarbus.*

Mece. We haue cauſe to be glad, that matters are ſo well diſgeſted: you ſtaid well by't in Egypt.

Enob. I Sir, we did ſleepe day out of countenaunce: and made the night light with drinking.

Mece. Eight Wilde-Boares roſted whole at a breakfaſt: and but twelue perſons there. Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a Flye by an Eagle: we had much more monſtrous matter of Feaſt, which worthily deſerued noting.

Mecenas. She's a moſt triumphant Lady, if report be ſquare to her.

Enob. When ſhe firſt met *Marke Anthony*, ſhe purſt vp his heart vpon the Riuer of Sidnis. *Cydnus* 32

Agri. There ſhe appear'd indeed: or my reporter deuis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you,
The Barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſht Throne
Burnt on the water: the Poope was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sailes: and ſo perfumed that
The Windes were Loue-ſicke.
With them the Owers were Siluer, *Oares* 32
Which to the tune of Flutes kept ſtroke, and made
The water which they beate, to follow faſter;
As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her owne perſon,
It beggerd all diſcription, ſhe did lye
In her Pauillion, cloth of Gold, of Tiſſue,
O're-picturing that Venus, where we ſee
The fancie out-worke Nature. On each ſide her,
Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like ſmiling Cupids,
With diuers coulour'd Fa n nes whoſe winde did ſeeme,
To gloue the delicate cheekes which they did coole,
And what they vndid did.

Agrip. Oh rare for *Anthony.*

Eno. Her Gentlewoman, like the Nereides,
So many Mer-maides tended her i'th'eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the Helme.
A ſeeming Mer-maide ſteeres: The Silken Tackle,
Swell with the touches of thoſe Flower-ſoft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
A ſtrange inuiſible perfume hits the ſenſe
Of the adiacent Wharfes. The Citty caſt
Her people out vpon her: and *Anthony*
Enthron'd i'th'Market-place, did ſit alone,
Whiſling to'th'ayre: which but for vacancie,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopater* too,
And made a gap in Nature.

Agri. Rare Egiptian.

Eno. Vpon her landing, *Anthony* ſent to her,
Inuited her to Supper: ſhe replyed,
It ſhould be better, he became her gueſt:
Which ſhe entreated, our Courteous *Anthony*,
Whom nere the word of no woman hard ſpeake,
Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feaſt;
And for his ordinary, paies his heart,
For what his eyes eate onely.

Agri. Royall Wench:
She made great *Cæſar* lay his Sword to bed,
He ploughed her, and ſhe cropt.

Eno. I ſaw her once
Hop forty Paces through the publicke ſtreete,
And hauing loſt her breath, ſhe ſpoke, and panted,
That ſhe did make defect, perfection,
And breathleſſe powre breath forth.

Mece. Now *Anthony*, muſt leaue her vtterly.

Eno. Neuer he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtome ſtale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feede, but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies. For vildeſt things
Become themſelues in her, that the holy Prieſts
Bleſſe her, when ſhe is Riggiſh.

Mece If Beauty, Wiſedome, Modeſty, can ſettle
The heart of *Anthony*: *Octauia* is
A bleſſed Lottery to him.

Agrip. Let vs go. Good *Enobarbus*, make your ſelfe my gueſt, whilſt you abide heere.

Eno. Humbly Sir I thanke you. *Exeunt*

Act III. Scene II. The ſame. A room in Cæſar's Houſe. Enter Anthony, Cæſar, Octauia betweene them. Attendants and a Soothſayer &c.

Anth. The world, and my great office, will
Sometimes deuide me from your boſome.

Octa. All which time, before the Gods my knee ſhall bowe my ptayers to them for you.

Anth. Goodnight Sir. My *Octauia*
Read not my blemiſhes in the worlds report:
I haue not kept my ſquare, but that to come
Shall all be done byth'Rule: good night deere Lady:
Good night Sir. *Octauia* 32

Cæſar. Goodnight. *Exit.*

Enter Soothſaier.

Anth. Now ſirrah: you do wiſh your ſelfe in Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had neuer come from thence, nor you thither.

Ant. If you can, your reaſon?

Sooth. I ſee it in my motion: haue it not in my tongue,
But yet hie you to Egypt againe. again to Egypt &c.

Antho. Say to me, whoſe Fortunes ſhall riſe higher *Cæſars* or mine?

Soot. Cæſars. Therefore (oh *Anthony*) ſtay not by his ſide
Thy Dæmon that thy ſpirit which keepes thee, is
Noble, Couragious, high vnmatchable,
Where *Cæſars* is not. But neere him, thy Angell
Becomes a feare: as being o're-powr'd, therefore
Make ſpace enough betweene you.

Anth. Speake this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee no more but: when to thee,
If thou doſt play with him at any game,
Thou art ſure to looſe: And of that Naturall lucke,
He beats thee 'gainſt the oddes. Thy Luſter thickens,
When he ſhines by: I ſay againe, thy ſpirit
Is all affraid to gouerne thee neere him:
But he alway 'tis Noble. But he away is Noble &c. Pope
Anth. Get thee gone:
Say to *Ventigius* I would ſpeake with him. *Exit.*
He ſhall to Parthia, be it Art or hap,
He hath ſpoken true. The very Dice obey him,
And in our ſports my better cunning faints,
Vnder his chance, if we draw lots he ſpeeds,
His Cocks do winne the Battaile, ſtill of mine,
When it is all to naught: and his Quailes euer
Beate mine (in hoopt) at odd's. I will to Egypte:
And

And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'th'Eaſt my pleaſure lies. Oh come *Ventigius.*

Enter Ventigius.

You muſt to Parthia, your Commiſſions ready :
Follow me, and receiue't. *Exeunt*

Scæ. IV. *Enter Lepidus, Mecenas and Agrippa.*

Lepidus. Trouble your ſelues no further : pray you haſten your Generals after.

Agr. Sir, *Marke Anthony*, will e'ne but kiſſe *Octauia*, and weele follow.

Lepi. Till I ſhall ſee you in your Souldiers dreſſe,
Which will become you both : Farewell.

Mece. We ſhall : as I conceiue the iourney, be at Mount before you *Lepidus.*

Lepi. Your way is ſhorter, my purpoſes do draw me much about, you'le win two dayes vpon me.

Both. Sir good ſucceſſe.

Lepi. Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Scæna V. *Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Cleopater, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Giue me ſome Muſicke : Muſicke, moody foode of vs that trade in Loue.

Omnes. The Muſicke, hoa.

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billards : come *Charmian.*

Char. My arme is ſore, beſt play with *Mardian.*

Cleopa. As well a woman with an Eunuch plaide, as with a woman. Come you'le play with me Sir ?

Mardi. As well as I can Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is ſhewed,
Though't come to ſhort
The Actor may pleade pardon. Ile none now,
Giue me mine Angle, weele to'th'Riuer there
My Muſicke playing farre off. I will betray
Tawny fine fiſhes, my bended hooke ſhall pierce
Their ſlimy iawes : and as I draw them vp,
Ile thinke them euery one an *Anthony*,
And ſay, ah ha ; y'are caught.

Char. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Angling, when your diuer did hang a ſalt fiſh on his hooke which he with feruencie drew vp.

Cleo. That time ? Oh times :
I laught him out of patience : and that night
I laught him into patience, and next morne,
Ere the ninth houre, I drunke him to his bed :
Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilſt
I wore his Sword Phillippan. Oh from Italie,

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ramme thou thy fruitefull tidings in mine eares,
That long time haue bin barren.

Meſ. Madam, Madam.

Cleo. *Anthonyo's* dead,
If thou ſay ſo Villaine, thou kil'ſt thy Miſtris :
But well and free, if thou ſo yeild him.
There is Gold, and heere
My bleweſt vaines to kiſſe : a hand that Kings
Haue lipt, and trembled kiſſing.

Meſ. Firſt Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why there's moreGold.
But ſirrah marke, we vſe
To ſay, the dead are well : bring it to that,
The Gold I giue thee, will I melt and powr
Downe thy ill vttering throate.

Meſ. Good Madam heare me.

Cleo. Well, go too I will :
But there's no goodneſſe in thy face if *Anthony*
Be free and healthfull ; ſo tart a fauour
To trumpet ſuch good tidings. If not well,
Thou ſhouldſt come like a Furie crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formall man:

Meſ. Wilt pleaſe you heare me ?

Cleo. I haue a mind to ſtrike thee ere thou ſpeak'ſt :
Yet if thou ſay *Anthony* liues, 'tis well,
Or friends with *Cæſar*, or not Captiue to him,
Ile ſet thee in a ſhower of Gold, and haile
Rich Pearles vpon thee.

Meſ. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well ſaid.

Meſ. And Friends with *Cæſar.*

Cleo. Th'art an honeſt man.

Meſ. *Cæſar*, and he, are greater Friends then euer.

Cleo. Make thee a Fortune from me.

Meſ. But yet Madam.

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does alay
The good precedence, fie vpon but yet,
Bur yet is as a Iaylor to bring foorth
Some monſtrous Malefactor. Prythee Friend,
Powre out the packe of matter to mine eare,
The good and bad together : he's friends with *Cæſar*,
In ſtate of heal th thou ſaiſt, and thou ſaiſt, free.

Meſ. Free Madam, no : I made no ſuch report,
He's bound vnto *Octauia.*

Cleo. For what good turne ?

Meſ. For the beſt turne i'th'bed.

Cleo. I am pale *Charmian.*

Meſ. Madam, he's married to *Octauia.*

Cleo. The moſt infectious Peſtilence vpon thee.

Strikes him downe.

Meſ. Good Madam patience.

Cleo. What ſay you ? *Strikes him.*
Hence horrible Villaine, or Ile ſpurne thine eyes
Like balls before me : Ile vnhaire thy head,

She hales him vp and downe.

Thou ſhalt be whipt with Wyer, and ſtew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.

Meſ. Gratious Madam,
I that do bring the newes, made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not ſo, a Prouince I will giue thee,
And make thy Fortunes proud : the blow thou had'ſt
Shall make thy peace, for mouing me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what guift beſide
Thy modeſtie can begge.

Meſ. He's married Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou haſt liu'd too long. *Draw a knife.*

Meſ. Nay then Ile runne :
What meane you Madam, I haue made no fault. *Exit.*

Char. Good Madam keepe your ſelfe within your ſelfe,
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some Innocents ſcape not the thunderbolt:
Melt Egypt into Nyle : and kindly creatures
Turne all to Serpents. Call the ſlaue againe,
Though I am mad, I will not byte him : Call ?

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him,
Theſe hands do lacke Nobility, that they ſtrike
A meaner then my ſelfe : ſince I my ſelfe
Haue giuen my ſelfe the cauſe. Come hither Sir.

Enter the Meſſenger againe.

Though it be honeſt, it is neuer good
To bring bad newes : giue to a gratious Meſſage

An

An hoſt of tongues, but let ill tydings tell
Themſelues, when they be felt.
Meſ. I haue done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worſer then I do,
If thou againe ſay yes.
Meſ. He's married Madam.
Cleo. The Gods confound thee,
Doſt thou hold there ſtill?
Meſ. Should I lye Madame?
Cleo. Oh, I would thou didſt:
So halfe my Egypt were ſubmerg'd and made
A Ceſterne for ſeal'd Snakes. Go get thee hence,
Had'ſt thou *Narciſſus* in thy face to me,
Thou would'ſt appeere moſt vgly: He is married?
Meſ. I craue your Highneſſe pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Meſ. Take no offence, that I would not offend you,
To punniſh me for what you make me do
Seemes much vnequall, he's married to *Octauia.*
Cleo. Oh that his fault ſhould make a knaue of thee,
That art not what th'art ſure of. Get thee hence,
The Marchandize which thou haſt brought from Rome
Are all too deere for me:
Lye they vpon thy hand, and be vndone by em.
Char. Good your Highneſſe patience.
Cleo. In prayſing *Anthony*, I haue diſprais'd *Cæſar.*
Char. Many times Madam.
Cleo. I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,
I faint, oh *Iras*, *Charmian*: 'tis no matter.
Go to the Fellow, good *Alexas* bid him
Report the feature of *Octauia*: her yeares,
Her inclination, let him not leaue out
The colour of her haire. Bring me word quickly,
Let him for euer go, let him not *Charmian*,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other wayes a Mars. Bid you *Alexas*
Bring me word, how tall ſhe is: pitty me *Charmian*,
But do not ſpeake to me. Lead me to my Chamber.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Flouriſh. Enter Pompey, at one doore with Drum and Trumpet: at another Cæſar, Lepidus, Anthony, Enobarbus, Mecenas, Agrippa, Menas with Souldiers Marching.

Pom. Your Hoſtages I haue, ſo haue you mine:
And we ſhall talke before we fight.
Cæſar. Moſt meete that firſt we come to words,
And therefore haue we
Our written purpoſes before vs ſent,
Which if thou haſt conſidered, let vs know,
If't will tye vp thy diſcontented Sword,
And carry backe to Cicelie much tall youth,
That elſe muſt periſh heere.
Pom. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great worl d,
Chiefe Factors for the Gods. I do not know,
Wherefore my Father ſhould reuengers want,
Hauing a Sonne and Friends, ſince *Iulius Cæſar*,
Who at Phillippi the good *Brutus* ghoſted,
There ſaw you labouring for him. What was't
That mou'd pale *Caſſius* to conſpire? And what
Made all-honor'd, honeſt, Romaine *Brutus*,
With the arm'd reſt, Courtiers of beautious freedome,
To drench the Capitoll, but that they would
Haue one man but a man, and that his it
Hath made me rigge my Nauie. At whoſe burthen,
The anger'd Ocean fomes, with which I meant
To ſcourge th'ingratitude, that deſpightfull Rome
Caſt on my Noble Father.
Cæſar. Take your time.
Ant. Thou can'ſt not feare vs *Pompey* with thy ſailes.
Weele ſpeake with thee at Sea. At land thou know'ſt
How much we do o're-count thee.
Pom. At Land indeed
Thou doſt orecount me of my Fatherrs houſe:
But ſince the Cuckoo buildes not for himſelfe,
Remaine in't as thou maiſt.
Lepi. Be pleas'd to tell vs,
(For this is from the preſent how you take)
The offers we haue ſent you.
Cæſar. There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be entreated too,
But waigh what it is worth imbrac'd
Cæſar. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.
Pom. You haue made me offer
Of Cicelie, Sardinia: and I muſt
Rid all the Sea of Pirats. Then, to ſend
Meaſures of Wheate to Rome: this greed vpon,
To part with vnhackt edges, and beare backe
Our Targes vndinted.
Omnes. That's our offer.
Pom. Know then I came before you heere,
A man prepar'd
To take this offer. But *Marke Anthony*,
Put me to ſome impatience: though I looſe
The praiſe of it by telling. You muſt know
When *Cæſar* and your Brother were at blowes,
Your Mother came to Cicelie, and did finde
Her welcome Friendly.
Ant. I haue heard it *Pompey*,
And am well ſtudied for a liberall thanks,
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me haue your hand:
I did not thinke Sir, to haue met you heere,
Ant. The beds i'th'Eaſt are ſoft, and thanks to you,
That cal'd me timelier then my purpoſe hither:
For I haue gained by't.
Cæſar. Since I ſaw you laſt, ther's a change vpon you.
Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts harſh Fotune caſt's vpon my face,
But in my boſome ſhall ſhe neuer come,
To make my heart her vaſſaile.
Lep. Well met heere.
Pom. I hope ſo *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
I craue our compoſion may be written
And ſeal'd betweene vs,
Cæſar. That's the next to do.
Pom. Weele feaſt each other, ere we part, and lett's
Draw lots who ſhall begin.
Ant. That will I *Pompey*.
Pompey. No *Anthony* take the lot: but firſt or laſt,
your fine Egyptian cookerie ſhall haue the fame, I haue
heard that *Iulius Cæſar*, grew fat with feaſting there.
Anth. You haue heard much.
Pom. I haue faire meaning Sir.
Ant. And faire words to them.
Pom. Then ſo much haue I heard,
And I haue heard *Appolodorus* carried——
Eno. No more that: he did ſo.
Pom. What I pray you?
Eno. A certaine Queene to *Cæſar* in a Matris.
Pom. I know thee now, how far'ſt thou Souldier?
Eno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceiue

Foure

× Thou art not! — What? Thou'rt sure of't. Get thee hence. M.C.

Foure Feaſts are toward.

Pom. Let me ſhake thy hand,
I neuer hated thee: I haue ſeene thee fight,
When I haue enuied thy behauiour.

Enob. Sir, I neuer lou'd you much, but I ha'prais'd ye,
When you haue well deſeru'd ten times as much,
As I haue ſaid you did.

Pom. Inioy thy plainneſſe,
It nothing ill becomes thee:
Aboord my Gally, I inuite you all.
Will you leade Lords?

All. Shew's the way, ſir.

Pom. Come. *Exeunt.* *Manet Enob. & Menas*

Men. Thy Father *Pompey* would ne're haue made this Treaty. You, and I haue knowne ſir.

Enob. At Sea, I thinke.

Men. We haue Sir.

Enob. You haue done well by water.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. I will praiſe any man that will praiſe me, thogh it cannot be denied what I haue done by Land.

Men. Nor what I haue done by water.

Enob. Yes ſome-thing you can deny for your owne ſafety: you haue bin a great Theefe by Sea.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. There I deny my Land ſeruice: but giue mee your hand *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, heere they might take two Theeues kiſſing.

Men. All mens faces are true, whatſomere their hands are.

Enob. But there is neuer a fayre Woman, ha's a true Face.

Men. No ſlander, they ſteale hearts.

Enob. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am ſorry it is turn'd to a Drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Enob. If he do, ſure he cannot weep't backe againe.

Men. Y'haue ſaid Sir, we look'd not for *Marke Anthony* heere, pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra*?

Enob. *Cæſars* Siſter is call'd *Octauia*.

Men. True Sir, ſhe was the wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

Enob. But ſhe is now the wife of *Marcus Anthonius*.

Men. Pray'ye ſir.

Enob. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cæſar* and he, for euer knit together.

Enob. If I were bound to Diuine of this vnity, I wold not Propheſie ſo.

Men. I thinke the policy of that purpoſe, made more in the Marriage, then the loue of the parties.

Enob. I thinke ſo too. But you ſhall finde the band that ſeemes to tye their friendſhip together, will bee the very ſtrangler of their Amity: *Octauia* is of a holy, cold, and ſtill conuerſation.

Men. Who would not haue his wife ſo?

Eno. Not he that himſelfe is not ſo: which is *Marke Anthony*: he will to his Egyptian diſh againe: then ſhall the ſighes of *Octauia* blow the fire vp in *Cæſar*, and (as I ſaid before) that which is the ſtrength of their Amity, ſhall proue the immediate Author of their variance. *Anthony* will vſe his affection where it is. Hee married but his occaſion heere.

Men. And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboord? I haue a health for you.

Enob. I ſhall take it ſir: we haue vs'd our Throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away. *Exeunt.*

Act II. Scene VII. *Muſicke playes.*

Enter two or three Seruants with a Banket.

1 Heere they'l be man: ſome o'th'their Plants are ill rooted already, the leaſt winde i'th'world wil blow them downe.

2 *Lepidus* is high Conlord.

1 They haue made him drinke Almes drinke.

2 As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition, hee cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreatie, and himſelfe to'th'drinke.

1 But it raiſes the greatet warre betweene him & his diſcretion.

2 Why this it is to haue a name in great mens Fellowſhip: I had as liue haue a Reede that will doe me no ſeruice, as a Partizan I could not heaue.

1 To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be ſeene to moue in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould bee, which pittifully diſaſter the cheekes.

A Sennet ſounded.

Enter Cæſar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas, Enobarbus, Menes, with other Captaines.

Ant. Thus do they Sir: they take the flow o'th'Nyle
By certaine ſcales i'th'Pyramid: they know
By'th'height, the lowneſſe, or the meane: If dearth
Or Foizon follow. The higher Nilus ſwels,
The more it promiſes: as it ebbes, the Seedſman
Vpon the ſlime and Ooze ſcatters his graine,
And ſhortly comes to Harueſt.

Lep. Y'haue ſtrange Serpents there?

Anth. I *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud by the operation of your Sun: ſo is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are ſo.

Pom. Sit, and ſome Wine: A health to *Lepidus*.

Lep. I am not ſo well as I ſhould be:
But Ile ne're out.

Enob. Not till you haue ſlept: I feare me you'l bee in till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I haue heard the *Ptolomies* Pyramiſis are very goodly things: without contradiction I haue heard that.

Menas. *Pompey*, a word.

Pomp. Say in mine eare, what is't.

Men. Forſake thy ſeate I do beſeech thee Captaine,
And heare me ſpeake a word.

Pom. Forbeare me till anon. *Whiſpers in's Eare.*
This Wine for *Lepidus*.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is ſhap'd ſir like it ſelfe, and it is as broad as it hath bredth; It is iuſt ſo high as it is, and mooues with it owne organs. It liues by that which nouriſheth it, and the Elements once out of it, it Tranſmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it owne colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a ſtrange Serpent.

Ant. 'Tis ſo, and the teares of it are wet.

Cæſ. Will this deſcription ſatisfie him?

Ant. With the Health that *Pompey* giues him, elſe he is a very Epicure.

Pomp. Go hang ſir, hang: tell me of that? Away:
Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the ſake of Merit thou wilt heare mee,

Riſe

Riſe from thy ſtoole.
Pom. I thinke th'art mad: the matter?
Men. I haue euer held my cap off to thy Fortunes.
Pom. Thou haſt ſeru'd me with much faith: what's elſe to ſay? Be iolly Lords.
Anth. Theſe Quicke-ſands *Lepidus*,
Keepe off, them for you ſinke.
Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?
Pom. What ſaiſt thou?
Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world?
That's twice.
Pom. How ſhould that be?
Men. But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me poore, I am the man will giue thee all the world.
Pom. Haſt thou drunke well.
Men. No *Pompey*, I haue kept me from the cup,
Thou art if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly Ioue:
What ere the Ocean pales, or skie inclippes,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.
Pom. Shew me which way?
Men. Theſe three World-ſharers, theſe Competitors
Are in thy veſſell. Let me cut the Cable,
And when we are put off, fall to their throates:
All there is thine.
Pom. Ah, this thou ſhouldſt haue done,
And not haue ſpoke on't. In me 'tis villanie,
In thee, 't had bin good ſeruice: thou muſt know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour:
Mine Honour it, Repent that ere thy tongue,
Hath ſo betraide thine acte. Being done vnknowne,
I ſhould haue found it afterwards well done,
But muſt condemne it now: deſiſt, and drinke.
Men. For this, Ile neuer follow
Thy paul'd Fortunes more,
Who ſeekes and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall neuer finde it more.
Pom. This health to *Lepidus*.
Ant. Beare him aſhore,
Ile pledge it for him *Pompey*.
Eno. Heere's to thee *Menas*.
Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.
Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.
Eno. There's a ſtrong Fellow *Menas*.
Men. Why?
Eno. A beares the third part of the world man: ſeeſt not?
Men. The third part, then he is drunk: would it were all, that it might go on wheeles.
Eno. Drinke thou: encreaſe the Reeles.
Men Come.
Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian Feaſt.
Ant. It ripen's towards it: ſtrike the Veſſells hoa.
Heere's to *Cæſar*.
Cæſar. I could well forbear't, it's monſtrous labour when I waſh my braine, and it grow fouler.
Ant. Be a Child o'th'time.
Cæſar. Poſſeſſe it, Ile make anſwer: but I had rather faſt from all, foure dayes, then drinke ſo much in one.
Enob. Ha my braue Emperour, ſhall we daunce now the Egyptian Backenals, and celebrate our drinke?
Pom. Let's ha't good Souldier.
Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering Wine hath ſteep't our ſenſe,
In ſoft and delicate Lethe.
Eno. All take hands:
Make battery to our eares with the loud Muſicke,
The while, Ile place you, then the Boy ſhall ſing.
The holding euery man ſhall beate as loud,
As his ſtrong ſides can volly.

Muſicke Playes. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

The Song.

Come thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpie Bacchus, with pinke eyne:
In thy Fattes our Cares be drown'd,
With thy Grapes our haires be Crown'd,
Cup vs till the world go round,
Cup vs till the world go round.

Cæſar. What would you more?
Pompey goodnight. Good Brother
Let me requeſt you of our grauer buſineſſe
Frownes at this leuitie. Gentle Lords let's part,
You ſee we haue burnt our cheekes. Strong *Enobarbe*
Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongue
Spleet's what it ſpeakes: the wilde diſguiſe hath almoſt
Antickt vs all. What needs more words? goodnight.
Good *Anthony* your hand.
Pom. Ile try you on the ſhore.
Anth. And ſhall Sir, giues your hand.
Pom. Oh *Anthony*, you haue my Father houſe.
But what, we are Friends?
Come downe into the Boate.
Eno. Take heed you fall not *Menas*: Ile not on ſhore,
No to my Cabin: theſe Drummes,
Theſe Trumpets, Flutes: what
Let Neptune heare, we bid aloud farewell
To theſe great Fellowes. Sound and be hang'd, ſound out.

Sound a Flouriſh with Drummes.

Enor. Hoo ſaies a there's my Cap.
Men. Hoa, Noble Captaine, come. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now darting Parthya art thou ſtroke, and now
Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Craſſus* death
Make me reuenger. Beare the Kings Sonnes body,
Before our Army thy *Pacorus Orades*,
Paies this for *Marcus Craſſus*.
Romaine. Noble *Ventidius*,
Whil'ſt yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,
The Fugitiue Parthians follow. Spurre through Media,
Meſapotamia, and the ſhelters, whether
The routed flie. So thy grand Captaine *Anthony*
Shall ſet thee on triumphant Chariots, and
Put Garlands on thy head.
Ven. Oh *Sillius*, *Sillius*,
I haue done enough. Alower place note well
May make too great an act. For learne this *Sillius*,
Better to leaue vndone, then by our deed
Acquire too high a Fame, when him we ſerues away.
Cæſar and *Anthony*, haue euer wonne
More in their officer, then perſon. *Soſſius*
One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,
For quicke accumulation of renowne,
Which he atchiu'd by'th'minute, loſt his fauour.
Who does i'th'Warres more then his Captaine can,
Becomes his Captaines Captaine: and Ambition
(The Souldiers vertue) rather makes choiſe of loſſe
Then gaine, which darkens him.
I could do more to do *Anthonius* good,
But 'twould offend him. And in his offence,

Should

Should my performance perish.

Rom. Thou haſt *Ventidius* that, without the which a Souldier and his Sword graunts ſcarce diſtinction: thou wilt write to *Anthony*.

Ven. Ile humbly ſignifie what in his name,
That magicall word of Warre we haue effected,
How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks,
The nere-yet beaten Horſe of Parthia,
We haue iaded out o'th'Field.

Rom. Where is he now?

Ven. He purpoſeth to Athens, whither with what haſt
The waight we muſt conuay with's, will permit:
We ſhall appeare before him. On there, paſſe along.

Exeunt.

Enter Agrippa at one doore, Enobarbus at another.

Agri. What are the Brothers parted?

Eno. They haue diſpatcht with *Pompey*, he is gone,
The other three are Sealing. *Octauia* weepes
To part from Rome: *Cæſar* is ſad, and *Lepidus*
Since *Pompey's* feaſt, as *Menas* ſaies, is troubled
With the Greene-Sickneſſe.

Agri. 'Tis a Noble *Lepidus*.

Eno. A very fine one: oh, how he loues *Cæſar*.

Agri. Nay but how deerely he adores *Mark Anthony*.

Eno. *Cæſar*? why he's the Iupiter of men.

Ant. What's *Anthony*, the God of Iupiter?

Eno. Spake you of *Cæſar*? How, the non-pareill?

Agri. Oh *Anthony*, oh thou Arabian Bird!

Eno. Would you praiſe *Cæſar*, ſay *Cæſar* go no further.

Agr. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praiſes.

Eno. But he loues *Cæſar* beſt, yet he loues *Anthony*:
Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure,
Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot
Thinke ſpeake, caſt, write, ſing, number: hoo,
His loue to *Anthony*. But as for *Cæſar*,
Kneele downe, kneele downe, and wonder.

Agri. Both he loues.

Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, ſo:
This is to horſe: Adieu, Noble *Agrippa*. [*Trumpets*

Agri. Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæſar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Octauia.

Antho. No further Sir.

Cæſar. You take from me a great part of my ſelfe:
Vſe me well in't. Siſter, proue ſuch a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my fartheſt Band
Shall paſſe on thy approoſe: moſt Noble *Anthony*,
Let not the peece of Vertue which is ſet
Betwixt vs, as the Cyment of our loue
To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter
The Fortreſſe of it: for better might we
Haue lou'd without this meane, if onboth parts
This be not cheriſht.

Ant. Make me not offended, in your diſtruſt.

Cæſar. I haue ſaid.

Ant. You ſhall not finde,
Though you be therein curious, the leſt cauſe
For what you ſeeme to feare, ſo the Gods keepe you,
And make the hearts of Romaines ſerue your ends:
We will heere part.

Cæſar. Farewell my deereſt Siſter, fare thee well,
The Elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy ſpirits all of comfort: fare thee well.

Octa. My Noble Brother.

Anth. The Aprill's in her eyes, it is Loues ſpring,
And theſe the ſhowers to bring it on: be cheerfull.

Octa. Sir, looke well to my Husbands houſe: and—

Cæſar. What *Octauia*?

Octa. Ile tell you in your eare.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart informe her tougue.
The Swannes downe feather
That ſtands vpon the Swell at the full of Tide:
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will *Cæſar* weepe?

Agr. He ha's a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worſe for that were he a Horſe, ſo is he being a man.

Agri. Why *Enobarbus*:
When *Anthony* found *Iulius Cæſar* dead,
He cried almoſt to roaring: And he wept,
When at Phillippi he found *Brutus* ſlaine.

Eno. That yearindeed, he was trobled with a rheume,
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd,
Beleeu't till I weepe too.

Cæſar. No ſweet *Octauia*,
You ſhall heare from me ſtill: the time ſhall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come Sir, come,
Ile wraſtle with you in my ſtrength of loue,
Looke heere I haue you, thus I let you go,
And giue you to the Gods.

Cæſar. Adieu, be happy.

Lep. Let all the number of the Starres giue light
To thy faire way.

Cæſar. Farewell, farewell. *Kiſſes Octauia.*

Ant. Farewell. *Trumpets ſound.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the Fellow?

Alex. Halfe afeard to come.

Cleo. Go too, go too: Come hither Sir.

Enter the Meſſenger as before.

Alex. Good Maieſtie: *Herod* of Iury dare not looke vpon you, but when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That *Herods* head, Ile haue: but how? When *Anthony* is gone, through whom I might commaund it: Come thou neere.

Meſ. Moſt gratious Maieſtie.

Cleo. Did'ſt thou behold *Octauia*?

Meſ. I dread Queene.

Cleo. Where?

Meſ. Madam in Rome, I lookt her in the face: and ſaw her led betweene her Brother, and *Marke Anthony*.

Cleo. Is ſhe as tall as me?

Meſ. She is not Madam.

Cleo. Didſt heare her ſpeake?
Is ſhe ſhrill tongu'd or low?

Meſ. Madam, I heard her ſpeake, ſhe is low voic'd.

Cleo. That's not ſo good: he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? Oh *Iſis*: 'tis impoſſible.

Cleo. I thinke ſo *Charmian*: dull of tongue, & dwarfiſh
What Maieſtie is in her gate, remember
If ere thou look'ſt on Maieſtie.

Meſ. She creepes: her motion, & her ſtation are as one:
She ſhewes a body, rather then a life,
A Statue, then a Breather.

Cleo. Is this certaine?

Meſ. Or I haue no obſeruance.

Cha. Three in Egypt cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceiu't,
There's nothing in her yet.

The

Act 3. ANTONY and CLEOPATRA. Scene 3.]

Barrow Adt. Thornthwaite, Sculpt.

Mrs POPE in the Character of CLEOPATRA.

"... I have one thing more to ask him yet ..."

London, Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand Augt 22nd 1786

The Fellow ha's good iudgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Gueſſe at her yeares, I prythee.

Meſſ. Madam, ſhe was a widdow.

Cleo. Widdow? *Charmian*, hearke.

Meſ. And I do thinke ſhe's thirtie.

Cle. Bear'ſt thou her face in mind? is't long or round?

Meſſ. Round, euen to faultineſſe.

Cleo. For the moſt part too, they are fooliſh that are ſo. Her haire what colour?

Meſſ. Browne Madam: and her forehead
As low as ſhe would wiſh it.

Cleo. There's Gold for thee,
Thou muſt not take my former ſharpeneſſe ill,
I will employ thee backe againe: I finde thee
Moſt fit for buſineſſe. Go, make thee ready,
Our Letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed he is ſo: I repent me much
That ſo I harried him. Why me think's by him,
This Creature's no ſuch thing.

Char. Nothing Madam.

Cleo. The man hath ſeene ſome Maieſty, and ſhould know.

Char. Hath he ſeene Maieſtie? *Iſis* elſe defend: and ſeruing you ſo long.

Cleopa. I haue one thing more to aske him yet good *Charmian*: but 'tis no matter, thou ſhalt bring him to me where I will write; all may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you Madam. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony and Octauia.

Ant. Nay, nay *Octauia*, not onely that,
That were excuſable, that and thouſands more
Of ſemblable import, but he hath wag'd
New Warres 'gainſt *Pompey*. Made his will, and read it,
To publicke eare, ſpoke ſcantly of me,
When perforce he could not
But pay me tearmes of Honour: cold and ſickly
He vented then moſt narrow meaſure; lent me,
When the beſt hint was giuen him: he not look't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octaui. Oh my good Lord,
Beleeue not all, or if you muſt beleeue,
Stomacke not all. A more vnhappie Lady,
If this deuiſion chance, ne're ſtood betweene
Praying for both parts:
The good Gods wil mocke me preſently,
When I ſhall pray: Oh bleſſe my Lord, and Husband,
Vndo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh bleſſe my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,
Prayes, and diſtroyes the prayer, no midway
'Twixt theſe extreames at all.

Ant. Gentle *Octauia*,
Let your beſt loue draw to that point which ſeeks
Beſt to preſerue it: if I looſe mine Honour,
I looſe my ſelfe: better I were not yours
Then your ſo branchleſſe. But as you requeſted,
Your ſelfe ſhall go between's, the meane time Lady,
Ile raiſe the preparation of a Warre
Shall ſtaine your Brother, make your ſooneſt haſt,
So your deſires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my Lord,
The Ioue of power make me moſt weake, moſt weake,
You reconciler: Warres 'twixt you twaine would be,
As if the world ſhould cleaue, and that ſlaine men
Should ſoader vp the Rift.

Anth. When it appeeres to you where this begins,
Turne your diſpleaſure that way, for our faults
Can neuer be ſo equall, that your loue
Can equally moue with them. Prouide your going,
Chooſe your owne company, and command what coſt
Your heart he's mind too. *Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus, and Eros.

Eno. How now Friend *Eros*?

Eros. Ther's ſtrange Newes come Sir.

Eno. What man?

Ero. Cæſar & *Lepidus* haue made warres vpon *Pompey*.

Eno. This is old, what is the ſucceſſe?

Eros. Cæſar hauing made vſe of him in the warres 'gainſt *Pompey*: preſently denied him riuality, would not let him partake in the glory of the action, and not reſting here, accuſes him of Letters he had formerly wrote to *Pompey*. Vpon his owne appeale ſeizes him, ſo the poore third is vp, till death enlarge his Confine.

Eno. Then would thou hadſt a paire of chapsn o more, and throw betweene them all the food thou haſt, they'le grinde the other. Where's *Anthony*?

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus, and ſpurnes
The ruſh that lies before him. Cries Foole *Lepidus*,
And threats the throate of that his Officer,
That murdred *Pompey*.

Eno. Our great Nauies rig'd.

Eros. For Italy and *Cæſar*, more *Domitius*,
My Lord deſires you preſently: my Newes
I might haue told heareafter.

Eno. 'Twillbe naught, but let it be: bring me to *Anthony*.

Eros. Come Sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Agrippa, Mecenas, and Cæſar.

Cæſ. Contemning Rome he ha's done all this, & more
In Alexandria: heere's the manner of't:
I'th'Market-place on a Tribunall ſiluer'd,
Cleopatra and himſelfe in Chaires of Gold
Were publikely enthron'd: at the feet, ſat
Cæſarion whom they call my Fathers Sonne,
And all the vnlawfull iſſue, that their Luſt
Since then hath made betweene them. Vnto her,
He gaue the ſtabliſhment of Egypt, made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, abſolute Queene.

Mece. This in the publike eye?

Cæſar. I'th'common ſhew place, where they exerciſe,
His Sonnes hither proclaimed the King of Kings,
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia
He gaue to *Alexander*. To *Ptolomy* he aſſign'd,
Syria, Silicia, and Phœnetia: ſhe
In th'abiliments of the Goddeſſe *Iſis*
That day appeer'd, and oft before gaue audience,
As 'tis reported ſo.

Mece. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

Agri. Who queazie with his inſolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæſar. The people knowes it,
And haue now receiu'd his accuſations.

Agri. Who does he accuſe?

Cæſar. *Cæſar*, and that hauing in Cicilie
Sextus Pompeius ſpoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'th'Iſle. Then does he ſay, he lent me
Some ſhipping vnreſtor'd. Laſtly, he frets
That *Lepidus* of the Triumpherate, ſhould be depos'd,
And being that, we detaine all his Reuenue.

Agri. Sir, this ſhould be anſwer'd.

Cæſar. 'Tis done already, and the Meſſenger gone:
I haue told him *Lepidus* was growne too cruell,

That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did deſerue his change: for what I haue conquer'd,
I grant him part: but then in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like
Mec. Hee'l neuer yeeld to that.
Cæſ. Nor muſt not then be yeelded to in this.
Enter Octauia with her Traine.
Octa. Haile *Cæſar*, and my L. haile moſt deere *Cæſar*.
Cæſar. That euer I ſhould call thee Caſt-away.
Octa. You haue not call'd me ſo, nor haue you cauſe.
Cæſ. Why haue you ſtoln vpon vs thus? you come not
Like *Cæſars* Siſter, The wife of *Anthony*
Should haue an Army for an Vſher, and
The neighes of Horſe to tell of her approach,
Long ere ſhe did appeare. The trees by'th'way
Should haue borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the duſt
Should haue aſcended to the Roofe of Heauen,
Raiſ'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come
A Market-maid to Rome, and haue preuented
The oſtentation of our loue; which left vnſhewne,
Is often left vnlou'd: we ſhould haue met you
By Sea, and Land, ſupplying euery Stage
With an augmented greeting.
Octa. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not conſtrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord *Marke Anthony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted
My greeued eare withall: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for returne.
Cæſ. Which ſoone he granted,
Being an abſtract 'tweene his Luſt, and him.
Octa. Do not ſay ſo, my Lord.
Cæſ. I haue eyes vpon him,
And his affaires come to me on the wind: wher is he now?
Octa. My Lord, in Athens.
Cæſar. No my moſt wronged Siſter, *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath giuen his Empire
Vp to a Whore, who now are leuying
The Kings o'th'earth for Warre. He hath aſſembled,
Bochus the King of Lybia, *Archilaus*
Of Cappadocia, *Philadelphos* King
Of Paphlagonia: the Thracian King *Adullas*,
King *Mauchus* of Arabia, King of Pont,
Herod of Iewry, *Mithridates* King
Of Comageat, *Polemen* and *Amintas*,
The Kings of Mede and Licoania,
With a more larger Liſt of Scepters.
Octa. Aye me moſt wretched,
That haue my heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That does afflict each other. (breaking forth
Cæſ. Welcom hither: your Letters did with-holde our
Till we perceiu'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart,
Be you not troubled with the time, which driues
O're your content, theſe ſtrong neceſſities,
But let determin'd things to deſtinie
Hold vnbewayl'd their way. Welcome to Rome,
Nothing more deere to me: You are abus'd
Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods
To do you Iuſtice, makes his Miniſters
Of vs, and thoſe that loue you. Beſt of comfort,
And euer welcom to vs. *Agrip.* Welcome Lady.
Mec. Welcome deere Madam,
Each heart in Rome does loue and pitty you,
Onely th'adulterous *Anthony*, moſt large
In his abhominations, turnes you off,
And giues his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noyſes it againſt vs.
Octa. Is it ſo ſir?
Cæſ. Moſt certaine: Siſter welcome: pray you
Be ouer knowne to patience. My deer'ſt Siſter. *Exeunt*

Act III. Scene VII. *Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*

Cleo. I will be euen with thee, doubt it not.
Eno. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou haſt foreſpoke my being in theſe warres,
And ſay'ſt it it not fit.
Eno. Well: is it, is it.
1ſt Cleo. If not, denounc'd againſt vs, why ſhould not
we be there in perſon.
Enob. Well, I could reply: if wee ſhould ſerue with
Horſe and Mares together, the Horſe were meerly loſt:
the Mares would beare a Soldiour and his Horſe.
Cleo. What is't you ſay?
Enob. Your preſence needs muſt puzle *Anthony*,
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from's time,
What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Leuity, and 'tis ſaid in Rome,
That *Photinus* an Eunuch, and your Maides
Mannage this warre.
Cleo. Sinke Rome, and their tongues rot
That ſpeake againſt vs. A Charge we beare i'th'Warre,
And as the preſident of my Kingdome will
Appeare there for a man. Speake not againſt it,
I will not ſtay behinde.
Enter Anthony and Camidias.
Eno. Nay I haue done, here comes the Emperor.
Ant. Is it not ſtrange *Camidius*,
That from Tarrentum, and Brandufium,
He could ſo quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Troine. You haue heard on't (Sweet?)
Cleo. Celerity is neuer more admir'd,
Then by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might haue well becom'd the beſt of men
To taunt at ſlackneſſe. *Camidius*, wee
Will fight with him by Sea.
Cleo. By Sea, what elſe?
Cam. Why will my Lord, do ſo?
Ant. For that he dares vs too't.
Enob. So hath my Lord, dar'd him to ſingle fight.
Cam. I, and to wage this Battell at Pharſalia,
Where *Cæſar* fought with *Pompey*. But theſe offers
Which ſerue not for his vantage, he ſhakes off,
And ſo ſhould you.
Enob. Your Shippes are not well mann'd,
Your Marriners are Militers, Reapers, people
Ingroſt by ſwift Impreſſe. In *Cæſars* Fleete,
Are thoſe, that often haue 'gainſt *Pompey* fought,
Their ſhippes are yare, yours heauy: no diſgrace
Shall fall you for refuſing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.
Ant. By Sea, by Sea.
Eno. Moſt worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The abſolute Soldierſhip you haue by Land,
Diſtract your Armie, which doth moſt conſiſt
Of Warre-markt-footmen, leaue vnexecuted
Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe
The way which promiſes aſſurance, and
Giue vp your ſelfe meerly to chance and hazard,
From firme Securitie.
Ant. Ile fight at Sea.

Cleo

Cleo. I haue ſixty Sailes, *Cæſar* none better.
Ant. Our ouer-plus of ſhipping will we burne,
And with the reſt full mann'd, from th'head of Action
Beate th'approaching *Cæſar*. But if we faile,
We then can doo't at Land. *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Thy Buſineſſe?
Meſ. The Newes is true, my Lord, he is deſcried,
Cæſar ha's taken Torvne.
Ant, Can he be there in perſon? 'Tis impoſſible
Strange, that his power ſhould be. *Camidius,*
Our nineteene Legions thou ſhalt hold by Land,
And our twelue thouſand Horſe. Wee'l to our Ship,
Away my *Thetis.*
Enter a Soldiour.
How now worthy Souldier?
Soul. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Truſt not to rotten plankes: Do you miſdoubt
This Sword, and theſe my Wounds; let th'Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a ducking: wee
Haue vs'd to conquer ſtanding on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot. *Exeunt*
Ant. Well, well, away. *exit Ant. Cleo. & Enob.*
Soul. By *Hercules* I thinke I am i'th'right.
Cam. Souldier thou art: but his whole action growes
Not in the power on't: ſo our Leaders leade,
And we are Womens men.
Soul. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horſe whole, do you not?
Ven. Marcus Octauius, Marcus Iuſteus,
Publicola, and *Celius,* are for Sea:
But we keepe whole by Land. This ſpeede of *Cæſars*
Carries beyond beleefe.
Soul. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in ſuch diſtractions,
As beguilde all Spies.
Cam. Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?
Soul. They ſay, one *Towrus.*
Cam. Well, I know the man.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. The Emperor cals *Camidius.*
Cam. With Newes the times with Labour,
And throwes forth each minute, ſome. *exeunt*
Enter Cæſar with his Army, marching.

Cæſ. Towrus?
Tow. My Lord.
Cæſ. Strike not by Land,
Keepe whole, prouoke not Battaile
Till we haue done at Sea. Do not exceede
The Preſcript of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes
Vpon this iumpe. *exit.*
Enter Anthony, and Enobarbus.
Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond ſide o'th'Hill,
In eye of *Cæſars* battaile, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And ſo proceed accordingly. *exit.*
Camidius Marcheth with his Land Army one way ouer the ſtage, and Towrus the Lieutenant of Cæſar the other way: After their going in, is heard the noiſe of a Sea fight.
Alarum. Enter Enobarbus and Scarus.

Eno. Naught, naught, al naught, I can behold no longer:
Thantoniad, the Egyptian Admirall,
With all their ſixty flye, and turne the Rudder:
To ſee't, mine eyes are blaſted.
Enter Scarrus.
Scar. Gods, & Goddeſſes, all the whol ſynod of them!
Eno. What's thy paſſion.
Scar. The greater Cantle of the world, is loſt
With very ignorance, we haue kiſt away
Kingdomes, and Prouinces.
Eno. How appeares the Fight?
Scar. On our ſide, like the Token'd Peſtilence,
Where death is ſure. Yon ribaudred Nagge of Egypt,
(Whom Leproſie o're-take) i'th'midſt o'th'fight,
When vantage like a payre of Twinnes appear'd
Both as the ſame, or rather ours the elder;
(The Breeze vpon her) like a Cow in Inne,
Hoiſts Sailes, and flyes.
Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did ſicken at the ſight, and could not
Indure a further view.
Scar. She once being looſt,
The Noble ruine of her Magicke, *Anthony,*
Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard)
Leauing the Fight in heighth, flyes after her:
I neuer ſaw an Action of ſuch ſhame;
Experience, Man-hood, Honor, ne're before,
Did violate ſo it ſelfe.
Enob. Alacke, alacke.
Enter Camidius.
Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And ſinkes moſt lamentably. Had our Generall
Bin what he knew himſelfe, it had gone well:
Oh his ha's giuen example for our flight,
Moſt groſſely by his owne.
Enob. I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight indeede.
Cam. Toward Peloponneſus are they fled.
Scar. 'Tis eaſie toot,
And there I will attend what further comes.
Camid. To *Cæſar* will I render
My Legions and my Horſe, ſixe Kings alreadie
Shew me the way of yeelding.
Eno. Ile yet follow
The wounded chance of *Anthony,* though my reaſon
Sits in the winde againſt me.
Enter Anthony with Attendants.
Ant. Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more vpon't,
It is aſham'd to beare me. Friends, come hither,
I am ſo lated in the world, that I
Haue loſt my way for euer. I haue a ſhippe,
Laden with Gold, take that, diuide it: flye,
And make your peace with *Cæſar.*
Omnes. Fly? Not wee.
Ant. I haue fled my ſelfe, and haue inſtructed cowards
To runne, and ſhew their ſhoulders. Friends be gone,
I haue my ſelfe reſolu'd vpon a courſe,
Which has no neede of you. Be gone,
My Treaſure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
I follow'd that I bluſh to looke vpon,
My very haires do mutiny: for the white
Reproue the browne for raſhneſſe, and they them
For feare, and doting. Friends be gone, you ſhall
Haue Letters from me to ſome Friends, that will
Sweepe your way for you. Pray you looke not ſad,
Nor make replyes of loathneſſe, take the hint
Which my diſpaire proclaimes. Let them be left
Which leaues it ſelfe, to the Sea-ſide ſtraight way;
I will poſſeſſe you of that ſhip and Treaſure.

Leaue me, I pray a little: pray you now,
Nay do ſo: for indeede I haue loſt command,
Therefore I pray you, Ile ſee you by and by. *Sits downe*

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Eros.

Eros. Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.
Iras. Do moſt deere Queene.
Char. Do, why, what elſe?
Cleo. Let me ſit downe: Oh *Iuno.*
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you heere, Sir?
Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.
Char. Madam.
Iras. Madam, oh good Empreſſe.
Eros. Sir, ſir.
Ant. Yes my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His ſword e'ne like a dancer, while I ſtrooke
The leane and wrinkled *Caſſius*, and 'twas I
That the mad *Brutus* ended: he alone
Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practiſe had
In the braue ſquares of Warre: yet now: no matter.
Cleo. Ah ſtand by.
Eros. The Queene my Lord, the Queene.
Iras. Go to him, Madam, ſpeake to him,
Hee's vnqualited with very ſhame.
Cleo. Well then, ſuſtaine me: Oh.
Eros. Moſt Noble Sir ariſe, the Queene approaches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will ceaſe her, but
Your comfort makes the reſcue.
Ant. I haue offended Reputation,
A moſt vnnoble ſweruing.
Eros Sir, the Queene.
Ant. Oh whether haſt thou lead me Egypt, ſee
How I conuey my ſhame, out of thine eyes,
By looking backe what I haue left behinde
Stroy'd in diſhonor.
Cleo. Oh my Lord, my Lord,
Forgiue my fearfull ſayles, I little thought
You would haue followed.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'ſt too well,
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by'th'ſtrings,
And thou ſhould'ſt ſtowe me after. O're my ſpirit
The full ſupremacie thou knew'ſt, and that
Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command mee.
Cleo. Oh my pardon.
Ant. Now I muſt
To the young man ſend humble Treaties, dodge
And palter in the ſhifts of lownes, who
With halfe the bulke o'th'world plaid as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My Sword, made weake by my affection, would
Obey it on all cauſe.
Cleo. Pardon, pardon.
Ant. Fall not a teare I ſay, one of them rates
All that is wonne and loſt: Giue me a kiſſe,
Euen this repayes me.
We ſent our Schoolemaſter, is a come backe?
Loue I am full of Lead: ſome Wine
Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knowes,
We ſcorne her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blowes. *Exeunt*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, and Dollabello, with others.

Cæſ. Let him appeare that's come from *Anthony.*
Know you him.

Dolla. Cæſar, 'tis his Schoolemaſter,
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He ſends ſo poore a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had ſuperfluous Kings for Meſſengers,
Not many Moones gone by.

Enter Ambaſſador from Anthony.

Cæſar. Approach, and ſpeake.
Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Anthony*:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Morne-dew on the Mertle leaſe
To his grand Sea.
Cæſ. Bee't ſo, declare thine office.
Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he ſalutes thee, and
Requires to liue in Egypt, which not granted
He Leſſons his Requeſts, and to thee ſues
To let him breath betweene the Heauens and Earth
A priuate man in Athens: this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confeſſe thy Greatneſſe,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craues
The Circle of the *Ptolomies* for her heyres,
Now hazarded to thy Grace.
Cæſ. For *Anthony*,
I haue no eares to his requeſt. The Queene,
Of Audience, nor Deſire ſhall faile, ſo ſhee
From Egypt driue her all-diſgraced Friend,
Or take his life there. This if ſhee performe,
She ſhall not ſue vnheard. So to them both.
Amb. Fortune purſue thee.
Cæſ. Bring him through the Bands:
To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, diſpatch,
From *Anthony* winne *Cleopatra*, promiſe
And in our Name, what ſhe requires, adde more
From thine inuention, offers. Women are not
In their beſt Fortunes ſtrong; but want will periure
The ne're touch'd Veſtall. Try thy cunning *Thidias*,
Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we
Will anſwer as a Law.
Thid. Cæſar, I go.
Cæſar. Obſerue how *Anthony* becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'ſt his very action ſpeakes
In euery power that moones.
Thid. Cæſar, I ſhall.

A Room in the Palace. Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, & Iras.

Cleo. What ſhall we do, *Enobarbus*?
Eno. Thinke, and dye.
Cleo. Is *Anthony*, or we in fault for this?
Eno. Anthony onely, that would make his will
Lord of his Reaſon. What though you fled,
From that great face of Warre, whoſe ſeuerall ranges
Frighted each other? Why ſhould he follow?
The itch of his Affection ſhould not then
Haue nickt his Captain-ſhip, at ſuch a point,
When halfe to halfe the world oppos'd, he being
The meered queſtion? 'Twas a ſhame no leſſe
Then was his loſſe, to courſe your flying Flagges,
And leaue his Nauy gazing.
Cleo. Prythee peace.

Enter the Ambaſſador, with Anthony.

Ant. Is that his anſwer?
Amb. I my Lord.
Ant. The Queene ſhall then haue courteſie,
So ſhe will yeeld vs vp.
Am. He ſayes ſo.
Antho. Let her know't. To the Boy *Cæſar* ſend this
grizled head, and he will fill thy wiſhes to the brimme,
With Principalities.
Cleo. That head my Lord?

Ant.

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Act III *Scene XI*

E. Edwards del. *C. Grignion sculp.*

Favours! by Jove that thunders.

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Act 3. ANTHONY & CLEOPATRA. Scene 2.

MISS YOUNGE in the Character of **CLEOPATRA.**

— O, is it come to this? —

Ant. To him againe, tell him he weares the Roſe
Of youth vpon him: from which, the world ſhould note
Something particular: His Coine, Ships, Legions,
May be a Cowards, whoſe Miniſters would preuaile
Vnder the ſeruice of a Childe, as ſoone
As i'th'Command of *Cæſar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay Compariſons a-part,
And anſwer me declin'd, Sword againſt Sword,
Our ſelues alone: Ile write it: Follow me.
Eno. Yes like enough: hye battel'd *Cæſar* will
Vnſtate his happineſſe, and be Stag'd to'th'ſhew
Againſt a Sworder. I ſee mens Iudgements are
A parcell of their Fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To ſuffer all alike, that he ſhould dreame,
Knowing all meaſures, the full *Cæſar* will
Anſwer his emptineſſe; *Cæſar* thou haſt ſubdu'de
His iudgement too.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. A Meſſenger from *Cæſar*.
Cleo. What no more Ceremony? See my Women,
Againſt the blowne Roſe may they ſtop their noſe,
That kneel'd vnto the Buds. Admit him ſir.
Eno. Mine honeſty, and I, beginne to ſquare,
The Loyalty well held to Fooles, does make
Our Faith meere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegeance a falne Lord,
Does conquer him that did his Maſter conquer,
And earnes a place i'th'Story.

Enter Thidias. Thyreus m.c.

Cleo. *Cæſars* will.
Thid. Heare it apart.
Cleo. None but Friends: ſay boldly.
Thid. So haply are they Friends to *Anthony*.
Enob. He needs as many (Sir) as *Cæſar* ha's,
Or needs not vs. If *Cæſar* pleaſe, our Maſter
Will leape to be his Friend: For vs you know,
Whoſe he is, we are, and that is *Cæſars*.
Thid. So. Thus then thou moſt renown'd, *Cæſar* intreats,
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt
Further then he is *Cæſars*. omitted m.c
Cleo. Go on right Royall.
Thid. He knowes that you embrace not *Anthony*
As you did loue, but as you feared him.
Cleo. Oh.
Thid. The ſcarre's vpon your Honor, therefore he
Does pitty, as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerued.
Cleo. He is a God,
And knowes what is moſt right. Mine Honour
Was not yeelded, but conquer'd meerely.
Eno. To be ſure of that, I will aske *Anthony*. aside
Sir, ſir, thou art ſo leakie
That we muſt leaue thee to thy ſinking, for
Thy deereſt quit thee. *Exit Enob.*
Thid. Shall I ſay to *Cæſar*,
What you require of him: for he partly begges
To be deſir'd to giue. It much would pleaſe him,
That of his Fortunes you ſhould make a ſtaffe
To leane vpon. But it would warme his ſpirits
To heare from me you had left *Anthony*,
And put your ſelfe vnder his ſhrowd, the vniuerſal Land-
Cleo. What's your name? (lord.
Thid. My name is *Thidias*. Thyreus m.c.
Cleo. Moſt kinde Meſſenger,
Say to great *Cæſar* this in diſputation,
I kiſſe his conqu'ring hand: Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crowne at's feete, and there to kneele.
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I heare
The doome of Egypt.
Thid. 'Tis your Nobleſt courſe:
Wiſedome and Fortune combatting together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. Giue me grace to lay
My dutie on your hand.
Cleo. Your *Cæſars* Father oft,
(When he hath mus'd of taking kingdomes in)
Beſtow'd his lips on that vnworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.

Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Fauours? By Ioue that thunders. What art thou
Thid. One that but performes (Fellow?
The bidding of the fulleſt man, and worthieſt
To haue command obey'd.
Eno. You will be whipt.
Ant. Approch there: ah you Kite. Now Gods & diuels
Authority melts from me of late. When I cried hoa,
Like Boyes vnto a muſſe, Kings would ſtart forth,
And cry, your will. Haue you no eares?
I am *Anthony* yet. Take hence this Iack, and whip him.

Enter a Seruant.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a Lions whelpe,
Then with an old one dying.
Ant. Moone and Starres,
Whip him: wer't twenty of the greateſt Tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cæſar*, ſhould I finde them
So ſawcy with the hand of ſhe heere, what's her name
Since ſhe was *Cleopatra*? Whip him Fellowes,
Till like a Boy you ſee him crindge his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.
Thid. Marke Anthony.
Ant. Tugge him away: being whipt
Bring him againe, the Iacke of *Cæſars* ſhall this m.c.
Beare vs an arrant to him. *Exeunt with Thidius.*
You were halfe blaſted ere I knew you: Ha?
Haue I my pillow left vnpreſt in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race,
And by a Iem of women, to be abus'd
By one that lookes on Feeders?
Cleo. Good my Lord.
Ant. You haue beene a boggeler euer,
But when we in our viciouſneſſe grow hard
(Oh miſery on't) the wiſe Gods ſeele our eyes
In our owne filth, drop our cleare iudgements, make vs
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we ſtrut
To our confuſion.
Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?
Ant. I found you as a Morſell, cold vpon
Dead *Cæſars* Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of *Gneius Pompeyes*, beſides what hotter houres
Vnregiſtred in vulgar Fame, you haue
Luxuriouſly pickt out. For I am ſure,
Though you can gueſſe what Temperance ſhould be,
You know not what it is.
Cleo. Wherefore is this?
Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards,
And ſay, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this Kingly Seale,
And plighter of high hearts. O that I were
Vpon the hill of Baſan, to out-roare
The horned Heard, for I haue ſauage cauſe,
And to proclaime it ciuilly, were like

A halter'd necke, which do's the Hangman thanke,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?

Enter a Seruant with Thidias.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a Pardon?

Ser. He did aske fauour.

Ant. If that thy Father liue, let him repent
Thou was't not made his daughter, and be thou ſorrie
To follow *Cæſar* in his Triumph, ſince
Thou haſt bin whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady Feauer thee,
Shake thou to looke on't. Get thee backe to *Cæſar*,
Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou ſay
He makes me angry with him. For he ſeemes
Proud and diſdainfull, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time moſt eaſie 'tis to doo't:
When my good Starres, that were my former guides
Haue empty left their Orbes, and ſhot their Fires
Into th'Abiſme of hell. If he miſlike,
My ſpeech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hiparchus, my enfranched Bondman, whom
He may at pleaſure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he ſhall like to quit me. Vrge it thou:
Hence with thy ſtripes, be gone. *Exit Thid.*

Cleo. Haue you done yet?

Ant. Alacke our Terrene Moone is now Eclipſt,
And it portends alone the fall of *Anthony*.

Cleo. I muſt ſtay his time?

Ant. To flatter *Cæſar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that tyes his points.

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah (Deere) if I be ſo,
From my cold heart let Heauen ingender haile,
And poyſon it in the ſourſe, and the firſt ſtone
Drop in my necke: as it determines ſo
Diſſolue my life, the next Cæſarian ſmile,
Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,
Together with my braue Egyptians all,
By the diſcandering of this pelleted ſtorme,
Lye graueleſſe, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle
Haue buried them for prey.

Ant. I am ſatisfied:
Cæſar ſets downe in Alexandria, where
I will oppoſe his Fate. Our force by Land,
Hath Nobly held, our ſeuer'd Nauie too
Haue knit againe, and Fleete, threatning moſt Sea-like.
Where haſt thou bin my heart? Doſt thou heare Lady?
If from the Field I ſhall returne once more
To kiſſe theſe Lips, I will appeare in Blood,
I, and my Sword, will earne our Chronicle,
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my braue Lord.

Ant. I will be trebble-ſinewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciouſly: for when mine houres
Were nice and lucky, men did ranſome liues
Of me for ieſts: But now, Ile ſet my teeth,
And ſend to darkeneſſe all that ſtop me. Come,
Let's haue one other gawdy night: Call to me
All my ſad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more:
Let's mocke the midnight Bell.

Cleo. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought t'haue held it poore. But ſince my Lord
Is *Anthony* againe, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord.

Ant. Do ſo, wee'l ſpeake to them,
And to night Ile force
The Wine peepe through their ſcarres.
Come on (my Queene)
There's ſap in't yet. The next time I do fight
Ile make death loue me: for I will contend
Euen with his peſtilent Sythe. *Exeunt.*

Eno. Now bee'l out-ſtare the Lightning, to be furious
Is to be frighted out of feare, and in that moode
The Doue will pecke the Eſtridge; and I ſee ſtill
A diminution in our Captaines braine,
Reſtores his heart; when valour prayes in reaſon,
It eates the Sword it fights with: I will ſeeke
Some way to leaue him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, & Mecenas with his Army,
Cæſar reading a Letter.

Cæſ. He calles me Boy, and chides as he had power
To beate me out of Egypt. My Meſſenger
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to perſonal Combat.
Cæſar to *Anthony*: let the old Ruffian know,
I haue many other wayes to dye: meane time
Laugh at his Challenge.

Mece. Cæſar muſt thinke,
When one ſo great begins to rage, hee's hunted
Euen to falling. Giue him no breath, but now
Make boote of his diſtraction: Neuer anger
Made good guard for it ſelfe.

Cæſ. Let our beſt heads know,
That to morrow, the laſt of many Battailes
We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of thoſe that ſeru'd *Marke Anthony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And Feaſt the Army, we haue ſtore to doo't,
And they haue earn'd the waſte. Poore *Anthony*. *Exeunt*

Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,
Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Domitian*?

Eno. No?

Ant. Why ſhould he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To morrow Soldier,
By Sea and Land Ile fight: or I will liue,
Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood
Shall make it liue againe. Woo't thou fight well.

Eno. Ile ſtrike, and cry, Take all.

Ant. Well ſaid, come on:
Call forth my Houſhold Seruants, lets to night

Enter 3 or 4 Seruitors.

Be bounteous at our Meale. Giue me thy hand,
Thou haſt bin rightly honeſt, ſo haſt thou,
Thou, and thou, and thou: you haue ſeru'd me well,
And Kings haue beene your fellowes.

Cleo. What meanes this?

Eno. 'Tis one of thoſe odde tricks which ſorow ſhoots
Out of the minde. *aside*

Ant. And thou art honeſt too:
I wiſh I could be made ſo many men,
And all of you clapt vp together, in
An *Anthony*: that I might do you ſeruice,
So good as you haue done.

Omnes.

Omnes. The Gods forbid.
Ant. Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night:
Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
And ſuffer'd my command.
Cleo. What does he meane?
Eno. To make his Followers weepe.
Ant. Tend me to night;
May be, it is the period of your duty,
Haply you ſhall not ſee me more, or if,
A mangled ſhadow. Perchance to morrow,
You'l ſerue another Maſter. I looke on you,
As one that takes his leaue. Mine honeſt Friends,
I turne you not away, but like a Maſter
Married to your good ſeruice, ſtay till death:
Tend me to night two houres, I aske no more,
And the Gods yeeld you for't.
Eno. What meane you (Sir)
To giue them this diſcomfort? Looke they weepe, *you* 32
And I an Aſſe, am Onyon-ey'd; for ſhame,
Transforme vs not to women.
Ant. Ho, ho, ho:
Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where thoſe drops fall (my hearty Friends)
You take me in too dolorous a ſenſe,
For I ſpake to you for your comfort, did deſire you
To burne this night with Torches: Know (my hearts)
I hope well of to morrow, and will leade you,
Where rather Ile expect victorious life,
Then death, and Honor. Let's to Supper, come,
And drowne conſideration. *Exeunt.*

Act IV. Scene III. *The Same - before the Palace* m.c.
Enter a Company of Soldiours.

1. *Sol.* Brother, goodnight: to morrow is the day.
2. *Sol.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing ſtrange about the ſtreets.
1 Nothing: what newes?
2 Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you.
1 Well ſir, good night.
They meete other Soldiers.
2 Souldiers, haue carefull Watch.
1 And you: Goodnight, goodnight.
They place themſelues in euery corner of the Stage.
2 Heere we: and if to morrow
Our Nauie thriue, I haue an abſolute hope
Our Landmen will ſtand vp.
1 'Tis a braue Army, and full of purpoſe.
Muſicke of the Hoboyes is vnder the Stage.
2 Peace, what noiſe?
1 Liſt, liſt.
2 Hearke.
1 Muſicke i'th'Ayre.
3 Vnder the earth.
4 It ſignes well, do's it not?
3 No.
1 Peace I ſay: What ſhould this meane?
2 'Tis the God *Hercules*, whom *Anthony* loued,
Now leaues him.
1 Walke, let's ſee if other Watchmen
Do heare what we do? *They advance to another*
2 How now Maiſters? *Post* m.c. *Speak together.*
Omnes. How now? how now? do you heare this? m.c.
1 I, is't not ſtrange?
3 Do you heare Maſters? Do you heare?
1 Follow the noyſe ſo farre as we haue quarter.
Let's ſee how it will giue off.
Omnes. Content: 'Tis ſtrange. *Exeunt.*

Act IV. Scene IV. *The same - a room in the Palace* m.c.
Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. Eros, mine Armour *Eros.*
Cleo. Sleepe a little.
Ant. No my Chucke. *Eros*, come mine Armor *Eros.*
Enter Eros.
Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on,
If Fortune be not ours to day, it is
Becauſe we braue her. Come.
Cleo. Nay, Ile helpe too, *Anthony.*
What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art
The Armourer of my heart: Falſe, falſe: This, this,
Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it muſt bee.
Ant. Well, well, we ſhall thriue now.
Seeſt thou my good Fellow. Go, put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefely Sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that vnbuckles this, till we do pleaſe
To daſt for our Repoſe, ſhall heare a ſtorme.
Thou fumbleſt *Eros*, and my Queenes a Squire
More tight at this, then thou: Diſpatch. O Loue, not in 32
That thou couldſt ſee my Warres to day, and knew'ſt
The Royall Occupation, thou ſhould'ſt ſee
A Workeman in't.
Enter an Armed Soldier.
Good morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou look'ſt like him that knowes a warlike Charge:
To buſineſſe that we loue, we riſe betime,
And go too't with delight.
Soul. A thouſand Sir, early though't be, haue on their
Riueted trim, and at the Port expect you. *Showt.*
Trumpets Flouriſh.
Enter Captaines, and Souldiers.
Alex. The Morne is faire: Good morrow Generall.
All. Good morrow Generall.
Ant. 'Tis well blowne Lads.
This Morning, like the ſpirit of a youth
That meanes to be of note, begins betimes.
So, ſo: Come giue me that, this way, well-fed.
Fare thee well Dame, what ere becomes of me,
This is a Soldiers kiſſe: rebukeable,
And worthy ſhamefull checke it were, to ſtand
On more Mechanicke Complement, Ile leaue thee.
Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,
Follow me cloſe, Ile bring you too't: Adieu. *Exeunt.*
Char. Pleaſe you retyre to your Chamber?
Cleo. Lead me:
He goes forth gallantly: That he and *Cæſar* might
Determine this great Warre in ſingle fight;
Then *Anthony*; but now. Well on. *Exeunt*

Act IV. Sc. V. *Anthony's Camp near Alexandria* m.c.
Trumpets ſound. Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Eros. The Gods make this a happy day to *Anthony.*
Ant. Would thou, & thoſe thy ſcars had once preuaild
To make me fight at Land.
Eros. Had"ſt thou done ſo,
The Kings that haue reuolted, and the Soldier
That has this morning left thee, would haue ſtill
Followed thy heeles.
Ant. Whoſe gone this morning?
Eros. Who? one euer neere thee, call for *Enobarbus*,
Hee

He ſhall not heare thee, or from *Cæſars* Campe,
Say I am none of thine.
Ant. What ſayeſt thou?
Sold. Sir he is with *Cæſar.*
Eros. Sir, his Cheſts and Treaſure he has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sol. Moſt certaine.
Ant. Go *Eros*, ſend his Treaſure after, do it,
Detaine no iot I charge thee: write to him,
(I will ſubſcribe) gentle adieu's, and greetings;
Say, that I wiſh he neuer finde more cauſe
To change a Maſter. Oh my Fortunes haue
Corrupted honeſt men. Diſpatch *Enobarbus.* *Exit.*

Flouriſh. Enter Agrippa, Cæſar, with Enobarbus, and Dollabella.

Cæſ. Go forth *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is *Anthony* be tooke aliue:
Make it ſo knowne.
Agrip. Cæſar, I ſhall.
Cæſar. The time of vniuerſall peace is neere:
Proue this a proſp'rous day, the three nook'd world
Shall beare the Oliue freely.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Anthony is come into the Field.
Cæſ. Go charge *Agrippa*,
Plant thoſe that haue reuolted in the Vant,
That *Anthony* may ſeeme to ſpend his Fury
Vpon himſelfe. *Exeunt.*
Enob. Alexas did reuolt, and went to *Iewry* on
Affaires of *Anthony*, there did diſſwade
Great *Herod* to incline himſelfe to *Cæſar*,
And leaue his Maſter *Anthony.* For this paines,
Cæſar hath hang'd him: *Camindius* and the reſt
That fell away, haue entertainment, but
No honourable truſt: I haue done ill,
Of which I do accuſe my ſelfe ſo forely,
That I will ioy no mote.

Enter a Soldier of Cæſars.

Sol. Enobarbus, Anthony
Hath after thee ſent all thy Treaſure, with
His Bounty ouer-plus. The Meſſenger
Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now
Vnloading of his Mules.
Eno. I giue it you.
Sol. Mocke not *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true: Beſt you ſaf't the bringer
Out of the hoaſt, I muſt attend mine Office,
Or would haue done't my ſelfe. Your Emperor
Continues ſtill a Ioue. *Exit*
Enob. I am alone the Villaine of the earth,
And feele I am ſo moſt. Oh *Anthony*,
Thou Mine of Bounty, how would'ſt thou haue payed
My better ſeruice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart,
If ſwift thought breake it not: a ſwifter meane
Shall out-ſtrike thought, but thought will doo't. I feele
I fight againſt thee: No I will go ſeeke
Some Ditch, wherein to dye: the foul'ſt beſt fits
My latter part of life. *Exit.*

Alarums, Drummes and Trumpets.

Enter Agrippa.

Agrip Retire, we haue engag'd our ſelues too farre:
Cæſar himſelfe ha's worke, and our oppreſſion
Exceeds what weexpected. *Exit.*

Alarums.
Enter Anthony, and Scarrus wounded.

Scar. O my braue Emperor, this is fought indeed,
Had we done ſo at firſt, we had drouen them home
With clow tsabout their heads. *Far off.*
Ant. Thou bleed'ſt apace.
Scar. I had a wound heere that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They do retyre.
Scar. Wee'l beat 'em into Bench-holes, I haue yet
Roome for ſix ſcotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten Sir, and our aduantage ſerues
For a faire victory.
Scar. Let vs ſcore their backes,
And ſnatch 'em vp, as we take Hares behinde,
'Tis ſport to maul a Runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy ſprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. Ile halt after. *Exeunt*

Alarum. Enter Anthony againe in a March. Scarrus, with others.

Ant. We haue beate him to his Campe: Runne one
Before, & let the Queen know of our gueſts: to morrow
Before the Sun ſhall ſee's, wee'l ſpill the blood
That ha's to day eſcap'd. I thanke you all,
For doughty handed are you, and haue fought
Not as you ſeru'd the Cauſe, but as't had beene
Each mans like mine: you haue ſhewne all *Hectors.*
Enter the Citty, clip your Wiues, your Friends,
Tell them your feats, whil'ſt they with ioyfull teares
Waſh the congealement from your wounds, and kiſſe
The Honour'd-gaſhes whole.

Enter Cleopatra.

Giue me thy hand,
To this great Faiery, Ile commend thy acts,
Make her thankes bleſſe thee. Oh thou day o'th world,
Chaine mine arm'd necke, leape thou, Attyre and all
Through proofe of Harneſſe to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.
Cleo. Lord of Lords,
Oh infinite Vertue, comm'ſt thou ſmiling from
The worlds great ſnare vncaught.
Ant. Mine Nightingale,
We haue beate them to their Beds.
What Gyrle, though gray
Do ſomthing mingle with our yonger brown, yet ha we
A Braine that nouriſhes our Nerues, and can
Get gole for gole of youth. Behold this man,
Commend vnto his Lippes thy ſauouring hand,
Kiſſe it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,
As if a God in hate of Mankinde, had
Deſtroyed in ſuch a ſhape.
Cleo. Ile giue thee Friend
An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings.
Ant. He has deſeru'd it, were it Carbunkled
Like holy Phœbus Carre. Giue me thy hand,
Through Alexandria make a iolly March,
Beare our hackt Targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great Pallace the capacity
To Campe this hoaſt, we all would ſup together,
And drinke Carowſes to the next dayes Fate

Which

Which promiſes Royall perill, Trumpetters
With brazen dinne blaſt you the Cities eare,
Make mingle with our rattling Tabourines,
That heauen and earth may ſtrike their ſounds together,
Applauding our approach. *Exeunt.*

Act IV. Scene IX. Cæsars Camp m.c.
Enter a Centerie, and his Company, Enobarbus followes.
Sentinels on their Post m.c

Cent. If we be not releeu'd within this houre,
We muſt returne to'th'Court of Guard: the night
Is ſhiny, and they ſay, we ſhall embattaile
By'th'ſecond houre i'th'Morne.

1. *Watch.* This laſt day was a ſhrew'd one too's.

Enob. Oh beare me witneſſe night.

2 What man is this?

1 Stand cloſe, and liſt him. to Stevens

Enob. Be witneſſe to me (O thou bleſſed Moone)
When men reuolted ſhall vpon Record
Beare hatefull memory: poore *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.

Cent. Enobarbus?

2 Peace: Hearke further.

Enob. Oh Soueraigne Miſtris of true Melancholly,
The poyſonous dampe of night diſpunge vpon me,
That Life, a very Rebell to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Againſt the flint and hardneſſe of my fault,
Which being dried with greefe, will breake to powder,
And finiſh all foule thoughts. Oh *Anthony*,
Nobler then my reuolt is Infamous,
Forgiue me in thine owne particular,
But let the world ranke me in Regiſter
A Maſter leauer, and a fugitiue:
Oh *Anthony*! Oh *Anthony*!

1 Let's ſpeake to him.

Cent. Let's heare him, for the things he ſpeakes
May concerne *Cæſar*.

2 Let's do ſo, but he ſleepes.

Cent. Swoonds rather, for ſo bad a Prayer as his
Was neuer yet for ſleepe. Sleepy m.c.

1 Go we to him.

2 Awake ſir, awake, ſpeake to vs.

1 Heare you ſir?

Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.

Drummes afarre off.

Row 32
Hearke the Drummes demurely wake the ſleepers:
Let vs beare him to'th'Court of Guard: he is of note:
Our houre is fully out.

2 Come on then, he may recouer yet. *exeunt*

Act IV. Scene X. Between the two Camps. m.c.
Enter Anthony and Scarrus, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We pleaſe them not by Land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would they'ld fight i'th'Fire, or i'th'Ayre,
Wee'ld fight there too. But this it is, our Foote
Vpon the hilles adioyning to the Citty
Shall ſtay with vs. Order for Sea is giuen,
They haue put forth the Hauen: further on m.c Rowe
Where their appointment we may beſt diſcouer,
And looke on their endeuour. *exeunt*

Enter Cæſar, and his Army. Marching

Cæſ. But being charg'd, we will be ſtill by Land, m.c.
Which as I tak't we ſhall, for his beſt force
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,
And hold our beſt aduantage. *exeunt.*

Alarum afarre off, as at a Sea-fight.

Enter Anthony, and Scarrus.

Ant. Yet they are not ioyn'd:
Where yon'd Pine does ſtand, I ſhall diſcouer all.
Ile bring thee word ſtraight, how 'ris like to go. *exit.*

Scar. Swallowes haue built
In *Cleopatra*'s Sailes their neſts. The Auguries verse m.c.
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly,
And dare not ſpeake their knowledge. *Anthony*,
Is valiant, and dejected, and by ſtarts
His fretted Fortunes giue him hope and feare
Of what he has, and has not.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. All is loſt:
This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My Fleete hath yeelded to the Foe, and yonder
They caſt their Caps vp, and Carowſe together
Like Friends long loſt. Triple-turn'd Whore, 'tis thou
Haſt ſold me to this Nouice, and my heart
Makes onely Warres on thee. Bid them all flye:
For when I am reueng'd vpon my Charme,
I haue done all. Bid them all flye, be gone.
Oh Sunne, thy vpriſe ſhall I ſee no more,
Fortune, and *Anthony* part heere, euen heere
Do we ſhake hands? All come to this? The hearts,
That pannelled me at heeles, to whom I gaue Spaniel'd m.c. Hanmer
Their wiſhes, do diſ-Candie, melt their ſweets
On bloſſoming *Cæſar*: And this Pine is barkt,
That ouer-top'd them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this falſe Soule of Egypt! this graue Charme,
Whoſe eye beck'd forth my Wars, & cal'd them home:
Whoſe Boſome was my Crownet, my chiefe end,
Like a right Gypſie, hath at faſt and looſe
Beguil'd me, to the very heart of loſſe.
What *Eros*, *Eros*?

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Auaunt.

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd againſt his Loue?

Ant. Vaniſh, or I ſhall giue thee thy deſeruing,
And blemiſh *Cæſars* Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoiſt thee vp to the ſhouting Plebeians,
Follow his Chariot, like the greateſt ſpot
Of all thy Sex. Moſt Monſter-like be ſhewne
For poor'ſt Diminitiues, for Dolts, and let to m.c. Ygurkish 27
Patient *Octauia*, plough thy viſage vp
With her prepared nailes. *exit Cleopatra.*
'Tis well th'art gone,
If it be well to liue. But better 'twere
Thou fell'ſt into my furie, for one death
Might haue preuented many. *Eros*, hoa?
The ſhirt of *Neſſus* is vpon me, teach me
Alcides, thou mine Anceſtor, thy rage.
Let me lodge *Licas* on the hornes o'th'Moone,
And with thoſe hands that graſpt the heauieſt Club,
Subdue my worthieſt ſelfe: The Witch ſhall die,
To the young Roman Boy ſhe hath ſold me, and I fall
Vnder this plot: She dyes for't. *Eros* hoa? *exit.*

Act IV. Alexandria. A room in the Palace m.c.
Scene XI
Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian.
he is
Cleo. Helpe me my women: Oh hee's more mad m.c
Then *Telamon* for his Shield, the Boare of Theſſaly
Was neuer ſo imboſt.

Char. To'th'Monument, there locke your ſelfe,
And ſend him word you are dead:

The

The Soule and Body riue not more in parting,
Then greatneſſe going off.
Cleo. To'th'Monument:
Mardian, go tell him I haue ſlaine my ſelfe:
Say, that the laſt I ſpoke was *Anthony*,
And word it (prythee) pitteouſly. Hence *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my death to'th'Monument.

Act IV. Scæne XII. Alexandria. A room in the Palace. *Exeunt.* m. e.

Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'ſt me?
Eros. I Noble Lord.
Ant. Sometime we ſee a clowd that's Dragoniſh,
A vapour ſometime, like a Beare, or Lyon,
A toward Cittadell, a pendant Rocke,
A forked Mountaine, or blew Promontorie
With Trees vpon't, that nodde vnto the world,
And mocke our eyes with Ayre.
Thou haſt ſeene theſe Signes,
They are blacke Veſpers Pageants.
Eros. I my Lord.
Ant. That which is now a Horſe, euen with a thoght
the Racke diſlimes, and makes it indiſtinct
As water is in water.
Eros. It does my Lord.
Ant. My good Knaue *Eros*, now thy Captaine is
Euen ſuch a body: Heere I am *Anthony*,
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape (my Knaue)
I made theſe warres for Egypt, and the Queene,
Whoſe heart I thought I had, for ſhe had mine:
Which whil'ſt it was mine, had annext vntoo't
A Million moe, (now loſt:) ſhee *Eros* has
Packt Cards with *Cæſars*, and falſe plaid my Glory
Vnto an Enemies triumph.
Nay, weepe not gentle *Eros*, there is left vs
Our ſelues to end our ſelues.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy vilde Lady, ſhe has rob'd me of my Sword.
Mar. No *Anthony*,
My Miſtris lou'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.
Ant. Hence ſawcy Eunuch peace, ſhe hath betraid me,
And ſhall dye the death.
Mar. Death of one perſon, can be paide but once,
And that ſhe ha's diſcharg'd. What thou would'ſt do
Is done vnto thy hand: the laſt ſhe ſpake
Was *Anthony*, moſt Noble *Anthony*:
Then in the midd'ſt a tearing grone did breake
The name of *Anthony*: it was diuided
Betweene her heart, and lips: ſhe rendred life
Thy name ſo buried in her.
Ant. Dead then?
Mar. Dead.
Ant. Vnarme *Eros*, the long dayes taske is done,
And we muſt ſleepe: That thou depart'ſt hence ſafe
Does pay thy labour richly: Go. *exit Mardian.*
Off, plucke off,
The ſeuen-fold ſhield of *Aiax* cannot keepe
The battery from my heart. Oh cleaue my ſides.
Heart, once be ſtronger then thy Continent,
Cracke thy fraile Caſe. Apace *Eros*, apace;
No more a Soldier: bruiſed peeces go,
You haue bin Nobly borne. From me awhile. *exit Eros*
I will o're-take thee *Cleopatra*, and
Weepe for my pardon. So it muſt be, for now
All length is Torture: ſince the Torch is out,
Lye downe and ſtray no farther. Now all labour
Marres what it does: yea, very force entangles
It ſelfe with ſtrength: Seale then, and all is done.
Eros? I come my Queene. *Eros?* Stay for me,
Where Soules do couch on Flowers, wee'l hand in hand,
And with our ſprightly Port make the Ghoſtes gaze:
Dido, and her *Æneas* ſhall want Troopes,
And all the haunt be ours. Come *Eros*, *Eros*.

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?
Ant. Since *Cleopatra* dyed,
I haue liu'd in ſuch diſhonour, that the Gods
Deteſt my baſeneſſe. I, that with my Sword,
Quarter'd the World, and o're greene Neptunes backe
With Ships, made Cities; condemne my ſelfe, to lacke
The Courage of a Woman, leſſe Noble minde
Then ſhe which by her death, our *Cæſar* telles
I am Conqueror of my ſelfe. Thou art ſworne *Eros*,
That when the exigent ſhould come, which now
Is come indeed: When I ſhould ſee behinde me
Th'ineuitable proſecution of diſgrace and horror,
That on my command, thou then would'ſt kill me.
Doo't, the time is come: Thou ſtrik'ſt not me,
'Tis *Cæſar* thou defeat'ſt. Put colour in thy Cheeke.
Eros. The Gods with-hold me,
Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts,
(Though Enemy) loſt ayme, and could not.
Ant. Eros,
Would'ſt thou be window'd in great Rome, and ſee
Thy Maſter thus with pleacht Armes, bending downe
His corrigible necke, his face ſubdu'de
To penetratiue ſhame; whil'ſt the wheel'd ſeate
Of Fortunate *Cæſar* drawne before him, branded
His Baſeneſſe that enſued.
Eros. I would not ſee't.
Ant. Come then: for with a wound I muſt be cur'd.
Draw that thy honeſt Sword, which thou haſt worne
Moſt vſefull for thy Country.
Eros. Oh ſir, pardon me.
Ant. When I did make thee free, ſwor'ſt y^u^ not then
To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent Seruices are all
But accidents vnpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
Eros. Turne from me then that Noble countenance,
Wherein the worſhip of the whole world lyes.
Ant. Loe thee.
Eros. My ſword is drawne.
Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou haſt drawne it.
Eros. My deere Maſter,
My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me ſay
Before I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, Farwell.
Ant. 'Tis ſaid man, and farewell.
Eros. Farewell great Chiefe. Shall I ſtrike now?
Ant. Now *Eros*. *Killes himſelfe.*
Eros. Why there then:
Thus I do eſcape the ſorrow of *Anthonies* death.
Ant. Thrice-Nobler then my ſelfe,
Thou teacheſt me: Oh valiant *Eros*, what
I ſhould, and thou could'ſt not, my Queene and *Eros*
Haue by their braue inſtruction got vpon me
A Nobleneſſe in Record. But I will bee
A Bride-groome in my death, and run intoo't
As to a Louers bed. Come then, and *Eros*,
Thy Maſter dies thy Scholler; to do thus
I learnt of thee. How, not dead? Not dead?
The Guard, how? Oh diſpatch me.

Enter

Enter a Guard.

1.*Guard.* What's the noiſe?

Ant. I haue done my worke ill Friends:
Oh make an end of what I haue begun.

2 The Starre is falne.

1 And time is at his Period.

All. Alas, and woe.

Ant. Let him that loues me, ſtrike me dead.

1 Not I.

2 Nor I.

3 Nor any one. *exeunt*

Dercetus. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly
This ſword but ſhewne to *Cæſar* with this tydings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Anthony*?

Decre. There *Diomed* there.

Diom. Liues he: wilt thou not anſwer man?

Ant. Art thou there *Diomed*?
Draw thy ſword, and giue mee,
Suffiſing ſtrokes for death.

Diom. Moſt abſolute Lord:
My Miſtris *Cleopatra* ſent me to thee.

Ant. When did ſhee ſend thee?

Diom. Now my Lord.

Anth. Where is ſhe? (feare

Diom. Lockt in her Monument: ſhe had a Propheſying
Of what hath come to paſſe: for when ſhe ſaw
(Which neuer ſhall be found) you did ſuſpect
She had diſpos'd with *Cæſar*, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, ſhe ſent you word ſhe was dead:
But fearing ſince how it might worke, hath ſent
Me to proclaime the truth, and I am come
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late good *Diomed*: call my Guard I prythee.

Dio. What hoa: the Emperors Guard,
The Guard, what hoa? Come, your Lord calles.

Enter 4. or 5. of the Guard of Anthony.

Ant. Beare me good Friends where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the laſt ſeruice that I ſhall command you.

1 Woe, woe are we ſir, you may not liue to weare
All your true Followers out.

All. Moſt heauy day.

Ant. Nay good my Fellowes, do not pleaſe ſharp fate
To grace it with your ſorrowes. Bid that welcome
Which comes to puniſh vs, and we puniſh it
Seeming to beare it lightly. Take me vp,
I haue led you oft, carry me now good Friends,
And haue my thankes for all. *Exit bearing Anthony*

Act IV. Scene XII. *The ſame. A monument.* Exeunt 32 m.e.

Enter Cleopatra, and her Maides aloft, with Charmian & Iras.

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*, I will neuer go from hence.

Char. Be comforted deere Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:
All ſtrange and terrible euents are welcome,
But comforts we diſpiſe; our ſize of ſorrow
Proportion'd to our cauſe, muſt be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomed.

How now? is he dead?

Diom. His death's vpon him, but not dead.
Looke out o'th other ſide your Monument,
His Guard haue brought him thither.

Enter Anthony, and the Guard.

Cleo. Oh Sunne, ſtop
Burne the great Sphere thou mou'ſt in, darkling ſtand
The varrying ſhore o'th'world: O *Antony, Antony, Antony*
Helpe *Charmian*, helpe *Iras* helpe: helpe Friends
Below, let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace,
Not *Cæſars* Valour hath o'rethrowne *Anthony*,
But *Anthonie*'s hath Triumpht on it ſelfe.

Cleo. So it ſhould be,
That none but *Anthony* ſhould conquer *Anthony*,
But woe 'tis ſo.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying; onely
I heere importune death a-while, vntill
Of many thouſand kiſſes, the poore laſt
I lay vpon thy lippes.

Cleo. I dare not Deere,
Deere my Lord pardon: I dare not,
Leaſt I be taken: not th'Imperious ſhew
Of the full-Fortun'd *Cæſar*, euer ſhall
Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents haue
Edge, ſting, or operation. I am ſafe:
Your Wife *Octauia*, with her modeſt eyes,
And ſtill Concluſion, ſhall acquire no Honour
Demuring vpon me: but come, come *Anthony*,
Helpe me my women, we muſt draw thee vp:
Aſſiſt good Friends.

Ant. Oh quicke, or I am gone.

Cleo. Heere's ſport indeede:
How heauy weighes my Lord?
Our ſtrength is all gone into heauineſſe,
That makes the waight. Had I great *Iuno*'s power,
The ſtrong wing'd Mercury ſhould fetch thee vp,
And ſet thee by Ioues ſide. Yet come a little,
Wiſhers were euer Fooles. Oh come, come, come,

They heaue Anthony aloft to Cleopatra.

And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou haſt liu'd, Heare m. e. Pope
Quicken with kiſſing: had my lippes that power,
Thus would I weare them out.

All. A heauy ſight.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying.
Giue me ſome Wine, and let me ſpeake a little.

Cleo. No, let me ſpeake, and let me rayle ſo hye,
That the falſe Huſwife Fortune, breake her Wheele,
Prouok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word (ſweet Queene)
Of *Cæſar* ſeeke your Honour, with your ſafety. Oh.

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle heare me,
None about *Cæſar* truſt, but *Proculeius*.

Cleo. My Reſolution, and my hands, Ile truſt,
None about *Cæſar*.

Ant. The miſerable change now at my end,
Lament nor ſorrow at: but pleaſe your thoughts
In feeding them with thoſe my former Fortunes
Wherein I liued. The greateſt Prince o'th'world,
The Nobleſt: and do now not baſely dye,
Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to
My Countreyman. A Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquiſh'd. Now my Spirit is going,
I can no more.

Cleo. Nobleſt of men, woo't dye?
Haſt thou no care of me, ſhall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy abſence is
No better then a Stye? Oh ſee my women:
The Crowne o'th'earth doth melt. My Lord?
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the Warre,

The

The Souldiers pole is falne: young Boyes and Gyrles
Are leuell now with men: The oddes is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkeable
Beneath the visiting Moone.
Char. Oh quietnesse, Lady.
Iras. She's dead too, our Soueraigne.
Char. Lady.
Iras. Madam.
Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.
Iras. Royall Egypt: Empresse.
Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*
Cleo. No more but in a Woman, and commanded
By such poore passion, as the Maid that Milkes,
And doe's the meanest chares. It were for me,
To throw my Scepter at the iniurious Gods,
To tell them that this World did equall theyrs,
Till they had stolne our Iewell. All's but naught:
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Be come a Dogge that's mad: Then is it sinne,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to vs. How do you Women?
What, what good cheere? Why how now *Charmian*?
My Noble Gyrles? Ah Women, women! Looke
Our Lampe is spent, it's out. Good sirs, take heart,
Wee'l bury him: And then, what's braue, what's Noble,
Let's doo't after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take vs. Come, away,
This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.
Ah Women, Women! Come, we haue no Friend
But Resolution, and the breefest end.
Exeunt, bearing of Anthonies body.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dollabella, Menas, with his Counsell of Warre.

Cæsar. Go to him *Dollabella*, bid him yeeld,
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mockes the pawses that he makes.
Dol. Cæsar, I shall.
Enter Decretas with the sword of Anthony.
Cæs. Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'st
Appeare thus to vs?
Dec. I am call'd *Decretas*,
Marke Anthony I seru'd, who best was worthie
Best to be seru'd: whil'st he stood vp, and spoke
He was my Master, and I wore my life
To spend vpon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him,
Ile be to *Cæsar*: if y^u^ pleasest not, I yeild thee vp my life.
Cæsar. What is't thou say'st?
Dec. I say (Oh *Cæsar*) *Anthony* is dead.
Cæsar. The breaking of so great a thing, should make
A greater cracke. The round World
Should haue shooke Lyons into ciuill streets,
And Cittizens to their dennes. The death of *Anthony*
Is not a single doome, in the name lay
A moity of the world.
Dec. He is dead *Cæsar*,
Not by a publike minister of Iustice,
Nor by a hyred Knife, but that selfe-hand
Which writ his Honor in the Acts it did,
Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd
With his most Noble blood.
Cæs. Looke you sad Friends,
The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings
To wash the eyes of Kings.
Dol. And strange it is,
That Nature must compell vs to lament
Our most persisted deeds.
Mec. His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him.
Dola. A Rarer spirit neuer
Did steere humanity: but you Gods will giue vs
Some faults to make vs men. *Cæsar* is touch'd.
Mec. When such a spacious Mirror's set before him,
He needes must see him selfe.
Cæsar. Oh *Anthony*,
I haue followed thee to this, but we do launch
Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce
Haue shewne to thee such a declining day,
Or looke on thine: we could not stall together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With teares as Soueraigne as the blood of hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all designe; my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,
The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Starres
Vnreconciliable, should diuide our equalnesse to this.
Heare me good Friends,
But I will tell you at some meeter Season,
The businesse of this man lookes out of him,
Wee'l heare him what he sayes.
Enter an Ægyptian.
Whence are you?
Ægyp. A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistris
Confin'd in all, she has her Monument
Of thy intents, desires, instruction,
That she preparedly may frame her selfe
To'th'way shee's forc'd too.
Cæsar. Bid her haue good heart,
She soone shall know of vs, by some of ours,
How honourable, and how kindely Wee
Determine for her. For *Cæsar* cannot leaue to be vngentle
Ægypt. So the Gods preserue thee. *Exit.*
Cæs. Come hither *Proculeius*. Go and say
We purpose her no shame: giue her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Least in her greatnesse, by some mortall stroke
She do defeate vs. For her life in Rome,
Would be eternall in our Triumph: Go,
And with your speediest bring vs what she sayes,
And how you finde of her.
Pro. Cæsar I shall. *Exit Proculeius.*
Cæs. Gallus, go you along: where's *Dolabella*, to second *Proculeius*?
All. Dolabella.
Cæs. Let him alone: for I remember now
How hee's imployd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,
How calme and gentle I proceeded still
In all my Writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. My defolation does begin to make
A better life: Tis paltry to be *Cæsar*:
Not being Fortune, hee's but Fortunes knaue,
A minister of her will: and it is great

To

To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which ſhackles accedents, and bolts vp change;
Which ſleepes, and neuer pallates more the dung,
The beggers Nurſe, and *Cæſars*.

Enter Proculeius. Gallus & ſoldiers m.e. To the gate of the Mon^t

Pro. *Cæſar* ſends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,
And bids thee ſtudy on what faire demands
Thou meanſt to haue him grant thee.
Cleo. What's thy name?
Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.
Cleo. *Anthony*
Did tell me of you, bad me truſt you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiu'd
That haue no vſe for truſting. If your Maſter
Would haue a Queece his begger, you muſt tell him,
That Maieſty to keepe *decorum*, muſt
No leſſe begge then a Kingdome: If he pleaſe
To giue me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,
He giues me ſo much of mine owne, as I
Will kneele to him with thankes.
Pro. Be of good cheere:
Y'are falne into a Princely hand, feare nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is ſo full of Grace, that it flowes ouer
On all that neede. Let me report to him
Your ſweet dependacie, and you ſhall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindneſſe,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.
Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his Fortunes Vaſſall, and I ſend him
The Greatneſſe he has got. I hourely learne
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him i'th'Face.
Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Haue comfort, for I know your plight is pittied
Of him that caus'd it.
Pro. You ſee how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd:
Guard her till *Cæſar* come.
Iras. Royall Queene.
Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken Queene.
Cleo. Quicke, quicke, good hands *Drawing a dagger* m.e.
Pro. Hold worthy Lady, hold: *Seizes & disarms her*
Doe not your ſelfe ſuch wrong, who are in this
Releeu'd, but not betraid.
Cleo. What of death too that rids our dogs of languiſh
Pro. *Cleopatra*, do not abuſe my Maſters bounty, by
Th'vndoing of your ſelfe: Let the World ſee
His Nobleneſſe well acted, which your death
Will neuer let come forth.
Cleo. Where art thou Death?
Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene
Worth many Babes and Beggers.
Pro. Oh temperance Lady.
Cleo. Sir, I will eate no meate, Ile not dri ke ſir,
If idle talke will once be neceſſary
I le not ſleepe neither. This mortall houſe Ile uine,
Do *Cæſar* what he can. Know ſir, that I
Will not waite pinnion'd at your Maſters Court,
Nor once be chaſtic'd with the ſober eye
Of dull *Octauia*. Shall they hoyſt me vp,
And ſhew me to the ſhowting Varlotarie
Of cenſuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt.
Be gentle graue vnto me, rather on Nylus mudde
Lay me ſtarke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies
Blow me into abhorring; rather make
My Countries high pyramides my Gibbet,
And hang me vp in Chaines.
Pro. You do extend
Theſe thoughts of horror further then you ſhall
Finde cauſe in *Cæſar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. *Proculeius*,
What thou haſt done, thy Maſter *Cæſar* knowes,
And he hath ſent for thee: for the Queene,
Ile take her to my Guard.
Pro. So *Dolabella*,
It ſhall content me beſt: Be gentle to her,
To *Cæſar* I will ſpeake, what you ſhall pleaſe *To Cleopatra* m.e
If you'l imploy me to him. *Exit Proculeius*
Cleo. Say, I would dye.
Dol. Moſt Noble Empreſſe, you haue heard of me.
Cleo. I cannot tell.
Dol. Aſſuredly you know me.
Cleo. No matter ſir, what I haue heard or knowne:
You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreames,
Is't not your tricke?
Dol. I vnderſtand not, Madam.
Cleo. I dreampt there was an Emperor *Anthony*,
Oh ſuch another ſleepe, that I might ſee
But ſuch another man.
Dol. If it might pleaſe ye.
Cleo. His face was as the Heau'ns, and therein ſtucke
A Sunne and Moone, which kept their courſe, & lighted
The little o'th'earth. *O the Earth* *Theobald* m.e.
Dol. Moſt Soueraigne Creature.
Cleo. His legges beſtrid the Ocean, his rear'd arme
Creſted the world: His voyce was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:
But when he meant to quaile, and ſhake the Orbe,
He was as ratling Thunder. For his Bounty,
There was no winter in't. An *Anthony* it was,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were Dolphin-like, they ſhew'd his backe aboue
The Element they liu'd in: In his Liuery
Walk'd Crownes and Crownets: Realms & Iſlands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.
Dol. *Cleopatra.*
Cleo. Thinke you there was, or might be ſuch a man
As this I dreampt of?
Dol. Gentle Madam, no.
Cleo. You Lye vp to the hearing of the Gods:
But if there be, nor euer were one ſuch *or* m.e. Rowe
It's paſt the ſize of dreaming: Nature wants ſtuffe
To vie ſtrange formes with fancie, yet t'imagine
An *Anthony* were Natures peece, 'gainſt Fancie,
Condemning ſhadowes quite.
Dol. Heare me, good Madam:
Your loſſe is as your ſelfe, great; and you beare it
As anſwering to the waight, would I might neuer
Ore-take purſu'de ſucceſſe: But I do feele
By the rebound of yours, a greefe that ſuites *Shoots* m.e. Pope
My very heart at roote.
Cleo. I thanke you ſir:
Know you what *Cæſar* meanes to do with me?
Dol. I am loath to tell you what, I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay pray you ſir.
Dol. Though he be Honourable.
Cleo. Hee'le leade me then in Triumph.
Dol. Madam he will, I know't. *Flouriſh.*

Enter Proculeius, Cæſar, Gallus, Mecenas, and others of his Traine.

All. Make way there *Cæſar*.

[Here Proculeius and two of the guard aſcend the monument by a ladder placed againſt a window and having deſcended come behind Cleopatra. Some of the guards unbar and open the gates guard her till Cæsar come. m.e.

Cæſ. Which is the Queene of Egypt.
Dol. It is the Emperor Madam. *Cleo. kneeles.*
Cæſar. Ariſe, you ſhall not kneele:
I pray you riſe, riſe Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the Gods will haue it thus,
My Maſter and my Lord I muſt obey,
Cæſar. Take to you no hard thoughts,
The Record of what iniuries you did vs,
Though written in our fleſh, we ſhall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole Sir o'th'World,
I cannot proiect mine owne cauſe ſo well
To make it cleare, but do confeſſe I haue
Bene laden with like frailties, which before
Haue often ſham'd our Sex.
Cæſar. Cleopatra know,
We will extenuate rather then inforce:
If you apply your ſelfe to our intents,
Which towards you are moſt gentle, you ſhall finde
A benefit in this change: but if you ſeeke
To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Anthonies courſe, you ſhall bereaue your ſelfe
Of my good purpoſes, and put your children
To that deſtruction which Ile guard them from,
If thereon you relye. Ile take my leaue.
Cleo. And may through all the world: tis yours, & we
your Scutcheons, and your ſignes of Conqueſt ſhall
Hang in what place you pleaſe. Here my good Lord.
Cæſar. You ſhall aduiſe me in all for *Cleopatra.*
Cleo. This is the breefe: of Money, Plate, & Iewels
I am poſſeſt of, 'tis exactly valewed,
Not petty things admitted. Where's *Seleucus?*
Seleu. Heere Madam.
Cleo. This is my Treaſurer, let him ſpeake (my Lord)
Vpon his perill, that I haue reſeru'd
To my ſelfe nothing. Speake the truth *Seleucus.*
Seleu. Madam, I had rather ſeele my lippes,
Then to my perill ſpeake that which is not.
Cleo. What haue I kept backe.
Sel. Enough to purchaſe what you haue made known
Cæſar. Nay bluſh not *Cleopatra*, I approue
Your Wiſedome in the deede.
Cleo. See *Cæſar:* Oh behold,
How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours,
And ſhould we ſhift eſtates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this *Seleucus*, does
Euen make me wilde. Oh Slaue, of no more truſt
Then loue that's hyr'd? What goeſt thou backe, ÿ ſhalt
Go backe I warrant thee: but Ile catch thine eyes
Though they had wings. Slaue, Soule-leſſe, Villain, Dog.
O rarely baſe!
Cæſar. Good Queene, let vs intreat you.
Cleo. O *Cæſar*, what a wounding ſhame is this,
That thou vouchſafing heere to viſit me,
Doing the Honour of thy Lordlineſſe
To one ſo meeke, that mine owne Seruant ſhould
Parcell the ſumme of my diſgraces, by
Addition of his Enuy. Say (good *Cæſar*)
That I ſome Lady trifles haue reſeru'd,
Immoment toyes, things of ſuch Dignitie
As we greet moderne Friends withall, and ſay
Some Nobler token I haue kept apart
For *Liuia* and *Octauia*, to induce
Their mediation, muſt I be vnfolded
With one that I haue bred: The Gods! it ſmites me
Beneath the fall I haue. Prythee go hence,
Or I ſhall ſhew the Cynders of my ſpirits
Through th'Aſhes of my chance: Wer't thou a man,
Thou would'ſt haue mercy on me.
Cæſar. Forbeare *Seleucus.*
Cleo. Be it known, that we the greateſt are miſ-thoght
For things that others do: and when we fall,
We anſwer others merits, in our name
Are therefore to be pittied.
Cæſar. Cleopatra,
Not what you haue reſeru'd, nor what acknowledg'd
Put we i'th'Roll of Conqueſt: ſtill bee't yours,
Beſtow it at your pleaſure, and beleeue
Cæſars no Merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that Merchants ſold. Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your thoughts your priſons: No deere Queen,
For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as
Your ſelfe ſhall giue vs counſell: Feede, and ſleepe:
Our care and pitty is ſo much vpon you,
That we remaine your Friend, and ſo adieu.
Cleo. My Maſter, and my Lord.
Cæſar. Not ſo: Adieu. *Flouriſh.*
Exeunt Cæſar, and his Traine.
Cleo. He words me Gyrles, he words me,
That I ſhould not be Noble to my ſelfe.
But hearke thee *Charmian.*
Iras. Finiſh good Lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the darke.
Cleo. Hye th e againe,
I haue ſpoke already, and it is prouided,
Go put it to the haſte.
Char. Madam, I will.
Enter Dolabella.
Dol. Where's the Queene?
Char. Behold ſir.
Cleo. Dolabella.
Dol. Madam, as thereto ſworne, by your command
(Which my loue makes Religion to obey)
I tell you this: *Cæſar* through Syria
Intends his iourney, and within three dayes,
You with your Children will he ſend before,
Make your beſt vſe of this. I haue perform'd
Your pleaſure, and my promiſe.
Cleo. Dolabella, I ſhall remaine your debter.
Dol. I your Seruant:
Adieu good Queene, I muſt attend on *Cæſar.* *Exit*
Cleo. Farewell, and thankes. *Exit Dolabella*
Now *Iras*, what think'ſt thou?
Thou, an Egyptian Puppet ſhall be ſhewne
In Rome aſwell as I: Mechanicke Slaues
With greazie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers ſhall
Vplift vs to the view. In their thicke breathes,
Ranke of groſſe dyet, ſhall we be enclowded,
And forc'd to drinke their vapour.
Iras. The Gods forbid.
Cleo. Nay, 'tis moſt certaine *Iras*: ſawcie Lictors
Will catch at vs like Strumpets, and ſcald Rimers
Ballads vs out a Tune. The quicke Comedians
Extemporally will ſtage vs, and preſent
Our Alexandrian Reuels: *Anthony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqueaking *Cleopatra* Boy my greatneſſe
I'th'poſture of a Whore.
Iras. O the good Gods!
Cleo. Nay that's certaine.
Iras. Ile neuer ſee't? for I am ſure mine Nailes
Are ſtronger then mine eyes.

Cleo.

Theobald Warburton

Le Brun le jeune del.t F. Bartolozzi, sculp.t

London Printed for J.Bell British Library Strand, Aug.t 31.1786.

SHAKSPEARE
ANTONY & CLEOPATRA.
Cleo. Come, mortal wretch,
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool
Be angry, and dispatch.

Painted by Mercan. Engraved by A. Smith A.R.A.

London, Published by Geo. Kearsley Dec.ber 15. 1801

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Why that's the way to foole their preparation,
And to conquer their moſt abſurd intents.

Enter Charmian.

No w*Charmian.*
Shew me my Women like a Queene: Go fetch
My beſt Attyres. I am againe for *Cidrus*,
To meete *Marke Anthony*. Sirra *Iras*, go
(Now Noble *Charmian*, wee'l diſpatch indeede,)
And when thou haſt done this charc, Ile giue thee leaue
To play till Doomeſday: bring our Crowne, and all.

A noiſe within.

Wherefore's this noiſe?

Enter a Guardſman.

Gardſ. Heere is a rurall Fellow,
That will not be deny'de your Highneſſe preſence,
He brings you Figges.

Cleo. Let him come in. *Exit Guardſman.*

What poore an Inſtrument
May do a Noble deede: he brings me liberty:
My Reſolution's plac'd, and I haue nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foote
I am Marble conſtant: now the fleeting Moone
No Planet is of mine.

Enter Guardſman, and Clowne.

Guardſ. This is the man.

Cleo. Auoid, and leaue him. *Exit Guardſman.*

Haſt thou the pretty worme of Nylus there,
That kilies and paines not?

Clow. Truly I haue him: but I would not be the partie that ſhould deſire you to touch him, for his byting is immortall: thoſe that doe dye of it, doe ſeldome or neuer recouer.

Cleo. Remember'ſt thou any that haue dyed on't?

Clow. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer then yeſterday, a very honeſt woman, but ſomething giuen to lye, as a woman ſhould not do, but in the way of honeſty, how ſhe dyed of the byting of it, what paine ſhe felt: Truely, ſhe makes a verie good report o'th'worme: but he that wil beleeue all that they ſay, ſhall neuer be ſaued by halfe that they do: but this is moſt falliable, the Worme's an odde Worme.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clow. I wiſh you all ioy of the Worme.

Cleo. Farewell.

Clow. You muſt thinke this (looke you,) that the Worme will do his kinde.

Cleo. I, I, farewell.

Clow. Looke you, the Worme is not to bee truſted, but in the keeping of wiſe people: for indeede, there is no goodneſſe in the Worme.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it ſhall be heeded.

Clow. Very good: giue it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eate me?

Clow. You muſt not think I am ſo ſimple, but I know the diuell himſelfe will not eate a woman: I know, that a woman is a diſh for the Gods, if the diuell dreſſe her not. But truly, theſe ſame whorſon diuels doe the Gods great harme in their women: for in euery tenne that they make, the diuels marre fiue. *omitted 3d*

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clow. Yes forſooth: I wish you ioy o'th'worm. *Exit*

Cleo. Giue me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue
Immortall longings in me. Now no more
The iuyce of Egypts Grape ſhall moyſt this lip.
Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quicke: Me thinkes I heare
Anthony call: I ſee him rowſe himſelfe
To praiſe my Noble Act. I heare him mock
The lucke of *Cæſar*, which the Gods giue men
To excuſe their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title.
I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements
I giue to baſer life. So, haue you done?
Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my Lippes.
Farewell kinde *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewell.
Haue I the Aſpicke in my lippes? Doſt fall?
If thou, and Nature can ſo gently part,
The ſtroke of death is as a Louers pinch,
Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Doſt thou lye ſtill?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world,
It is not worth leaue-taking.

Char. Diſſolue thicke clowd, & Raine, that I may ſay
The Gods themſelues do weepe.

Cleo. This proues me baſe:
If ſhe firſt meete the Curled *Anthony*,
Hee'l make demand of her, and ſpend that kiſſe
Which is my heauen to haue. Come thou mortal wretch, *to the aspicke which she applies to her breast — m. c.*
With thy ſharpe teeth this knot intrinſicate,
Of life at once vntye: Poore venomous Foole,
Be angry, and diſpatch. Oh could'ſt thou ſpeake,
That I might heare thee call great *Cæſar* Aſſe, vnpolicied.

Char. Oh Eaſterne Starre.

Cleo. Peace, peace:
Doſt thou not ſee my Baby at my breaſt,
That ſuckes the Nurſe aſleepe.

Char. O breake! O breake!

Cleo. As ſweet as Balme, as ſoft as Ayre, as gentle.
O *Anthony*! Nay I will take thee too.
What ſhould I ſtay——— *Dyes.*

Char. In this wilde World? So fare thee well:
Now boaſt thee Death, in thy poſſeſſion lyes
A Laſſe vnparalell'd. Downie Windowes cloze,
And golden Phœbus, neuer be beheld
Of eyes againe ſo Royall: your Crownes away, *awry* *m.c. Pope*
Ile mend it, and then play———

Enter the Guard ruſtling in, and Dolabella.

1. *Guard.* Where's the Queene?

Char. Speake ſoftly, wake her not.

1 *Cæſar* hath ſent

Char. Too ſlow a Meſſenger.
Oh come apace, diſpatch, I partly feele thee.

1 Approach hoa,
All's not well: *Cæſar*'s beguild.

2 There's *Dolabella* ſent from *Cæſar*: call him.

1 What worke is heere *Charmian*?
Is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princeſſe
Deſcended of ſo many Royall Kings.
Ah Souldier. *Charmian dyes.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it heere?

2. *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Cæſar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thy ſelfe art comming
To ſee perform'd the dreaded Act which thou
So ſought'ſt to hinder.

Enter Cæſar and all his Traine, marching.

All. A way there, a way for *Cæſar*.

Dol. Oh ſir, you are too ſure an Augurer:
That you did feare, is done.
Cæſar. Braueſt at the laſt,
She leuell'd at our purpoſes, and being Royall
Tooke her owne way: the manner of their deaths,
I do not ſee them bleede.
Dol. Who was laſt with them?
1.*Guard.* A ſimple Countryman, that broght hir Figs:
This was his Basket.
Cæſar. Poyſon'd then.
1.*Guard.* Oh *Cæſar:*
This *Charmian* liu'd but now, ſhe ſtood and ſpake:
I found her trimming vp the Diadem;
On her dead Miſtris tremblingly ſhe ſtood,
And on the ſodaine dropt.
Cæſar. Oh Noble weakneſſe:
If they had ſwallow'd poyſon, 'twould appeare
By externall ſwelling: but ſhe lookes like ſleepe,
As ſhe would catch another *Anthony*
In her ſtrong toyle of Grace.
Dol. Heere on her breſt,
There is a vent of Bloud, and ſomething blowne,
The like is on her Arme.
1.*Guard.* This is an Aſpickes traile,
And theſe Figge-leaues haue ſlime vpon them, ſuch
As th'Aſpicke leaues vpon the Caues of Nyle.
Cæſar. Moſt probable
That ſo ſhe dyed: for her Phyſitian tels mee
She hath purſu'de Concluſions infinite
Of eaſie wayes to dye. Take vp her bed,
And beare her Women from the Monument,
She ſhall be buried by her *Anthony.*
No Graue vpon the earth ſhall clip in it
A payre ſo famous: high euents as theſe
Strike thoſe that make them: and their Story is
No leſſe in pitty, then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army ſhall
In ſolemne ſhew, attend this Funerall,
And then to Rome. Come *Dolabella*, ſee
High Order, in this great Solmemnity. *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.

Johnson has the following remarks on this play "That it keeps curiosity always busy and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly delineated". Upton, who did not easily miss what he wished to find, has discovered that the language of Anthony is with great skill and learning made pompous and superb according to his real practice. "But I think," says Johnson, "his diction is not distinguishable from that of others: the most tumid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia —

The events of which the principal are described according to History, are produced without any art of connection or care of disposition" This is probably just enough — but the Reader of Johnsons occasional Strictures on Shakespeare should always recollect that Johnson was a writer of Tragedy and an unsuccessful one

Dr Sherwen

THE TRAGEDIE OF CYMBELINE.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Act I. Scene I. } Britain. The garden behind Cymbeline's Palace m.c.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.*

YOu do not meet a man but Frownes.
Our bloods no more obey the Heauens
Then our Courtiers:
Still ſeeme, as do's the Kings.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1. His daughter, and the heire of's kingdome (whom
He purpos'd to his wiues ſole Sonne, a Widdow
That late he married) hath referr'd her ſelfe
Vnto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband baniſh'd; ſhe impriſon'd, all
Is outward ſorrow, though I thinke the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 None but the King?

1 He that hath loſt her too: ſo is the Queene,
That moſt deſir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they weare their faces to the bent
Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they ſcowle at.

2 And why ſo?

1 He that hath miſs'd the Princeſſe, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I meane, that married her, alacke good man,
And therefore baniſh'd) is a Creature, ſuch,
As to ſeeke through the Regions of the Earth
For one, his like; there would be ſomething failing
In him, that ſhould compare. I do not thinke,
So faire an Outward, and ſuch ſtuffe Within
Endowes a man, but hee.

2 You ſpeake him farre.

1 I do extend him (Sir) within himſelfe, which 32
Cruſh him together, rather then vnfold
His meaſure duly.

2 What's his name, and Birth?

1 I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father
Was call'd *Sicillius*, who did ioyne his Honor
Againſt the Romanes, with *Caſſibulan*,
But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He ſeru'd with Glory, and admir'd Succeſſe:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.
And had (beſides this Gentleman in queſtion)
Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th'time
Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father
Then old, and fond of yſſue, tooke ſuch ſorrow
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady
Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceaſt
As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe
To his protection, cals him *Poſthumus Leonatus*, omitted m.c.
Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiuer of, which he tooke
As we do ayre, faſt as 'twas miniſtred,
And in's Spring, became a Harueſt: Liu'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do) moſt prais'd, moſt lou'd,
A ſample to the yongeſt: to th'more Mature,
A glaſſe that feated them: and to the grauer,
A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Miſtris,
(For whom he now is baniſh'd) her owne price
Proclaimes how ſhe eſteem'd him; and his Vertue
By her electiō may be truly read, what kind of man he is.

2 I honor him, euen out of your report.
But pray you tell me, is ſhe ſole childe to'th'King?

1 His onely childe:
He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing,
Marke it) the eldeſt of them, at three yeares old
I'th'ſwathing cloathes, the other from their Nurſery
Were ſtolne, and to this houre, no gheſſe in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 How long is this ago?

1 Some twenty yeares.

2 That a Kings Children ſhould be ſo conuey'd,
So ſlackely guarded, and the ſearch ſo ſlow
That could not trace them.

1 Howſoere, 'tis ſtrange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at:
Yet is it true Sir.

2 I do well beleeue you.

1 We muſt forbeare. Heere comes the Gentleman,
The Queene, and Princeſſe. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queene, Poſthumus, and Imogen.

Qn. No, be aſſur'd you ſhall not finde me (Daughter)
After the ſlander of moſt Step-Mothers,
Euill-ey'd vnto you. You're my Priſoner, but
Your Gaoler ſhall deliuer you the keyes

That locke vp your reſtraint. For you *Poſthumus*,
So ſoone as I can win th'offended King,
I will be knowne your Aduocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd vnto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wiſedome may informe you.
Poſt. 'Pleaſe your Highneſſe,
I will from hence to day.
Iu. You know the perill:
Ile fetch a turne about the Garden, pittying
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you ſhould not ſpeake together. *Exit*
Imo. O diſſembling Curteſie! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where ſhe wounds? My deereſt Husband,
I ſomething feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing
(Alwayes reſeru'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You muſt be gone,
And I ſhall heere abide the hourely ſhot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to liue,
But that there is this Iewell in the world,
That I may ſee againe.
Poſt. My Queene, my Miſtris:
O Lady, weepe no more, leaſt I giue cauſe
To be ſuſpected of more tenderneſſe
Then doth become a man. I will remaine
The loyall'ſt husband, that did ere plight troth.
My reſidence in Rome, at one *Filorio*'s,
Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me
Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queene)
And with mine eyes, Ile drinke the words you ſend,
Though Inke be made of Gall.

Enter Queene.

Iu. Be briefe, I pray you:
If the King come, I ſhall incurre, I know not
How much of his diſpleaſure: yet Ile moue him *exit m.c.*
To walke this way: I neuer do him wrong,
But he do's buy my Iniuries, to be Friends:
Payes deere for my offences. *Exit m.c.*
Poſt. Should we be taking leaue
As long a terme as yet we haue to liue,
The loathneſſe to depart, would grow: Adieu.
Imo. Nay, ſtay a little:
Were you but riding forth to ayre your ſelfe,
Such parting were too petty. Looke heere (Loue)
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)
But keepe it till you woo another Wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.
Poſt. How, how? Another?
You gentle Gods, giue me but this I haue,
And ſeare vp my embracements from a next, *[putting*
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere, *on*
While ſenſe can keepe it on: And ſweeteſt, faireſt *[the ring m.c.*
As I (my poore ſelfe) did exchange for you
To your ſo infinite loſſe; ſo in our trifles
I ſtill winne of you. For my ſake weare this,
It is a Manacle of Loue, Ile place it
Vpon this fayreſt Priſoner. *[putting a bracelet*
Imo. O the Gods! *on her arm m.c.*
When ſhall we ſee againe?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Poſt. Alacke, the King.
Cym. Thou baſeſt thing, auoyd hence, from my ſight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy vnworthineſſe, thou dyeſt. Away,
Thou'rt poyſon to my blood.
Poſt. The Gods protect you,
And bleſſe the good Remainders of the Court:
I am gone. *Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More ſharpe then this is.
Cym. O diſloyall thing,
That ſhould'ſt repayre my youth, thou heap'ſt
A yeares age on mee.
Imo. I beſeech you Sir,
Harme not your ſelfe with your vexation,
I am ſenſeleſſe of your Wrath; a Touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all feares.
Cym. Paſt Grace? Obedience?
Imo. Paſt hope, and in diſpaire, that way paſt Grace.
Cym. That might'ſt haue had
The ſole Sonne of my Queene.
Imo. O bleſſed, that I might not: I choſe an Eagle,
And did auoyd a Puttocke.
Cym. Thou took'ſt a Begger, would'ſt haue made my
Throne, a Seate for baſeneſſe.
Imo. No, I rather added a luſtre to it.
Cym. O thou vilde one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I haue lou'd *Poſthumus*:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buyes mee
Almoſt the ſumme he payes.
Cym. What? art thou mad?
Imo. Almoſt Sir: Heauen reſtore me: would I were
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our Neighbour-Shepheards Sonne.

Enter Queene.

Cym. Thou fooliſh thing;
They were againe together: you haue done *[to the Queen m.c.*
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her vp.
Iu. Beſeech your patience: Peace
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,
Leaue vs to our ſelues, and make your ſelf ſome comfort
Out of your beſt aduice.
Cym. Nay let her languiſh
A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Dye of this Folly. *Exit.*

Enter Piſanio.

Iu. Fye, you muſt giue way:
Heere is your Seruant. How now Sir? What newes?
Piſa. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Maſter.
Iu. Hah?
No harme I truſt is done?
Piſa. There might haue beene,
But that my Maſter rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.
Iu. I am very glad on't.
Imo. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw vpon an Exile. Oh braue Sir,
I would they were in Affricke both together,
My ſelfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke
The goer backe. Why came you from your Maſter?
Piſa. On his command: he would not ſuffer mee
To bring him to the Hauen: left theſe Notes
Of what commands I ſhould be ſubiect too,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.
Iu. This hath beene
Your faithfull Seruant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remaine ſo.
Piſa. I humbly thanke your Highneſſe.

Iu.

CYMBELINE.

Engraved by Isaac Taylor Junr from a Drawing by Thomas Stothard.

POSTHUMUS's Farewell.

Posthumus ...

London Published June 1st 1786 by Isaac Taylor Junr No 54 Red Lyon Street, Holborn.

2u. Pray walke a-while.
Imo. About ſome halfe houre hence,
Pray you ſpeake with me;
You ſhall (at leaſt) go ſee my Lord aboord.
For this time leaue me. *Exeunt.*

Act I. ✍ 32

Scena Tertia.

A Publik Place m.c.

Enter Clotten, and two Lords.

1. Sir, I would aduiſe you to ſhift a Shirt; the Violence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none abroad ſo wholeſome as that you vent.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to ſhift it.
Haue I hurt him?

2 No faith: not ſo much as his patience. [aside m.c.

1 Hurt him? His bodie's a paſſable Carkaſſe if he bee not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele if it be not hurt.

2 His Steele was in debt, it went o'th'Backe-ſide the Towne. [aside m.c.

Clot. The Villaine would not ſtand me.

2 No, but he fled forward ſtill, toward your face. [aside m.c.

1 Stand you? you haue Land enough of your owne: But he added to your hauing, gaue you ſome ground.

2 As many Inches, as you haue Oceans (Puppies.)

Clot. I would they had not come betweene vs.

2 So would I, till you had meaſur'd how long a Foole you were vpon the ground.

Clot. And that ſhee ſhould loue this Fellow, and refuſe mee.

2 If it be a ſin to make a true election, ſhe is damn'd.

1 Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty & her Braine go not together. Shee's a good ſigne, but I haue ſeene ſmall reflection of her wit.

2 She ſhines not vpon Fooles, leaſt the reflection Should hurt her.

Clot. Come, Ile to my Chamber: would there had beene ſome hurt done.

2 I wiſh not ſo, vnleſſe it had bin the fall of an Aſſe, which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'l go with vs?

1 Ile attend your Lordſhip.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2 Well my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Act I. ✍ 32

Scena Quarta.

A room in Cymbelines Palace m.c.

Enter Imogen, and Piſanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'ſt vnto the ſhores o'th'Hauen,
And queſtioned'ſt euery Saile: if he ſhould write,
And I not haue it, 'twere a Paper loſt
As offer'd mercy is: What was the laſt
That he ſpake to thee?

Piſa. It was his Queene, his Queene.

Imo. Then wau'd his Handkerchiefe?

Piſa. And kiſt it, Madam.

Imo. Senſeleſſe Linnen, happier therein then I:
And that was all?

Piſa. No Madam: for ſo long
As he could make me with his eye, or eare, [this m.c.
Diſtinguiſh him from others, he did keepe
The Deeke, with Gloue, or Hat, or Handkerchiſe,
Still wauing, as the fits and ſtirres of's mind
Could beſt expreſſe how ſlow his Soule ſayl'd on,
How ſwift his Ship.

Imo. Thou ſhould'ſt haue made him
As little as a Crow, or leſſe, ere left
To after-eye him.

Piſa. Madam, ſo I did.

Imo. I would haue broke mine eye-ſtrings;
Crack'd them, but to looke vpon him, till the diminution
Of ſpace, had pointed him ſharpe as my Needle:
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The ſmalneſſe of a Gnat, to ayre: and then
Haue turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good *Piſanio,*
When ſhall we heare from him.

Piſa. Be aſſur'd Madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leaue of him, but had
Moſt pretty things to ſay: Ere I could tell him
How I would thinke on him at certaine houres,
Such thoughts, and ſuch: Or I could make him ſweare,
The Shees of Italy ſhould not betray
Mine Intereſt, and his Honour: or haue charg'd him
At the ſixt houre of Morne, at Noone, at Midnight,
T'encounter me with Oriſons, for then
I am in Heauen for him: Or ere I could,
Giue him that parting kiſſe, which I had ſet
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,
And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buddes from growing.

Enter a Lady.

La. The Queene (Madam)
Deſires your Highneſſe Company.

Imo. Thoſe things I bid you do, get them diſpatch'd,
I will attend the Queene.

Piſa. Madam, I ſhall. *Exeunt.*

Act I. ✍ 32

Scena Quinta.

Rome – an apartment in Philario's House m.c.

Enter Philario, Iachimo: a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Beleeue it Sir, I haue ſeene him in Britaine; hee was then of a Creſſent note, expected to proue ſo woorthy, as ſince he hath beene allowed the name of. But I could then haue look'd on him, without the help of Admiration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had bin tabled by his ſide, and I to peruſe him by Items.

Phil. You ſpeake of him when he was leſſe furniſh'd, then now hee is, with that which makes him both without, and within.

French. I haue ſeene him in France: wee had very many there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as hee.

Iach. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter, wherein he muſt be weighed rather by her valew, then his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the matter.

French. And then his baniſhment.

Iach. I, and the approbation of thoſe that weepe this lamentable diuorce vnder her colours, are wonderfully

to

to extend him, be it but to fortifie her iudgement, which elſe an eaſie battery might lay flat, for taking a Begger without leſſe quality. But how comes it, he is to ſoiourne with you? How creepes acquaintance?

Phil. His Father and I were Souldiers together, to whom I haue bin often bound for no leſſe then my life.

Enter Poſthumus.

Heere comes the Britaine. Let him be ſo entertained among'ſt you, as ſuites with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his quality. I beſeech you all be better knowne to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will leaue to appeare hereafter, rather then ſtory him in his owne hearing.

French. Sir, we haue knowne togither in Orleance.

Poſt. Since when, I haue bin debtor to you for courteſies, which I will be euer to pay, and yet pay ſtill.

French. Sir, you o're-rate my poore kindneſſe, I was glad I did attone my Countryman and you: it had beene pitty you ſhould haue beene put together, with ſo mortall a purpoſe, as then each bore, vpon importance of ſo ſlight and triuiall a nature.

Poſt. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Trauellor, rather ſhun'd to go euen with what I heard, then in my euery action to be guided by others experiences: but vpon my mended iudgement (if I offend to ſay it is mende d) my Quarrell was not altogether ſlight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbiterment of Swords, and by ſuch two, that would by all likelyhood haue confounded one the other, or haue ſalne both.

Iach. Can we with manners, aske what was the difference?

French. Safely, I thinke, 'twas a contention in publicke, which may (without contradiction) ſuffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out laſt night, where each of vs fell in praiſe of our Country-Miſtreſſes. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and vpon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more Faire, Vertuous, Wiſe, Chaſte, Conſtant, Qualified, and leſſe attemptible then any, the rareſt of our Ladies in Fraunce.

Iach. That Lady is not now liuing; or this Gentlemans opinion by this, worne out.

Poſt. She holds her Vertue ſtill, and I my mind.

Iach. You muſt not ſo farre preferre her, 'fore ours of Italy.

Poſth. Being ſo farre prouok'd as I was in France: I would abate her nothing, though I profeſſe my ſelfe her Adorer, not her Friend.

Iach. As faire, and as good: a kind of hand in hand compariſon, had beene ſomething too faire, and too good for any Lady in Britanie; if ſhe went before others. I haue ſeene as that Diamond of yours out-luſters many I haue beheld, I could not beleeue ſhe excelled many: but I haue not ſeene the moſt pretious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Poſt. I prais'd her, as I rated her: ſo do I my Stone.

Iach. What do you eſteeme it at?

Poſt. More then the world enioyes.

Iach. Either your vnparagon'd Miſtirs is dead, or ſhe's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Poſt. You are miſtaken: the one may be ſolde or giuen, or if there were wealth enough for the purchaſes, or merite for the guift. The other is not a thing for ſale, and onely the guift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods haue giuen you?

Poſt. Which by their Graces I will keepe.

Iach. You may weare her in title yours: but you know ſtrange Fowle light vpon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be ſtolne too, ſo your brace of vnprizeable Eſtimations, the one is but fraile, and the other Caſuall;. A cunning Thiefe, or a (that way) accompliſh'd Courtier, would hazzard the winning both of firſt and laſt.

Poſt. Your Italy ,containes none ſo accompliſh'd a Courtier to conuince the Honour of my Miſtris: if in the holding or loſſe of that, you terme her fraile, I do nothing doubt you haue ſtore of Theeues, notwithſtanding I feare not my Ring.

Phil. Let vs leaue heere, Gentlemen?

Poſt. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I thanke him, makes no ſtranger of me, we are familiar at firſt.

Iach. With fiue times ſo much conuerſation, I ſhould get ground of your faire Miſtris; make her go backe, euen to the yeilding, had I admittance, and opportunitie to friend.

Poſt. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawne the moytie of my Eſtate, to your Ring, which in my opinion o're-values it ſomething: but I make my wager rather againſt your Confidence, then her Reputation. And to barre your offence heerein to, I durſt attempt it againſt any Lady in the world.

Poſt. You are a great deale abus'd in too bold a perſwaſion, and I doubt not you ſuſtaine what y'are worthy of, by your Attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Poſth. A Repulſe though your Attempt (as you call it) deſerue more; a puniſhment too.

Phi. Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too ſodainely, let it dye as it was borne, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my Eſtate, and my Neighbors on th'approbation of what I haue ſpoke,

Poſt. What Lady would you chuſe to aſſaile?

Iach. Yours, whom in conſtancie you thinke ſtands ſo ſafe. I will lay you ten thouſands Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more aduantage then the opportunitie of a ſecond conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor of hers, which you imagine ſo reſeru'd.

Poſthmus. I will wage againſt your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I holde deere as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a Friend, and there in the wiſer: if you buy Ladies fleſh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preſeure it from tainting; but I ſee you haue ſome Religion in you, that you feare.

Poſthu. This is but a cuſtome in your tongue: you beare a grauer purpoſe I hope.

Iach. I am the Maſter of my ſpeeches, and would vnder-go what's ſpoken, I ſweare.

Poſthu. Will you? I ſhall but lend my Diamond till your returne: let there be Couenants drawne between's. My Miſtris exceedes in goodneſſe, the hugeneſſe of your vnworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: heere's my Ring.

Phil. I will haue it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no ſufficient teſtimony that I haue enioy'd the deereſt bodily part of your Miſtris: my ten thouſand Duckets are yours,

ſo

ſo is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leaue her in ſuch honour as you haue truſt in; Shee your Iewell, this your Iewell, and my Gold are yours: prouided, I haue your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Poſt. I embrace theſe Conditions, let vs haue Articles betwixt vs: onely thus farre you ſhall anſwere, if you make your voyage vpon her, and giue me directly to vnderſtand, you haue preuayl'd, I am no further your Enemy, ſhee is not worth our debate. If ſhee remaine vnſeduc'd, you not making it appeare otherwiſe: for your ill opinion, and th' affault you haue made to her chaſtity, you ſhall anſwer me with your Sword.

Iach. Your hand, a Couenant: wee will haue theſe things ſet downe by lawfull Counſell, and ſtraight away for Britaine, leaſt the Bargaine ſhould catch colde, and ſterue: I will fetch my Gold, and haue our two Wagers recorded.

Poſt. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, thinke you.

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.
Pray let vs follow 'em. *Exeunt*

Act 1.

Scæna Sexta.

Britain - A room in Cymbelines Palace. m.c.

Enter Queene, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Qu. Whiles yet the dewe's on ground,
Gather thoſe Flowers,
Make haſte. Who ha's the note of them?

Lady. I Madam.

Queen. Diſpatch. *Exit Ladies.*
Now Maſter Doctor, haue you brought thoſe drugges?

Cor. Pleaſeth your Highnes, I: here they are, Madam:
But I beſeech your Grace, without offence
(My Conſcience bids me aske) wherefore you haue
Commanded of me theſe moſt poyſonous Compounds,
Which are the moouers of a languiſhing death:
But though ſlow, deadly.

Qu. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'ſt me ſuch a Queſtion: Haue I not bene
Thy Pupill long? Haſt thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes? Diſtill? Preſerue? Yea ſo,
That our great King himſelfe doth woo me oft
For my Confections? Hauing thus farre proceeded,
(Vnleſſe thou think'ſt me diuelliſh) is't not meete
That I did amplifie my iudgement in
Other Concluſions? I will try the forces
Of theſe thy Compounds, on ſuch Creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none humane)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their Act, and by them gather
Their ſeuerall vertues, and effects.

Cor. Your Highneſſe
Shall from this practiſe, but make hard your heart:
Beſides, the ſeeing theſe effects will be
Both noyſome, and infectious.

Qu. O content thee.

Enter Piſanio.

Heere comes a flattering Raſcall, vpon him
Will I firſt worke: Hee's for his Maſter,
And enemy to my Sonne. How now *Piſanio*?
Doctor, your ſeruice for this time is ended,
Take your owne way.

Cor. I do ſuſpect you, Madam,
But you ſhall do no harme. [aside

Qu. Hearke thee, a word.

Cor. I do not like her. She doth thinke ſhe ha's
Strange ling'ring poyſons: I do know her ſpirit,
And will not truſt one of her malice, with
A drugge of ſuch damn'd Nature. Thoſe ſhe ha's,
Will ſtupifie and dull the Senſe a-while,
Which firſt (perchance) ſhee'l proue on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward vp higher: but there is
No danger in what ſhew of death it makes,
More then the locking vp the Spirits a time,
To be more freſh, reuiuing. She is fool'd
With a moſt falſe effect: and I, the truer,
So to be falſe with her.

Qu. No further ſeruice, Doctor,
Vntill I ſend for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leaue. *Exit.*

Qu. Weepes ſhe ſtill (ſaſt thou?)
Doſt thou thinke in time
She will not quench, and let inſtructions enter
Where Folly now poſſeſſes? Do thou worke:
When thou ſhalt bring me word ſhe loues my Sonne,
Ile tell thee on the inſtant, thou art then
As great as is thy Maſter: Greater, for
His Fortunes all lye ſpeechleſſe, and his name
Is at laſt gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: To ſhift his being,
Is to exchange one miſery with another,
And euery day that comes, comes to decay
A dayes worke in him. What ſhalt thou expect
To be depender on a thing that leanes?
Who cannot be new built, nor ha's no Friends
So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'ſt vp
Thou know'ſt not what: But take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I made, which hath the King make 22
Fiue times redeem'd from death. I do not know
What is more Cordiall. Nay, I prythee take it,
It is an earneſt of a farther good
That I meane to thee. Tell thy Miſtris how
The caſe ſtands with her: doo't, as from thy ſelfe;
Thinke what a chance thou changeſt on, but thinke
Thou haſt thy Miſtris ſtill, to boote, my Sonne,
Who ſhall take notice of thee. Ile moue the King
To any ſhape of thy Preferment, ſuch
As thou'lt deſire: and then my ſelfe, I cheefely,
That ſet thee on to this deſert, am bound
To loade thy merit richly. Call my women. *Exit Piſa.*
Thinke on my words. A ſlye, and conſtant knaue,
Not to be ſhak'd: the Agent for his Maſter,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-faſt to her Lord. I haue giuen him that,
Which if he take, ſhall quite vnpeople her
Of Leidgers for her Sweete: and which, ſhe after
Except ſhe bend her humor, ſhall be aſſur'd
To taſte of too.

Enter Piſanio, and Ladies.

So, ſo: Well done, well done:
The Violets, Cowſlippes, and the Prime-Roſes
Beare to my Cloſſet: Fare thee well, *Piſanio.*
Thinke on my words. *Exit Qu. and Ladies*

Piſa. And ſhall do:
But when to my good Lord, I proue vntrue,
Ile choake my ſelfe: there's all Ile do for you. *Exit.*

Scena

Act 3.

Scena Septima.

Another room in the same.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruell, and a Stepdame falſe,
A Fooliſh Suitor to a Wedded-Lady,
That hath her Husband baniſh'd: O, that Husband,
My ſupreame Crowne of griefe, and thoſe repeated
Vexations of it. Had I bin Theefe-ſtolne,
As my two Brothers, happy: but moſt miſerable
Is the deſires that's glorious. Bleſſed be thoſe
How meane ſo ere, that haue their honeſt wills,
Which ſeaſons comfort. Who may this be? Fye.

Enter Piſanio, and Iachimo.

Piſa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.
Iach. Change you, Madam:
The Worthy *Leonatus* is in ſafety,
And greetes your Highneſſe deerely.
Imo. Thanks good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.
Iach. All of her, that is out of doore, moſt rich:
If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare
She is alone th'Arabian-Bird; and I
Haue loſt the wager. Boldneſſe be my Friend:
Arme me Audacitie from head to foote,
Orlike the Parthian I ſhall flying fight,
Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

He is one of the Nobleſt note, to whoſe kindneſſes I am moſt infinitely tied. Reflect vpon him accordingly, as you value your truſt. Leonatus.

So farre I reade aloud.
But euen the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by'th'reſt, and take it thankefully.
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
Haue words to bid you, and ſhall finde it ſo
In all that I can do.
Iach. Thankes faireſt Lady:
What are men mad? Hath Nature giuen them eyes
To ſee this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can diſtinguiſh 'twixt
The firie Orbes aboue, and the twinn'd Stones
Vpon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Spectales ſo pretious
Twixt faire, and foule?
Imo. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be i'th'eye: for Apes, and Monkeys
'Twixt two ſuch She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemne with mowes the other. Nor i'th'iudgment:
For Idiots in this caſe of fauour, would
Be wiſely definit: Nor i'th'Appetite.
Sluttery to ſuch neate Excellence, oppos'd
Should make deſire vomit emptineſſe,
Not ſo allur'd to feed.
Imo. What is the matter trow?
Iach. The Cloyed will:
That ſatiate yet vnſatisfi'd deſire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Rauening firſt the Lambe,
Longs after for the Garbage.
Imo. What, deere Sir,
Thus rap's you? Are you well?
Iach. Thanks Madam well: Beſeech you Sir,
Deſire my Man's abode, where I did leaue him:
He's ſtrange and peeuiſh.
Piſa. I was going Sir,
To giue him welcome. *Exit.*
Imo. Continues well my Lord?
His health beſeech you?
Iach. Well, Madam.
Imo. Is he diſpos'd to mirth? I hope he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleaſant: none a ſtranger there,
So merry, and ſo gameſome: he is call'd
The Britaine Reueller.
Imo. When he was heere
He did incline to ſadneſſe, and oft times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I neuer ſaw him ſad.
There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monſieur, that it ſeemes much loues
A Gallian-Girle at home. He furnaces
The thicke ſighes from him; whiles the iolly Britaine,
(Your Lord I meane) laughes from's free lungs: cries oh,
Can my ſides hold, to think that man who knowes
By Hiſtory, Report, or his owne proofe
What woman is, yea what ſhe cannot chooſe
But muſt be: will's free houres languiſh:
For aſſured bondage?
Imo. Will my Lord ſay ſo?
Iach. I Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by
And heare him mocke the Frenchman:
But Heauen's know ſome men are much too blame.
Imo. Not he I hope.
Iach. Not he:
But yet Heauen's bounty towards him, might
Be vs'd more thankfully. In himſelfe 'tis much
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.
Whil'ſt I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pitty too.
Imo. What do you pitty Sir?
Iach. Two Creatures heartyly.
Imo. Am I one Sir?
You looke on me: what wrack diſcerne you in me
Deſerues your pitty?
Iach. Lamentable: what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and ſolace
I'th'Dungeon by a Snuffe.
Imo. I pray you Sir,
Deliuer with more openneſſe your anſweres
To my demands. Why do you pitty me?
Iach. That others do,
(I was about to ſay) enioy your—but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to ſpeake on't.
Imo. You do ſeeme to know
Something of me, or what concernes me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Then to be ſure they do. For Certainties
Either are paſt remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne. Diſcouer to me
What both you ſpur and ſtop.
Iach. Had I this cheeke
To bathe my lips vpon: this hand, whoſe touch,
(Whoſe euery touch) would force the Feelers ſoule
To'th'oath of loyalty. This obiect, which
Takes priſoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it onely heere, ſhould I (damn'd then)

Slaue

Slauuer with lippes as common as the ſtayres
That mount the Capitoll: Ioyne gripes, with hands
Made hard with hourely falſhood (falſhood as
With labour:) then by peeping in an eye
Baſe and illuſtrious as the ſmoakie light
That's fed with ſtinking Tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell ſhould at one time
Encounter ſuch reuolt.
Imo. My Lord, I feare
Has forgot Brittaine.
Iach. And himſelfe, not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggery of his change: but 'tis your Graces
That from my muteſt Conſcience, to my tongue,
Charmes this report out.
Imo. Let me heare no more.
Iach. O deereſt Soule: your Cauſe doth ſtrike my hart
With pitty, that doth make me ſicke. A Lady
So faire, and faſten'd to an Emperie
Would make the great'ſt King double, to be partner'd
With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that ſelfe exhibition
Which your owne Coffers yeeld: with diſeas'd ventures
That play with all Infirmities for Gold,
Which rottenneſſe can lend Nature. Such boyl'd ſtuffe
As well might poyſon Poyſon. Be reueng'd,
Or ſhe that bore you, was no Queene, and you
Recoyle from your great Stocke.
Imo. Reueng'd:
How ſhould I be reueng'd? If this be true,
(As I haue ſuch a Heart, that both mine eares
Muſt not in haſte abuſe) if it be true,
How ſhould I be reueng'd?
Iach. Should he make me
Liue like *Diana*'s Prieſt, betwixt cold ſheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable Rampes
In your deſpight, vpon your purſe: reuenge it.
I dedicate my ſelfe to your ſweet pleaſure,
More Noble then that runnagate to your bed,
And will continue faſt to your Affection,
Still cloſe, as ſure.
Imo. What hoa, *Piſanio*?
Iach. Let me my ſeruice tender on your lippes.
Imo. Away, I do condemne mine eares, that haue
So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable
Thou would'ſt haue told this tale for Vertue, not
For ſuch an end thou ſeek'ſt, as baſe, as ſtrange:
Thou wrong'ſt a Gentleman, who is as farre
From thy report, as thou from Honor: and
Solicites heere a Lady, that diſdaines
Thee, and the Diuell alike. What hoa, *Piſanio*?
The King my Father ſhall be made acquainted
Of thy Aſſault: if he ſhall thinke it fit,
A ſawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a Romiſh Stew, and to expound
His beaſtly minde to vs; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, who
He not reſpects at all. What hoa, *Piſanio*?
Iach. O happy *Leonatus* I may ſay,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deſerues thy truſt, and thy moſt perfect goodneſſe
Her aſſur'd credit. Bleſſed liue you long,
A Lady to the worthieſt Sir, that euer
Country call'd his; and you his Miſtris, onely
For the moſt worthieſt fit. Giue me your pardon,
I haue ſpoke this to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and ſhall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o're: And he is one
The trueſt manner'd: ſuch a holy Witch,
That he enchants Societies into him:
Halfe all men hearts are his.
Imo. You make amends.
Iach. He ſits 'mongſt men, like a defended God;
He hath a kinde of Honor ſets him off,
More then a mortall ſeeming. Be not angrie
(Moſt mighty Princeſſe) that I haue aduentur'd
To try your taking of a falſe report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great Iudgement,
In the election of a Sir, ſo rare,
Which you know, cannot erre. The loue I beare him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you
(Vnlike all others) chaſteleſſe. Pray your pardon.
Imo. All's well Sir:
Take my powre i'th'Court for yours.
Iach. My humble thankes: I had almoſt forgot
T'intreat your Grace, but in a ſmall requeſt,
And yet of moment too, for it concernes:
Your Lord, my ſelfe, and other Noble Friends
Are partners in the buſineſſe.
Imo. Pray what is't?
Iach. Some dozen Romanes of vs, and your Lord
(The beſt Feather of our wing) haue mingled ſummes
To buy a Preſent for the Emperor:
Which I (the Factor for the reſt) haue done
In France: 'tis Plate of rare deuice, and Iewels
Of rich, and exquiſite forme, their valewes great,
And I am ſomething curious, being ſtrange
To haue them in ſafe ſtowage: May it pleaſe you
To take them in protection.
Imo. Willingly:
And pawne mine Honor for their ſafety, ſince
My Lord hath intereſt in them, I will keepe them
In my Bed-chamber.
Iach. They are in a Trunke
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To ſend them to you, onely for this night:
I muſt aboord to morrow.
Imo. O no, no.
Iach. Yes I beſeech: or I ſhall ſhort my word
By length'ning my returne. From Gallia,
I croſt the Seas on purpoſe, and on promiſe
To ſee your Grace.
Imo. I thanke you for your paines:
But not away to morrow.
Iach. O I muſt Madam.
Therefore I ſhall beſeech you, if you pleaſe
To greet your Lord with writing, doo't to night,
I haue out-ſtood my time, which is materiall
To'th'tender of our Preſent.
Imo. I will write:
Send your Trunke to me, it ſhall ſafe be kept,
And truely yeelded you: you're very welcome. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Court before Cymbeline's House

Enter Clotten, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there euer man had ſuch lucke? when I kiſt the Iacke vpon an vp-caſt, to be hit away? I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whorſon Iacke-an-Apes, muſt

muſt take me vp for ſwearing, as if I borrowed mine oathes of him, and might not ſpend them at my pleaſure.

1. What got he by that? you haue broke his pate with your Bowle.

2. If his wit had bin like him that broke it: it would haue run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is diſpos'd to ſweare: it is not for any ſtanders by to curtall his oathes. Ha?

2. No my Lord; nor crop the eares of them.

Clot. Whorſon dog: I gaue him ſatisfaction? would he had bin one of my Ranke.

2. To haue ſmell'd like a Foole. [aside

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in th'earth: a pox on't. I had rather not be ſo Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, becauſe of the Queene my Mother: euery Iacke-Slaue hath his belly full of Fighting, and I muſt go vp and downe like a Cock, that no body can match.

2. You are Cocke and Capon too, and you crow Cock, with your combe on.

Clot. Sayeſt thou?

2. It is not fit you Lordſhip ſhould vndertake euery Companion, that you giue offence too.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I ſhould commit offence to my inferiors.

2. I, it is fit for your Lordſhip onely.

Clot. Why ſo I ſay.

1. Did you heere of a Stranger that's come to Court night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't?

2. He's a ſtrange Fellow himſelfe, and knowes it not.

1. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus* Friends.

Clot. Leonatus? A baniſht Raſcall; and he's another, whatſoeuer he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1. One of your Lordſhips Pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to looke vpon him? Is there no derogation in't?

2. You cannot derogate my Lord.

Clot. Not eaſily I thinke.

2. You are a Foole graunted, therefore your Iſſues being fooliſh do not derogate.

Clot. Come, Ile go ſee this Italian: what I haue loſt to day at Bowles, Ile winne to night of him. Come: go.

2. Ile attend your Lordſhip. *Exit.*

That ſuch a craftie Diuell as is his Mother
Should yeild the world this Aſſe: A woman, that
Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne,
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leaue eighteene. Alas poore Princeſſe,
Thou diuine *Imogen*, what thou endur'ſt,
Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame gouern'd,
A Mother hourely coyning plots: a Wooer,
More hatefull then the foule expulſion is
Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act
Of the diuorce, heel'd make the Heauens hold firme
The walls of thy deere Honour. Keepe vnſhak'd
That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maiſt ſtand
T'enioy thy baniſh'd Lord: and this great Land. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.

Imo. Who's there? My woman: *Helene?*

La. Pleaſe you Madam.

Imo. What houre is it?

Lady. Almoſt midnight, Madam.

Imo. I haue read three houres then:
Mine eyes are weake,
Fold downe the leafe where I haue left: to bed.
Take not away the Taper, leaue it burning:
And if thou canſt awake by foure o'th'clock,
I prythee call me: Sleepe hath ceiz'd me wholly.
To your protection I commend me, Gods,
From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night,
Guard me beſeech yee. *Sleepes.*

Iachimo from the Trunke.

Iach. The Crickets ſing, and mans ore-labor'd ſenſe
Repaires it ſelfe by reſt: Our *Tarquine* thus
Did ſoftly preſſe the Ruſhes, ere he waken'd
The Chaſtitie he wounded. *Cytherea*,
How brauely thou becom'ſt thy Bed; freſh Lilly,
And whiter then the Sheetes; that I might touch,
But kiſſe, one kiſſe. Rubies vnparagon'd,
How deerely they doo't: 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th'Taper
Bowes toward her, and would vnder-peepe her lids.
To ſee th'incloſed Lights, now Canopied
Vnder theſe windowes, White and Azure lac'd
With Blew of Heauens owne tinct. But my deſigne.
To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,
Such, and ſuch pictures: There the window, ſuch
Th'adornement of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,
Why ſuch, and ſuch: and the Contents o'th'Story.
Ah, but ſome naturall notes about her Body,
Aboue ten thouſand meaner Moueables
Would teſtifie, t'enrich mine Inuentorie.
O ſleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull vpon her,
And be her Senſe but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;
As ſlippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witneſſe outwardly,
As ſtrongly as the Conſcience do's within:
To'th'madding of her Lord. On her left breſt
A mole Cinque-ſpotted: Like the Crimſon drops
I'th'bottome of a Cowſlippe. Heere's a Voucher,
Stronger then euer Law could make; this Secret
Will force him thinke I haue pick'd the lock, and t'ane
The treaſure of her Honour. No more: to what end?
Why ſhould I write this downe, that's riueted,
Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,
The Tale of *Tereus*, heere the leaffe's turn'd downe
Where *Philomele* gaue vp. I haue enough,
To'th'Truncke againe, and ſhut the ſpring of it.
Swift, ſwift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning
May beare the Rauens eye: I lodge in feare,
Though this a heauenly Angell: hell is heere.

Clocke ſtrikes

One, two, three: time, time. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and Lords.

1. Your Lordſhip is the moſt patient man in loſſe, the moſt coldeſt that euer turn'd vp Ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to looſe.

1. But not euery man patient after the noble temper of your Lordſhip; You are moſt hot, and furious when you winne.

Clot.

CYMBELINE.

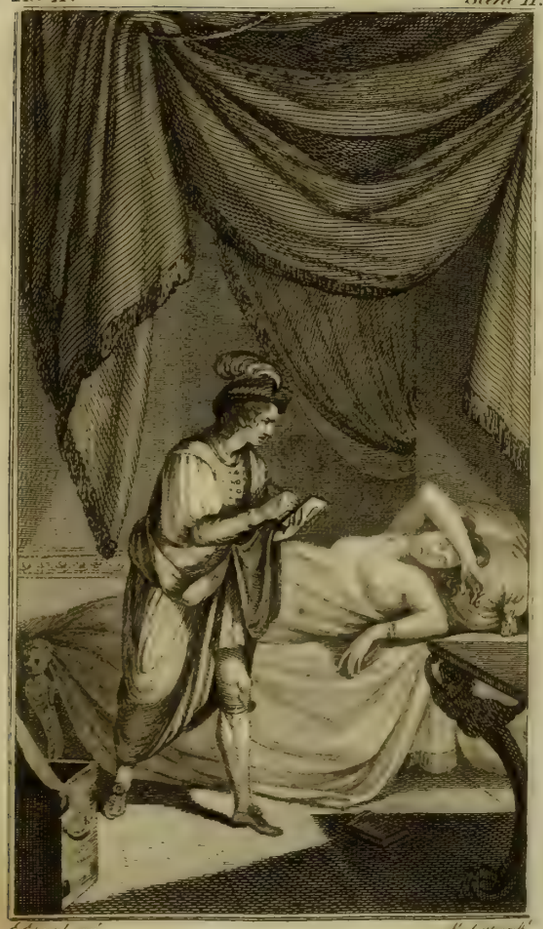
Engraved by Isaac Taylor Junr from a Drawing by Robert Smirke.

IACHIMO stealing the Bracelet.

London. Publish'd Jan.y 10. 1786, by Isaac Taylor Junr. No. 54, Red Lyon Street, Holborn

CYMBELINE

Act II. *Scene II.*



E. Edwards del. *W. Hall sculp.*

But my designs to note the Chamber ——
I will write all down .

Publish'd according to Act of Parliament April 1. 1773. by John Bell. N.° 152 Strand.

Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this fooliſh *Imogen*, I ſhould haue Gold enough: it's almoſt morning, is't not?

1 Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Muſicke would come: I am aduiſed to giue her Muſicke a mornings, they ſay it will penetrate. *Enter Muſitians.*

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, ſo: wee'l try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remaine: but Ile neuer giue o're. Firſt, a very excellent good conceyted thing; after a wonderful ſweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her conſider.

SONG.

Hearke, hearke, the Larke at Heauens gate ſings,
and Phœbus gins ariſe,
His Steeds to water at thoſe Springs
on chalic'd Flowres that lyes:
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes
With euery thing that pretty is, my Lady ſweet ariſe:
Ariſe, ariſe.

penetrate 32

So, get you gone: if this pen trate, I will conſider your Muſicke the better: if it do not, it is a voyce in her eares which Horſe-haires, and Calues-guts, nor the voyce of vnpaued Eunuch to boot, can neuer amed.

Enter Cymbaline, and Queene.

2 Heere comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was vp ſo late, for that's the reaſon I was vp ſo earely: he cannot chooſe but take this Seruice I haue done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Maieſty, and to my gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the doore of our ſtern daughter Will ſhe not forth?

Clot. I haue aſſayl'd her with Muſickes, but ſhe vouchſafes no notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new,
She hath not yet forgot him, ſome more time
Muſt weare the print of his remembrance on't, out 32
And then ſhe's yours.

Qu. You are moſt bound to'th'King,
Who let's go by no vantages, that may
Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your ſelfe
To orderly ſolicity, and be friended ſolicits m.c
With aptneſſe of the ſeaſon: make denials
Encreaſe your Seruices: ſo ſeeme, as if
You were inſpir'd to do thoſe duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Saue when command to your diſmiſſion tends,
And therein you are ſenſeleſſe.

Clot. Senſeleſſe? Not ſo.

Meſ. So like you (Sir) Ambaſſadors from Rome;
The one is *Caius Lucius.*

Cym. A worthy Fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpoſe now;
But that's no fault of his: we muſt receyue him
According to the Honor of his Sender,
And towards himſelfe, his goodneſſe fore-ſpent on vs
We muſt extend our notice: Our deere Sonne,
When you haue giuen good morning to your Miſtris,
Attend the Queene, and vs, we ſhall haue neede
T'employ you towards this Romane.
Come our Queene. *Exeunt.*

Clot. If ſhe be vp, Ile ſpeake with her: if not
Let her lye ſtill, and dreame: by your leaue hoa,
I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold
Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yea, and makes
Diana's Rangers falſe themſelues, yeeld vp
Their Deere to'th'ſtand o'th'Stealer: and 'tis Gold
Which makes the True-man kill'd, and ſaues the Theefe:
Nay, ſometime hangs both Theefe, and True-man: what
Can it not do, and vndoo? I will make
One of her women Lawyer to me, for
I yet not vnderſtand the caſe my ſelfe.
By your leaue. *Knockes.*

Enter a Lady.

La. Who's there that knockes?

Clot. A Gentleman.

La. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewomans Sonne.

La. That's more
Then ſome whoſe Taylors are as deere as yours,
Can iuſtly boaſt of: what's your Lordſhips pleaſure?

Clot. Your Ladies perſon, is ſhe ready?

La. I, to keepe her Chamber.

Clot. There is Gold for you,
Sell me your good report.

La. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I ſhall thinke is good. The Princeſſe.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow faireſt, Siſter your ſweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much paines
For purchaſing but trouble: the thankes I giue,
Is telling you that I am poore of thankes,
And ſcarſe can ſpare them.

Clot. Still I ſweare I loue you.

Imo. If you but ſaid ſo, 'twere as deepe with me:
If you ſweare ſtill, your recompence is ſtill
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no anſwer.

Imo. But that you ſhall not ſay, I yeeld being ſilent,
I would not ſpeake. I pray you ſpare me, 'faith
I ſhall vnfold equall diſcourteſie
To your beſt kindueſſe: one of your great knowing
Should learne (being taught) forbearance.

Clot. To leaue you in your madneſſe, 'twere my ſin,
I will not.

Imo. Fooles are not mad Folkes.

Clot. Do you call me Foole?

Imo. As I am mad I do:
If you'l be patient, Ile no more be mad,
That cures vs both. I am much ſorry (Sir)
You put me to forget a Ladies manners
By being ſo verball: and learne now, for all,
That I which know my heart, do heere pronounce
By th'very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am ſo neere the lacke of Charitie
To accuſe my ſelfe, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, then make't my boaſt.

Clot. You ſinne againſt
Obedience, which you owe your Father, for
The Contract you pretend with that baſe Wretch,
One, bred of Almes, and foſter'd with cold diſhes,
With ſcraps o'th'Court: It is no Contract, none;
And though it be allowed in meaner parties
(Yet who then he more meane) to knit their ſoules
(On whom there is no more dependancie
But Brats and Beggery) in ſelfe-figur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by

The conſequence o'th'Crowne, and muſt not foyle
The precious note of it; with a baſe Slaue,
A Hilding for a Liuorie, a Squires Cloth,
A Pantler; not ſo eminent.
Imo. Prophane Fellow:
Wert thou the Sonne of *Iupiter*, and no more,
But what thou art beſides: thou wer't too baſe,
To be his Groome: thou wer't dignified enough
Euen to the point of Enuie. If 'twere made
Comparatiue for your Vertues, to be ſtil'd
The vnder Hangman of his Kingdome; and hated
For being prefer'd ſo well.
Clot. The South-Fog rot him.
Imo. He neuer can meete more miſchance, then come
To be but nam'd of thee. His mean'ſt Garment eſt 32
That euer hath but clipt his body; is dearer
In my reſpect, then all the Heires aboue thee, Heires 32
Were they all made ſuch men: How now *Piſanio*?

Enter Piſanio,

Clot. His Garments? Now the diuell.
Imo. To *Dorothy* my woman hie thee preſently.
Clot. His Garment?
Imo. I am ſprighted with a Foole,
Frighted, and angred worſe: Go bid my woman
Search for a Iewell, that too caſually
Hath left mine Arme: it was thy Maſters. Shrew me
If I would looſe it for a Reuenew,
Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,
I ſaw't this morning: Confident I am.
Laſt night 'twas on mine Arme; I kiſs'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kiſſe aught but he. him 32
Pif. 'Twill not be loſt.
Imo. I hope ſo: go and ſearch.
Clot. You haue abus'd me:
His meaneſt Garment?
Imo. I, I ſaid ſo Sir,
If you will make't an Action, call witneſſe to't.
Clot. I will enforme your Father.
Imo. Your Mother too:
She's my good Lady; and will concieue, I hope
But the worſt of me. So I leaue you Sir,
To'th'worſt of diſcontent. *Exit.*
Clot. Ile bereueng'd:
His mean'ſt Garment? Well. eſt *Exit.*

Act 2. sc/32

Scena Quarta.

Rome - an apartment in Philario's House m.e.

Enter Poſthumus, and Philario.

Poſt. Feare it not Sir: I would I were ſo ſure
To winne the King, as I am bold, her Honour
Will remaine her's.
Phil. What meanes do you make to him?
Poſt. Not any: but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the preſent winters ſtate, and wiſh
That warmer dayes would come: In theſe fear'd hope,
I barely gratifie your loue; they fayling
I muſt die much your debtor.
Phil. Your very goodneſſe, and your company,
Ore-payes all I can do. By this your King,
Hath heard of Great *Auguſtus*: *Caius Lucius*,
Will do's Commiſſion throughly. And I think
Hee'le grant the Tribute: ſend th'Arrerages,
Or looke vpon our Romaines, whoſe remembrance
Is yet freſh in their griefe.
Poſt. I do beleeue
(Statiſt though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will proue a Warre; and you ſhall heare
The Legion now in Gallia, ſooner landed s/m.e.
In our not-fearing-Britaine, then haue tydings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd, then when *Iulius Cæſar*
Smil'd at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their diſcipline,
(Now wing-led with their courages) will make knowne mingle
To their Approuers, they are People, ſuch
That mend vpon the world. *Enter Iachimo.*
Phi. See *Iachimo.*
Poſt. The ſwifteſt Harts, haue poſted you by land;
And Windes of all the Corners kiſs'd your Sailes,
To make your veſſell nimble.
Phil. Welcome Sir.
Poſt. I hope the briefeneſſe of your anſwere, made
The ſpeedineſſe of your returne.
Iachi. Your Lady,
Is one of the fayreſt that I haue look'd vpon omitted m.e.
Poſt. And therewithall the beſt, or let her beauty
Looke thorough a Caſement to allure falſe hearts,
And be falſe with them.
Iachi. Heere are Letters for you.
Poſt. Their tenure good I truſt.
Iach. 'Tis very like.
Poſt. Was *Caius Lucius* in the Britaine Court,
When you were there?
Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Poſt. All is well yet,
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I haue loſt it,
I ſhould haue loſt the worth of it in Gold,
Ile make a iourney twice as farre, t'enioy
A ſecond night of ſuch ſweet ſhortneſſe, which
Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne.
Poſt. The Stones too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your Lady being ſo eaſy.
Poſt. Make note Sir
Your loſſe, your Sport: I hope you know that we
Muſt not continue Friends.
Iach. Good Sir, we muſt
If you keepe Couenant: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Miſtris home, I grant
We were to queſtion farther; but I now
Profeſſe my ſelfe the winner of her Honor,
Together with your Ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you hauing proceeded but
By both your willes.
Poſt. If you can mak't apparant
That you haue taſted her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had of her pure Honour; gaines, or looſes,
Your Sword, or mine, or Maſterleſſe leaue both
To who ſhall finde them.
Iach. Sir, my Circumſtances
Being ſo nere the Truth, as I will make them,
Muſt firſt induce you to beleeue; whoſe ſtrength
I will confirme with oath, which I doubt not

You'l giue me leaue to ſpare, when you ſhall finde
You neede it not.
Poſt. Proceed.
Iach. Firſt, her Bed-chamber
(Where I confeſſe I ſlept not, but profeſſe
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With Tapiſtry of Silke, and Siluer, the Story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when ſhe met her Roman,
And *Sidnus* ſwell'd aboue the Bankes, or for
The preſſe of Boates, or Pride. A peece of Worke
So brauely done, ſo rich, that it did ſtriue
In Workemanſhip, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be ſo rarely, and exactly wrought
Since the true life on't was———
Poſt. This is true:
And this you might haue heard of heere, by me,
Or by ſome other.
Iach. More particulars
Muſt iuſtifie my knowledge.
Poſt. So they muſt,
Or doe your Honour iniury.
Iach. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-peece
Chaſte *Dian*, bathing: neuer ſaw I figures
So likely to report themſelues; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumbe, out-went her,
Motion, and Breath left out.
Poſt. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewiſe reape,
Being, as it is, much ſpoke of.
Iach. The Roofe o'th'Chamber,
With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Siluer, each on one foote ſtanding, nicely
Depending on their Brands.
Poſt. This is her Honor:
Let it be granted you haue ſeene all this (and praiſe
Be giuen to your remembrance) the deſcription
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing ſaues
The wager you haue laid.
Iach. Then if you can
Be pale, I begge but leaue to ayre this Iewell: See,
And now 'tis vp againe: it muſt be married
To that your Diamond, Ile keepe them.
Poſt. Ioue———
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir (I thanke her) that
She ſtript it from her Arme: I ſee her yet:
Her pretty Action, did out-ſell her guift,
And yet enrich'd it too: ſhe gaue it me,
And ſaid, ſhe priz'd it once.
Poſt. May be, ſhe pluck'd it off
To ſend it me.
Iach. She writes ſo to you? doth ſhee?
Poſt. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Heere, take this too,
It is a Baſiliske vnto mine eye,
Killes me to looke on't: Let there be no Honor,
Where there is Beauty: Truth, where ſemblance: Loue,
Where there's another man. The Vowes of Women,
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:
O, aboue meaſure falſe.
Phil. Haue patience Sir,
And take your Ring againe, 'tis not yet wonne:
It may be probable ſhe loſt it: or
Who knowes if one her women, being corrupted
Hath ſtolne it from her.
Poſt. Very true,
And ſo I hope he came by't: backe my Ring,
Render to me ſome corporall ſigne about her
More euident then this: for this was ſtolne.
Iach. By Iupiter, I had it from her Arme.
Poſt. Hearke you, he ſweares: by Iupiter he ſweares.
'Tis true, nay keepe the Ring; 'tis true: I am ſure
She would not looſe it: her Attendants are
All ſworne, and honourable: they induc'd to ſteale it?
And by a Stranger? No, he hath enioy'd her,
The Cogniſance of her incontinencie
Is this: ſhe hath bought the name of Whore, thus deerly
There, take thy hyre, and all the Fiends of Hell
Diuide themſelues betweene you.
Phil. Sir, be patient:
This is not ſtrong enough to be beleeu'd
Of one perſwaded well of.
Poſt. Neuer talke on't:
She hath bin colted by him.
Iach. If you ſeeke
For further ſatisfying, vnder her Breaſt
(Worthy her preſſing) lyes a Mole, right proud
Of that moſt delicate Lodging. By my life
I kiſt it, and it gaue me preſent hunger
To feede againe, though full. You do remember
This ſtaine vpon her?
Poſt. I, and it doth confirme
Another ſtaine, as bigge as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you heare more?
Poſt. Spare your Arethmaticke,
Neuer count the Turnes: Once, and a Million.
Iach. Ile be ſworne.
Poſt. No ſwearing:
If you will ſweare you haue not done't, you lye,
And I will kill thee, if thou do'ſt deny
Thou'ſt made me Cuckold.
Iach. Ile deny nothing.
Poſt. O that I had her heere, to teare her Limb-meale:
I will go there and doo't, i'th'Court, before
Her Father. Ile do ſomething. *Exit.*
Phil. Quite beſides
The gouernment of Patience. You haue wonne:
Let's follow him, and peruert the preſent wrath
He hath againſt himſelfe.
Iach. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Act II. Scene V.

Enter Poſthumus.

The same — another room in the same.

Poſt. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Muſt be halfe-workers? We are all Baſtards, And that moſt venerable man, which I
Did call my Father, was, I know not where
When I was ſtampt. Some Coyner with his Tooles
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother ſeem'd
The *Dian* of that time: ſo doth my Wife
The Non-pareill of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawfull pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
A pudencie ſo Roſie, the ſweet view on't
Might well haue warm'd olde Saturne;
That I thought her
As Chaſte, as vn-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the Diuels!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an houre, was't not?

Or leſſe; at firſt? Perchance he ſpoke not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a Iarmen on, German one m.e.
Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no oppoſition
But what he look'd for, ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out
The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirme
It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceiuing, hers:
Luſt, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Reuenges hers:
Ambitions, Couetings, change of Prides, Diſdaine,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;
All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes,
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all For euen to Vice
They are not conſtant, but are changing ſtill;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not halfe ſo old as that. Ile write againſt them,
Deteſt them, curſe them: yet 'tis greater Skill
In a true Hate, to pray they haue their will:
The very Diuels cannot plague them better. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Britain a Room of State in Cymbelines Palace m.e.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queene, Clotten, and Lords at one doore, and at another, Caius, Lucius, and Attendants.

Cym. Now ſay, what would *Auguſtus Cæſar* with vs?

Luc. When *Iulius Cæſar* (whoſe remembrance yet
Liues in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues
Be Theame, and hearing euer) was in this Britain,
And Conquer'd it, *Caſſibulan* thine Vnkle
(Famous in *Cæſars* prayſes, no whit leſſe
Then in his Feats deſeruing it) for him,
And his Succeſſion, granted Rome a Tribute,
Yeerely three thouſand pounds; which (by thee) lately
Is left vntender'd.

2u. And to kill the meruaile,
Shall be ſo euer.

Clot. There be many *Cæſars*,
Ere ſuch another *Iulius*: Britaine's a world
By it ſelfe, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our owne Noſes.

2u. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to reſume
We haue againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your Ancestors, together with
The naturall brauery of your Iſle, which ſtands
As Neptunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in
With Oakes vnskaleable, and roaring Waters, Rocks m.e.
With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates,
But ſucke them vp to'th'Top-maſt. A kinde of Conqueſt
Cæſar made heere, but made not heere his bragge
Of Came, and Saw, and Ouer-came: with ſhame
(The firſt that euer touch'd him) he was carried
From off our Coaſt, twice beaten: and his Shipping
(Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
Like Egge-ſhels mou'd vpon their Surges, crack'd
As eaſily 'gainſt our Rockes. For ioy whereof,
The fam'd *Caſſibulan*, who was once at point
(Oh giglet Fortune) to maſter *Cæſars* Sword,
Made *Luds-Towne* with reioycing-Fires bright,
And Britaines ſtrut with Courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our Kingdome is ſtronger then it was at that time: and (as I ſaid) there is no mo ſuch *Cæſars*, other of them may haue crook'd Noſes, but to owe ſuch ſtraite Armes, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Clot. We haue yet many among vs, can gripe as hard as *Caſſibulan*, I doe not ſay I am one: but I haue a hand. Why Tribute? Why ſhould we pay Tribute? If *Cæſar* can hide the Sun from vs with a Blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket, we will pay him Tribute for light: elſe Sir, no more Tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You muſt know,
Till the iniurious Romans, did extort
This Tribute from vs, we were free. *Cæſars* Ambition,
Which ſwell'd ſo much, that it did almoſt ſtretch
The ſides o'th'World, againſt all colour heere,
Did put the yoake vpon's; which to ſhake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Our ſelues to be, we do. Say then to *Cæſar*,
Our Anceſtor was that *Mulmutius*, which
Ordain'd our Lawes, whoſe vſe the Sword of *Cæſar*
Hath too much mangled; whoſe repayre, and franchiſe,
Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,
Tho Rome be therfore angry. *Mulmutius* made our lawes omitted m.e.
Who was the firſt of Britaine, which did put
His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd
Himſelfe a King.

Luc. I am ſorry *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Auguſtus Cæſar*
(*Cæſar*, that hath moe Kings his Seruants, then
Thy ſelfe Domeſticke Officers) thine Enemy:
Receyue it from me then. Warre, and Confuſion
In *Cæſars* name pronounce I 'gainſt thee: Looke
For fury, not to be reſiſted. Thus defide,
I thanke thee for my ſelfe.

Cym. Thou art welcome *Caius*,
Thy *Cæſar* Knighted me; my youth I ſpent
Much vnder him; of him, I gather'd Honour,
Which he, to ſeeke of me againe, perforce,
Behooues me keepe at vtterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their Liberties are now in Armes: a Preſident
Which not to reade, would ſhew the Britaines cold:
So *Cæſar* ſhall not finde them.

Luc. Let proofe ſpeake.

Clot. His Maieſty biddes you welcome. Make paſtime with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you ſeek vs afterwards in other tearmes, you ſhall finde vs in our Salt-water-Girdle: if you beate vs out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the aduenture, our Crowes ſhall fare the better for you: and there's an end.

Luc. So ſir.

Cym. I know your Maſters pleaſure, and he mine:
All the Remaine, is welcome. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Another Room in the ſame m.e.

Enter Piſanio reading of a Letter.

Piſ. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
What Monſters her accuſe? *Leonatus:*
Oh Maſter, what a ſtrange infection

Is

Mr HULL in the Character of PISANIO.

— How — that I should murder her ?

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Is falne into thy eare? What falſe Italian,
(As poyſonous tongu'd, as handed) hath preuail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Diſloyall? No.
She's puniſh'd for her Truth; and vndergoes
More Goddeſſe-like, then Wife-like; ſuch Aſſaults
As would take in ſome Vertue. Oh my Maſter,
Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were
Thy Fortunes. How? That I ſhould murther her,
Vpon the Loue, and Truth, and Vowes; which I
Haue made to thy command? I her? Her blood?
If it be ſo, to do good ſeruice, neuer
Let me be counted ſeruiceable. How looke I,
That I ſhould ſeeme to lacke humanity,
So much as this Fact comes to? Doo't: The Letter.
That I haue ſent her, by her owne command,
Shall giue thee opportunitie. Oh damn'd paper,
Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: ſenſeleſſe bauble,
Art thou a Fœdarie for this Act; and look'ſt
So Virgin-like without? Loe here ſhe comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now *Piſanio*?

Pif. Madam, heere is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord *Leonatus*?
Oh, learn'd indeed were that Aſtronomer
That knew the Starres, as I his Characters,
Heel'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
Let what is heere contain'd, relliſh of Loue,
Of my Lords health, of his content: yet not
That we two are aſunder, let that grieue him;
Some griefes are medcinable, that is one of them,
For it doth phyſicke Loue, of his content,
All but in that. Good Wax, thy leaue: bleſt be
You Bees that make theſe Lockes of counſaile. Louers,
And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike,
Though Forfeytours you caſt in priſon, yet
You clapſe young *Cupids* Tables: good Newes Gods.

IVſtice, and your Fathers wrath (ſhould he take me in his Dominion) could not be ſo cruell to me, as you: (oh the deereſt of Creatures) would euen renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria *at* Milford-Hauen: *what your owne Loue, will out of this aduiſe you, follow. So he wiſhes you all happineſſe, that remaines loyall to his Vow, and your encreaſing in Loue.* Leonatus Poſthumus.

Oh for a Horſe with wings: Hear'ſt thou *Piſanio*?
He is at Milford-Hauen: Read, and tell me
How farre 'tis thither. If one of meane affaires
May plod it in a weeke, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then true *Piſanio*,
Who long'ſt like me, to ſee thy Lord; who long'ſt
(Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long'ſt
But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me:
For mine's beyond, beyond: ſay, and ſpeake thicke
(Loues Counſailor ſhould fill the bores of hearing,
To'th'ſmothering of the Senſe) how farre it is
To this ſame bleſſed Milford. And by'th'way
Tell me how Wales was made ſo happy, as
T'inherite ſuch a Hauen. But firſt of all,
How we may ſteale from hence: and for the gap
That we ſhall make in Time, from our hence-going,
And our returne, to excuſe: but firſt, how ger hence.
Why ſhould excuſe be borne or ere begot?
Weele talke of that heereafter. Prythee ſpeake,
How many ſtore of Miles may we well rid
Twixt houre, and houre?

Pif. One ſcore 'twixt Sun, and Sun,
Madam's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's Excution Man,
Could neuer go ſo ſlow: I haue heard of Riding wagers,
Where Horſes haue bin nimbler then the Sands
That run i'th'Clocks behalfe. But this is Foolrie,
Go, bid my Woman faigne a Sickneſſe, ſay
She'le home to her Father; and prouide me preſently
A Riding Suit: No coſtlier then would fit
A Franklins Huſwife.

Piſa. Madam, you're beſt conſider.

Imo. I ſee before me (Man) nor heere, not heere;
Nor what enſues but haue a Fog in them
That I cannot looke through. Away, I prythee,
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to ſay:
Acceſſible is none but Milford way. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Wales - a mountainous country with a cave

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus.

Bel. A goodly day, not to keepe houſe with ſuch,
Whoſe Roofe's as lowe as ours: Sleepe Boyes, this gate
Inſtructs you how t'adore the Heauens; and bowes you
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches
Are Arch'd ſo high, that Giants may iet through
And keepe their impious Turbonds on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heauen,
We houſe i'th'Rocke, yet vſe thee not ſo hardly
As prouder liuers do.

Guid. Haile Heauen.

Aruir. Haile Heauen.

Bela. Now for our Mountaine ſport, vp to yond hill
Your legges are yong: Ile tread theſe Flats. Conſider,
When you aboue perceiue me like a Crow,
That it is Place, which leſſen's, and ſets off,
And you may then reuolue what Tales, I haue told you,
Of Courts, of Princes; of the Tricks in Warre.
This Seruice, is not Seruice; ſo being done,
But being ſo allowed. To apprehend thus,
Drawes vs a profit from all things we ſee:
And often to our comfort, ſhall we finde
The ſharded-Beetle, in a ſafer hold
Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,
Is Nobler, then attending for a checke:
Richer, then doing nothing for a Babe:
Prouder, then ruſtling in vnpayd-for Silke:
Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keepes his Booke vncros'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proofe you ſpeak: we poore vnfledg'd
Haue neuer wing'd from view o'th'neſt; nor knowes not
What Ayre's from home. Hap'ly this life is beſt,
(If quiet life be beſt) ſweeter to you
That haue a ſharper knowne. Well correſponding
With your ſtiffe Age; but vnto vs, it is
A Cell of Ignorance: trauailing a bed,
A Priſon, or a Debtor, that not dares
To ſtride a limit.

Arui. What ſhould we ſpeake of
When we are old as you? When we ſhall heare
The Raine and winde beate darke December? How
In this our pinching Caue, ſhall we diſcourſe

The freezing houres away? We haue ſeene nothing:
We are beaſtly; ſubtle as the Fox for prey,
Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eate:
Our Valour is to chace what flyes: Our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the priſon'd Bird,
And ſing our Bondage freely.

Bel. How you ſpeake.
Did you but know the Cities Vſuries,
And felt them knowingly: the Art o'th'Court,
As hard to leaue, as keepe: whoſe top to climbe
Is certaine falling: or ſo ſlipp'ry, that
The feare's as bad as falling. The toyle o'th'Warre,
A paine that onely ſeemes to ſeeke out danger
I'th'name of Fame, and Honor, which dyes i'th'ſearch,
And hath as oft a ſland'rous Epitaph,
As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times
Doth ill deſerue, by doing well: what's worſe
Muſt curt'ſie at the Cenſure. Oh Boyes, this Storie
The World may reade in me: My bodie's mark'd
With Roman Swords; and my report, was once
Firſt, with the beſt of Note. *Cymbeline* lou'd me,
And when a Souldier was the Theame, my name
Was not farre off: then was I as a Tree
Whoſe boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)
Shooke downe my mellow hangings: nay my Leaues,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Vncertaine fauour.

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I haue told you oft)
But that two Villaines, whoſe falſe Oathes preuayl'd
Before my perfect Honor, ſwore to *Cymbeline*,
I was Confederate with the Romanes: ſo
Followed my Baniſhment, and this twenty yeeres,
This Rocke, and theſe Demeſnes, haue bene my World,
Where I haue liu'd at honeſt freedome, payed
More pious debts to Heauen, then in all
The fore-end of my time. But, vp to'th'Mountaines,
This is not Hunters Language; he that ſtrikes
The Veniſon firſt, ſhall be the Lord o'th'Feaſt,
To him the other two ſhall miniſter,
And we will feare no poyſon, which attends
In place of greater State:
Ile meete you in the Valleyes. *Exeunt.*
How hard it is to hide the ſparkes of Nature?
Theſe Boyes know little they are Sonnes to'th'King,
Nor *Cymbeline* dreames that they are aliue.
They thinke they are mine,
And though train'd vp thus meanely
I'th'Caue, whereon the Bowe their thoughts do hit,
The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
In ſimple and lowe things, to Prince it, much
Beyond the tricke of others. This *Paladour*,
The heyre of *Cymbeline* and Britaine, who
The King his Father call'd *Guiderius*. Ioue,
When on my three-foot ſtoole I ſit, and tell
The warlike feats I haue done, his ſpirits flye out
Into my Story: ſay thus mine Enemy fell,
And thus I ſet my foote on's necke, euen then
The Princely blood flowes in his Cheeke, he ſweats,
Straines his yong Nerues, and puts himſelfe in poſture
That acts my words. The yonger Brother *Cadwall*,
Once *Aruiragus*, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my ſpeech, and ſhewes much more
His owne conceiuing. Hearke, the Game is rows'd,
Oh *Cymbeline*, Heauen and my Conſcience knowes
Thou didd'ſt vniuſtly baniſh me: whereon
At three, and two yeeres old, I ſtole theſe Babes,
Thinking to barre thee of Succeſſion, as
Thou refts me of my Lands. *Euriphile*,
Thou was't their Nurſe, they took thee for their mother,
And euery day do honor to her graue:
My ſelfe *Belarius*, that am *Mergan* call'd
They take for Naturall Father. The Game is vp. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Piſanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'ſt me when we came frō horſe, ẏ place
Was neere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother ſo
To ſee me firſt, as I haue now: *Piſanio*, Man:
Where is *Poſthumus*? What is in thy mind
That makes thee ſtare thus? Wherefore breaks that ſigh
From th'inward of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond ſelfe-explication. Put thy ſelfe
Into a hauiour of leſſe feare, ere wildneſſe
Vanquiſh my ſtayder Senſes. What's the matter?
Why tender'ſt thou that Paper to me, with
A looke vntender? If't be Summer Newes
Smile too't before: if Winterly, thou need'ſt
But keepe that count'nance ſtil. My Husbands hand?
That Drug-damn'd Italy, hath out-craftied him,
And hee's at ſome hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take off ſome extreamitie, which to reade
Would be euen mortall to me.

Pif. Pleaſe you reade,
And you ſhall finde me (wretched man) a thing
The moſt diſdain'd of Fortune.

Imogen reades.

THy Miſtris (Piſanio) hath plaide the Strumpet in my Bed: the Teſtimonies whereof, lyes bleeding in me. I ſpeak not out of weake Surmiſes, but from proofe as ſtrong as my greefe, and as certaine as I expect my Reuenge. That part, thou (Piſanio) muſt acte for me, if thy Faith be not tainted with the breach of hers; let thine owne hands take away her life: I ſhall giue thee opportunity at Milford Hauen. She hath my Letter for the purpoſe; where, if thou feare to ſtrike, and to make mee certaine it is done, thou art the Pander to her diſhonour, and equally to me diſloyall.

Pif. What ſhall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throat alreadie? No, 'tis Slander,
Whoſe edge is ſharper then the Sword, whoſe tongue
Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting windes, and doth belye
All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States,
Maides, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Graue
This viperous ſlander enters. What cheere, Madam?

Imo. Falſe to his Bed? What is it to be falſe?
To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him?
To weepe 'twixt clock and clock? If ſleep charge Nature,
To breake it with a fearfull dreame of him,
And cry my ſelfe awake? That's falſe to's bed? Is it?

Piſa. Alas good Lady.

Imo. I falſe? Thy Conſcience witneſſe: *Iachimo*,
Thou didd'ſt accuſe him of Incontinencie,
Thou then look'dſt like a Villaine: now, me thinkes
Thy

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Thy fauours good enough. Some Iay of Italy
(Whoſe mother was her painting) hath betraid him:
Poore I am ſtale, a Garment out of faſhion,
And for I am richer then to hang by th'walles,
I muſt be ript: To peeces with me: Oh!
Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good ſeeming
By thy reuolt (oh Husband) ſhall be thought
Put on for Villainy; not borne where't growes,
But worne a Baite for Ladies.
Piſa. Good Madam, heare me.
Imo. True honeſt men being heard, like falſe *Æneas*,
Were in his time thought falſe: and *Synons* weeping
Did ſcandall many a holy teare: tooke pitty
From moſt true wretchednеſſe. So thou, *Poſthumus*
Wilt lay the Leauen on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, ſhall be falſe and periur'd
From thy great faile: Come Fellow, be thou honeſt,
Do thou thy Maſters bidding. When thou ſeeſt him,
A little witneſſe my obedience. Looke
I draw the Sword my ſelfe, take it, and hit
The innocent Manſion of my Loue (my Heart:)
Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:
Thy Maſter is not there, who was indeede
The riches of it. Do his bidding, ſtrike,
Thou mayſt be valiant in a better cauſe;
But now thou ſeem'ſt a Coward.
Piſ. Hence vile Inſtrument,
Thou ſhalt not damne my hand.
Imo. Why, I muſt dye:
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No Seruant of thy Maſters. Againſt Selfe-ſlaughter,
There is a prohibition ſo Diuine,
That crauens my weake hand: Come, heere's my heart:
Something's a-foot: Soft, ſoft, wee'l no defence,
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,
The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to Hereſie? Away, away
Corrupters of my Faith, you ſhall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fooles
Beleeue falſe Teachers: Though thoſe that are betraid
Do feele the Treaſon ſharpely, yet the Traitor
Stands in worſe caſe of woe. And thou *Poſthumus*,
That didd'ſt ſet vp my diſobedience 'gainſt the King
My Father, and makes me put into contempt the ſuites
Of Princely Fellowes, ſhalt heereafter finde
It is no acte of common paſſage, but
A ſtraine of Rareneſſe: And I greeue my ſelfe,
To thinke, when thou ſhalt be diſedg'd by her,
That now thou tyreſt on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee diſpatch,
The Lambe entreats the Butcher. Wher's thy knife?
Thou art too ſlow to do thy Maſters bidding
When I deſire it too.
Piſ. Oh gracious Lady:
Since I receiu'd command to do this buſineſſe,
I haue not ſlept one winke.
Imo. Doo't, and to bed then.
Piſ. Ile wake mine eye-balles firſt.
Imo. Wherefore then
Didd'ſt vndertake it? Why haſt thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horſes labour?
The Time inuiting thee? The perturb'd Court
For my being abſent? whereunto I neuer
Purpoſe returne. Why haſt thou gone ſo farre
To be vn-bent? when thou haſt 'tane thy ſtand,
Th'elected Deere before thee?
Piſ. But to win time
To looſe ſo bad employment, in the which
I haue conſider'd of a courſe: good Ladie
Heare me with patience.
Imo. Talke thy tongue weary, ſpeake:
I haue heard I am a Strumpet, and mine eare
Therein falſe ſtrooke, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bottome that. But ſpeake.
Piſ. Then Madam,
I thought you would not backe againe.
Imo. Moſt like,
Bringing me heere to kill me.
Piſ. Not ſo neither:
But if I were as wiſe, as honeſt, then
My purpoſe would proue well: it cannot be,
But that my Maſter is abus'd. Some Villaine,
I, and ſingular in his Art, hath done you both
This curſed iniurie.
Imo. Some Roman Curtezan?
Piſa. No, on my life:
Ile giue but notice you are dead, and ſend him
Some bloody ſigne of it. For 'tis commanded
I ſhould do ſo: you ſhall be miſt at Court,
And that will well confirme it.
Imo. Why good Fellow,
What ſhall I do the while? Where bide? How liue?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?
Piſ. If you'l backe to'th'Court.
Imo. No Court, no Father, nor no more adoe
With that harſh, noble, ſimple nothing:
That *Clotten*, whoſe Loue-ſuite hath bene to me
As fearefull as a Siege.
Piſ. If not at Court,
Then not in Britaine muſt you bide.
Imo. Where then?
Hath Britaine all the Sunne that ſhines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in Britaine? I'th'worlds Volume
Our Britaine ſeemes as of it, but not in't:
In a great Poole, a Swannes-neſt, prythee thinke
There's liuers out of Britaine.
Piſ. I am moſt glad
You thinke of other place: Th'Ambaſſador,
Lucius the Romaine comes to Milford-Hauen
To morrow. Now, if you could weare a minde
Darke, as your Fortune is, and but diſguiſe
That which t'appeare it ſelfe, muſt not yet be,
But by ſelfe-danger, you ſhould tread a courſe
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, neere
The reſidence of *Poſthumus*; ſo nie (at leaſt)
That though his Actions were not viſible, yet
Report ſhould render him hourely to your eare,
As truely as he mooues.
Imo. Oh for ſuch meanes,
Though perill to my modeſtie, not death on't
I would aduenture.
Piſ. Well then, heere's the point:
You muſt forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Feare, and Niceneſſe
(The Handmaides of all Women, or more truely
Woman it pretty ſelfe) into a waggiſh courage,
Ready in gybes, quicke-anſwer'd, ſawcie, and
As quarrellous as the Weazell: Nay, you muſt
Forget that rareſt Treaſure of your Cheeke,
Expoſing it (but oh the harder heart,

Alacke

Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kiſſing *Titan:* and forget
Your labourſome and dainty Trimmes, wherein
You made great *Iuno* angry.
Imo. Nay be breefe?
I ſee into thy end, and am almoſt
A man already.
Piſ. Firſt, make your ſelfe but like one,
Fore-thinking this. I haue already fit
('Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hoſe, all
That anſwer to them: Would you in their ſeruing,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of ſuch a ſeaſon) 'fore Noble *Lucius*
Preſent your ſelfe, deſire his ſeruice: tell him
Wherein you're happy; which will make him know,
If that his head haue eare in Muſicke, doubtleſſe
With ioy he will imbrace you: for hee's Honourable,
And doubling that, moſt holy. Your meanes abroad:
You haue me rich, and I will neuer faile
Beginning, nor ſupplyment.
Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,
There's more to be conſider'd: but wee'l euen
All that good time will giue vs. This attempt,
I am Souldier too, and will abide it with
A Princes Courage. Away, I prythee.
Piſ. Well Madam, we muſt take a ſhort farewell,
Leaſt being miſt, I be ſuſpected of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Miſtris,
Heere is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,
What's in't is precious: If you are ſicke at Sea,
Or Stomacke-qualm'd at Land, a Dramme of this
Will driue away diſtemper. To ſome ſhade,
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
Direct you to the beſt.
Imo. Amen: I thanke thee. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queene, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus farre, and ſo farewell.
Luc. Thankes, Royall Sir:
My Emperor hath wrote, I muſt from hence,
And am right ſorry, that I muſt report ye
My Maſters Enemy.
Cym. Our Subiects (Sir)
Will not endure his yoake; and for our ſelfe
To ſhew leſſe Soueraignty then they, muſt needs
Appeare vn-Kinglike.
Luc. So Sir: I deſire of you
A Conduct ouer Land, to Milford-Hauen.
Madam, all ioy befall your Grace, and you.
Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office:
The due of Honor, in no point omit:
So farewell Noble *Lucius.*
Luc. Your hand, my Lord.
Clot. Receiue it friendly: but from this time forth
I weare it as your Enemy.
Luc. Sir, the Euent
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
Cym. Leaue not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords
Till he haue croſt the Seuern. Happines. *Exit Lucius, &c*

2u. He goes hence frowning: but it honours vs
That we haue giuen him cauſe.
Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant Britaines haue their wiſhes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes heere. It fits vs therefore ripely
Our Chariots, and our Horſemen be in readineſſe:
The Powres that he already hath in Gallia
Will ſoone be drawne to head, from whence he moues
His warre for Britaine.
2u. 'Tis not ſleepy buſineſſe,
But muſt be look'd too ſpeedily, and ſtrongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made vs forward. But my gentle Queene,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to vs hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looke vs like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We haue noted it. Call her before vs, for
We haue beene too ſlight in ſufferance.
2u. Royall Sir,
Since the exile of *Poſthumus*, moſt retyr'd
Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time muſt do. Beſeech your Maieſty,
Forbeare ſharpe ſpeeches to her. Shee's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are ſtroke;,
And ſtrokes death to her.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Cym. Where is ſhe Sir? How
Can her contempt be anſwer'd?
Meſ. Pleaſe you Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no anſwer
That will be giuen to'th'lowd of noiſe, we make.
2u. My Lord, when laſt I went to viſit her,
She pray'd me to excuſe her keeping cloſe,
Whereto conſtrain'd by her infirmitie,
She ſhould that dutie leaue vnpaide to you
Which dayly ſhe was bound to proffer: this
She wiſh'd me to make knowne: but our great Court
Made me too blame in memory.
Cym. Her doores lock'd?
Not ſeene of late? Grant Heauens, that which I
Feare, proue falſe. *Exit.*
2u. Sonne, I ſay, follow the King.
Clot. That man of hers, *Piſanio*, her old Seruant
I haue not ſeene theſe two dayes. *Exit.*
2u. Go, looke after:
Piſanio, thou that ſtand'ſt ſo for *Poſthumus*,
He hath a Drugge of mine: I pray, his abſence
Proceed by ſwallowing that. For he beleeues
It is a thing moſt precious. But for her,
Where is ſhe gone? Haply diſpaire hath ſeiz'd her:
Or wing'd with feruour of her loue, ſhe's flowne
To her deſir'd *Poſthumus*: gone ſhe is,
To death, or to diſhonor, and my end
Can make good vſe of either. Shee being downe,
I haue the placing of the Britiſh Crowne.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Sonne?
Clot. 'Tis certaine ſhe is fled:
Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.
2u. All the better: may
This night fore-ſtall him of the comming day. *Exit 2u.*
Clo. I loue, and hate her: for ſhe's Faire and Royall,
And that ſhe hath all courtly parts more exquiſite

Then

Act 3. CYMBELINE. Sc. 6.

Ramberg del.t C.Sherwin sculp.t

Mr. WELLS in IMOGEN.

"Ho!— No answer? then I'll enter.

London Printed for John Bell British Library Strand Febr 28th 1786.

Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from euery one
The beſt ſhe hath, and ſhe of all compounded
Out-ſelles them all. I loue her therefore, but
Diſdaining me, and throwing Fauours on
The low *Poſthumus*, ſlanders ſo her iudgement,
That what's elſe rare, is choak'd: and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,
To be reueng'd vpon her: For, when Fooles ſhall—

Enter Piſanio.

Who is heere? What, are you packing ſirrah?
Come hither: Ah you precious Pandar, Villaine,
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or elſe
Thou art ſtraightway with the Fiends.

Piſ. Oh, good my Lord.

Clo. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Iupiter,
I will not aske againe. Cloſe Villaine,
Ile haue this Secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to finde it. Is ſhe with *Poſthumus*?
From whoſe ſo many waights of baſeneſſe, cannot
A dram of worth be drawne.

Piſ. Alas, my Lord,
How can ſhe be with him? When was ſhe miſs'd?
He is in Rome.

Clot. Where is ſhe Sir? Come neerer:
No farther halting: ſatisfie me home,
What is become of her?

Piſ. Oh, my all-worthy Lord.

Clo. All-worthy Villaine,
Diſcouer where thy Miſtris is, at once,
At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:
Speake, or thy ſilence on the inſtant, is
Thy condemnation, and thy death.

Piſ. Then Sir:
This Paper is the hiſtorie of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clo. Let's ſee't: I will purſue her
Euen to *Auguſtus* Throne.

Piſ. Or this, or periſh.
She's farre enough, and what he learnes by this,
May proue his trauell, not her danger.

Clo. Humh.

Piſ. Ile write to my Lord ſhe's dead: Oh *Imogen*,
Safe mayſt thou wander, ſafe returne agen.

Clot. Sirra, is this Letter true?

Piſ. Sir, as I thinke.

Clot. It is *Poſthumus* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'ſt not be a Villain, but do me true ſeruice: vndergo thoſe Imployments wherin I ſhould haue cauſe to vſe thee with a ſerious induſtry, that is, what villainy ſoere I bid thee do to performe it, directly and truely, I would thinke thee an honeſt man: thou ſhould'ſt neither want my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy preferment.

Piſ. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou ſerue mee? For ſince patiently and conſtantly thou haſt ſtucke to the bare Fortune of that Begger *Poſthumus*, thou canſt not in the courſe of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou ſerue mee?

Piſ. Sir, I will.

Clo. Giue mee thy hand, heere's my purſe. Haſt any of thy late Maſters Garments in thy poſſeſſion.

Piſan. I haue (my Lord) at my Lodging, the ſame Suite he wore, when he tooke leaue of my Ladie & Miſtreſſe.

Clo. The firſt ſeruice thou doſt mee, fetch that Suite hither, let it be thy firſt ſeruice, go.

Piſ. I ſhall my Lord. *Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Hauen: (I forgot to aske him one thing, Ile remember't anon:) euen there, thou villaine *Poſthumus* will I kill thee. I would theſe Garments were come. She ſaide vpon a time (the bitterneſſe of it, I now belch from my heart) that ſhee held the very Garment of *Poſthumus*, in more reſpect, then my Noble and naturall perſon; together with the adornement of my Qualities. With that Suite vpon my backe wil I rauiſh her: firſt kill him, and in her eyes; there ſhall ſhe ſee my valour, which wil then be a torment to hir contempt. He on the ground, my ſpeech of inſulment ended on his dead bodie, and when my Luſt hath dined (which, as I ſay, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that ſhe ſo prais'd:) to the Court Ile knock her backe, foot her home againe. She hath deſpis'd mee reioycingly, and Ile bee merry in my Reuenge.

Enter Piſanio.

Be thoſe the Garments?

Piſ. I, my Noble Lord.

Clo. How long is't ſince ſhe went to Milford-Hauen?

Piſ. She can ſcarſe be there yet.

Clo. Bring this Apparrell to my Chamber, that is the ſecond thing that I haue commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntarie Mute to my deſigne. Be but dutious, and true preferment ſhall tender it ſelfe to thee. My Reuenge is now at Milford, would I had wings to follow it. Come, and be true. *Exit*

Piſ. Thou bid'ſt me to my loſſe: for true to thee,
Were to proue falſe, which I will neuer bee
To him that is moſt true. To Milford go,
And finde not her, whom thou purſueſt. Flow, flow
You Heauenly bleſſings on her: This Fooles ſpeede
Be croſt with flowneſſe; Labour be his meede. *Exit*

Actus III.

Scena Sexta.

Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. I ſee a mans life is a tedious one,
I haue tyr'd my ſelfe: and for two nights together
Haue made the ground my bed. I ſhould be ſicke,
But that my reſolution helpes me: Milford,
When from the Mountaine top, *Piſanio* ſhew'd thee,
Thou was't within a kenne. Oh Ioue, I thinke
Foundations flye the wretched: ſuch I meane,
Where they ſhould be releeu'd. Two Beggers told me,
I could not miſſe my way. Will poore Folkes lye
That haue Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A puniſhment, or Triall? Yes; no wonder,
When Rich-ones ſcarſe tell true. To lapſe in Fulneſſe
Is ſorer, then to lye for Neede: and Falſhood
Is worſe in Kings, then Beggers. My deere Lord,
Thou art one o'th'falſe Ones: Now I thinke on thee,
My hunger's gone; but euen before, I was
At point to ſinke, for Food. But what is this?
Heere is a path too't: 'tis ſome ſauage hold:
I were beſt not call; I dare not call: Yet Famine
Ere cleane it o're-throw Nature, makes it valiant.
Plentie, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardneſſe euer
Of Hardineſſe is Mother. Hoa? who's heere?
If any thing that's ciuill, ſpeake: if ſauage,

Take,

Take, or lend. Hoa? No anſwer? Then Ile enter.
Beſt draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
But feare the Sword like me, hee'l ſcarſely looke on't.
Such a Foe, good Heauens. *Exit.*

She goes into the Cave m.e

Actus.

Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus.

Bel. You *Polidore* haue prou'd beſt Woodman, and
Are Maſter of the Feaſt: *Cadwall*, and I
Will play the Cooke, and Seruant, 'tis our match:
The ſweat of induſtry would dry, and dye
But for the end it workes too. Come, our ſtomackes
Will make what's homely, ſauoury: Wearineſſe
Can ſnore vpon the Flint, when reſtie Sloth *Exit m.e.*
Findes the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be heere,
Poore houſe, that keep'ſt thy ſelfe.
Gui. I am throughly weary.
Arui. I am weake with toyle, yet ſtrong in appetite.
Gui. There is cold meat i'th'Caue, we'l brouz on that
Whil'ſt what we haue kill'd, be Cook'd.
Bel. Stay, come not in:
But that it eates our victualles, I ſhould thinke
Heere were a Faiery.
Gui. What's the matter, Sir?
Bel. By Iupiter an Angell: or if not
An earthly Paragon. Behold Diuineneſſe
No elder then a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good maſters harme me not:
Before I enter'd heere, I call'd, and thought
To haue begg'd, or bought, what I haue took: good troth
I haue ſtolne nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold ſtrew'd i'th'Floore. Heere's money for my Meate,
I would haue left it on the Boord, ſo ſoone
As I had made my Meale; and parted
With Pray'rs for the Prouider.
Gui. Money? Youth.
Aru. All Gold and Siluer rather turne to durt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of thoſe
Who worſhip durty Gods.
Imo. I ſee you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I ſhould
Haue dyed, had I not made it.
Bel. Whether bound?
Imo. To Milford-Hauen.
Bel. What's your name?
Imo. Fidele Sir: I haue a Kinſman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,
To whom being going, almoſt ſpent with hunger,
I am falne in this offence.
Bel. Prythee (faire youth)
Thinke vs no Churles: nor meaſure our good mindes
By this rude place we liue in. Well encounter'd,
'Tis almoſt night, you ſhall haue better cheere
Ere you depart; and thankes to ſtay, and eate it:
Boyes, bid him welcome.
Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I ſhould woo hard, but be your Groome in honeſty:
I bid for you, as I do buy.
Arui. Ile make't my Comfort
He is a man, Ile loue him as my Brother:
And ſuch a welcome as I'ld giue to him
(After long abſence) ſuch is yours. Moſt welcome:
Be ſprightly, for you fall 'mongſt Friends.
Imo. 'Mongſt Friends?
If Brothers: would it had bin ſo, that they
Had bin my Fathers Sonnes, then had my prize
Bin leſſe, and ſo more equall ballaſting
To thee *Poſthumus.* [aside m.e.
Bel. He wrings at ſome diſtreſſe.
Gui. Would I could free't.
Arui. Or I, what ere it be,
What paine it coſt, what danger: Gods!
Bel. Hearke Boyes.
Imo. Great men
That had a Court no bigger then this Caue,
That did attend themſelues, and had the vertue
Which their owne Conſcience ſeal'd them: laying by
That nothing-guift of differing Multitudes
Could not out-peere theſe twaine. Pardon me Gods,
I'ld change my ſexe to be Companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* falſe.
Bel. It ſhall be ſo:
Boyes wee'l go dreſſe our Hunt. Faire youth come in;
Diſcourſe is heauy, faſting: when we haue ſupp'd
Wee'l mannerly demand thee of thy Story,
So farre as thou wilt ſpeake it.
Gui. Pray draw neere.
Arui. The Night to'th'Owle,
And Morne to th'Larke leſſe welcome.
Imo. Thankes Sir.
Arui. I pray draw neere. *Exeunt.*

Actus. Scena Octaua.
Scene VII. m.e
Rome m.e.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1.*Sen.* This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ;
That ſince the common men are now in Action
'Gainſt the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,
And that the Legions now in Gallia, are
Full weake to vndertake our Warres againſt
The falne-off Britaines, that we do incite
The Gentry to this buſineſſe. He creates
Lucius Pro-Conſull: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Leuy, he commands
His abſolute Commiſſion. Long liue *Cæſar.*
Tri. Is *Lucius* Generall of the Forces?
2.*Sen.* I.
Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?
1.*Sen.* With thoſe Legions
Which I haue ſpoke of, whereunto your leuie
Muſt be ſuppliant: the words of your Commiſſion
Will tye you to the numbers, and the time
Of their diſpatch.
Tri. We will diſcharge our duty. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

The Forest near the Cave m.e.

Enter Clotten alone.

Clot I am neere to'th'place where they ſhould meet,
if *Piſanio* haue mapp'd it truely. How fit his Garments
ſerue me? Why ſhould his Miſtris who was made by him
that

CYMBELINE.

Engraved by Isaac Taylor Junr. from a Drawing by Charles Ryley.

IMOGEN in the Cave.

Imogen — [illegible]

[illegible]

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that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (ſauing reuerence of the Word) for 'tis ſaide a Womans fitneſſe comes by fits: therein I muſt play the Workman, I dare ſpeake it to my ſelfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man, and his Glaſſe, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane, the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no leſſe young, more ſtrong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the aduantage of the time, aboue him in Birth, alike conuerſant in generall ſeruices, and more remarkeable in ſingle oppoſitions; yet this imperſeuerant Thing loues him in my deſpight. What Mortalitie is? *Poſthumus*, thy head (which now is growing vppon thy ſhoulders) ſhall within this houre be off, thy Miſtris inforced, thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face: and all this done, ſpurne her home to her Father, who may (happily) be a little angry for my ſo rough vſage: but my Mother hauing power of his teſtineſſe, ſhall turne all into my commendations. My Horſe is tyed vp ſafe, out Sword, and to a fore purpoſe: Fortune put them into my hand: This is the very deſcription of their meeting place and the Fellow dares not deceiue me. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Before the caue m.e.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, and Imogen from the Caue.

Bel. You are not well: Remaine heere in the Caue,
Wee'l come to you after Hunting.
Arui. Brother, ſtay heere:
Are we not Brothers?
Imo. So man and man ſhould be,
But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie,
Whoſe duſt is both alike. I am very ſicke,
Gui. Go you to Hunting, Ile abide with him.
Imo. So ſicke I am not, yet I am not well:
But not ſo Citizen a wanton, as
To ſeeme to dye, ere ſicke: So pleaſe you, leaue me,
Sticke to your Iournall courſe: the breach of Cuſtome,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort
To one not ſociable: I am not very ſicke,
Since I can reaſon of it: pray you truſt me heere,
Ile rob none but my ſelfe, and let me dye
Stealing ſo poorely.
Gui. I loue thee: I haue ſpoke it,
How much the quantity, the waight as much,
As I do loue my Father.
Bel. What? How? how?
Arui. If it be ſinne to ſay ſo (Sir) I yoake mee
In my good Brothers fault: I know not why
I loue this youth, and I haue heard you ſay,
Loue's reaſon's, without reaſon. The Beere at doore,
And a demand who is't ſhall dye, I'ld ſay
My Father, not this youth.
Bel. Oh noble ſtraine! *Aside* m.e.
O worthineſſe of Nature, breed of Greatneſſe!
"Cowards father Cowards, & Baſe things Syre Bace;
"Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.
I'me not their Father, yet who this ſhould bee,
Doth myracle it ſelfe, lou'd before mee.
'Tis the ninth houre o'th'Morne.
Arui. Brother, farewell.
Imo. I wiſh ye ſport.
Arui. You health.——So pleaſe you Sir.
Imo. Theſe are kinde Creatures. *Aside* m.e.
Gods, what lyes I haue heard:
Our Courtiers ſay, all's ſauage, but at Court;
Experience, oh thou diſproou'ſt Report.
Th'emperious Seas breeds Monſters; for the Diſh,
Poore Tributary Riuers, as ſweet Fiſh:
I am ſicke ſtill, heart-ſicke; *Piſanio*,
Ile now taſte of thy Drugge.
Gui. I could not ſtirre him:
He ſaid he was gentle, but vnfortunate;
Diſhoneſtly afflicted, but yet honeſt.
Arui. Thus did he anſwer me: yet ſaide heereafter,
I might know more.
Bel. To'th'Field, to'th'Field:
Wee'l leaue you for this time, go in, and reſt
Arui. Wee'l not be long away.
Bel. Pray be not ſicke,
For you muſt be our Huſwife.
Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you. *Exit.*
Bel. And ſhal't be euer. *So* m.e. Hanmer
This youth, how ere diſtreſt, appeares he hath had
Good Anceſtors.
Arui. How Angell-like he ſings?
Gui. But his neate Cookerie?
Arui. He cut our Rootes in Charracters,
And ſawc'ſt our Brothes, as *Iuno* had bin ſicke,
And he her Dieter.
Arui. Nobly he yoakes
A ſmiling, with a ſigh; as if the ſighe
Was that it was, for not being ſuch a Smile:
The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would flye
From ſo diuine a Temple, to commix
With windes, that Saylors raile at.
Gui. I do note,
That greefe and patience rooted in them both, *Rim* m.e. Pope
Mingle their ſpurres together.
Arui. Grow patient,
And let the ſtinking-Elder (Greefe) vntwine
His periſhing roote, with the encreaſing Vine.
Bel. It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I cannot finde thoſe Runnagates, that Villaine
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.
Bel. Thoſe Runnagates?
Meanes he not vs? I partly know him, 'tis
Cloten, the Sonne o'th'Queene. I feare ſome Ambuſh:
I ſaw him not theſe many yeares, and yet
I know 'tis he: We are held as Out-Lawes: Hence.
Gui. He is but one: you, and my Brother ſearch
What Companies are neere: pray you away,
Let me alone with him. *Exit Belarius & Aruiragus* m.e.
Clot. Soft, what are you
That flye me thus? Some villaine-Mountainers?
I haue heard of ſuch. What Slaue art thou?
Gui. A thing
More ſlauiſh did I ne're, then anſwering
A Slaue without a knocke.
Clot. Thou art a Robber,
A Law-breaker, a Villaine: yeeld thee Theefe.
Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Haue not I
An arme as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge:
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:

Why

Why I ſhould yeeld to thee?
Clot. Thou Villaine baſe,
Know'ſt me not by my Cloathes?
Gui. No, nor thy Taylor, Raſcall:
Who is thy Grandfather? He made thoſe cloathes,
Which (as it ſeemes) make thee.
Clo. Thou precious Varlet,
My Taylor made them not.
Gui. Hence then, and thanke
The man that gaue them thee. Thou art ſome Foole,
I am loath to beate thee.
Clot. Thou iniurious Theefe,
Heare but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What's thy name?
Clo. *Cloten*, thou Villaine.
Gui. *Cloten*, thou double Villaine be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould moue me ſooner.
Clot. To thy further feare,
Nay, to thy meere Confuſion, thou ſhalt know
I am Sonne to'th'Queene.
Gui. I am ſorry for't: not ſeeming
So worthy as thy Birth.
Clot. Art not afeard?
Gui. Thoſe that I reuerence, thoſe I feare: the Wiſe:
At Fooles I laugh: not feare them.
Clot. Dye the death:
When I haue ſlaine thee with my proper hand,
Ile follow thoſe that euen now fled hence:
And on the Gates of *Luds-Towne* ſet your heads:
Yeeld Ruſticke Mountaineer. *Fight and Exeunt.*

Enter Belarius and Aruiragus.

Bel. No Companie's abroad?
Arui. None in the world: you did miſtake him ſure.
Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it ſince I ſaw him,
But Time hath nothing blurr'd thoſe lines of Fauour
Which then he wore: the ſnatches in his voice,
And burſt of ſpeaking were as his: I am abſolute
'Twas very *Cloten*.
Arui. In this place we left them;
I wiſh my Brother make good time with him,
You ſay he is ſo fell.
Bel. Being ſcarſe made vp,
I meane to man; he had not apprehenſion
Of roaring terrors: For defect of iudgement
Is oft the cauſe of Feare.

Enter Guiderius.

But ſee thy Brother.
Gui. This *Cloten* was a Foole, an empty purſe,
There was no money in't: Not *Hercules*
Could haue knock'd out his Braines, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the Foole had borne
My head, as I do his.
Bel. What haſt thou done?
Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one *Clotens* head,
Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and ſwore
With his owne ſingle hand heel'd take vs in,
Diſplace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow
And ſet them on *Luds-Towne*.
Bel. We are all vndone.
Gui. Why, worthy Father, what haue we to looſe,
But that he ſwore to take, our Liues? the Law
Protects not vs, then why ſhould we be tender,
To let an arrogant peece of fleſh threat vs?
Play Iudge, and Executioner, all himſelfe?
For we do feare the Law. What company
Diſcouer you abroad?
Bel. No ſingle ſoule
Can we ſet eye on: but in all ſafe reaſon
He muſt haue ſome Attendants. Though his Honor
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that
From one bad thing to worſe: Not Frenzie,
Not abſolute madneſſe could ſo farre haue rau'd
To bring him heere alone: although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that ſuch as wee
Caue heere, hunt heere, are Out-lawes, and in time
May make ſome ſtronger head, the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might breake out, and ſweare
Heel'd fetch vs in, yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he ſo vndertaking,
Or they ſo ſuffering: then on good ground we feare,
If we do feare this Body hath a taile
More perillous then the head.
Arui. Let Ord'nance
Come as the Gods fore-ſay it: howſoere,
My Brother hath done well.
Bel. I had no minde
To hunt this day: The Boy *Fideles* ſickneſſe
Did make my way long forth.
Gui. With his owne Sword,
Which he did waue againſt my throat, I haue tane
His head from him: Ile throw't into the Creeke
Behinde our Rocke, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fiſhes, hee's the Queenes Sonne, *Cloten*,
That's all I reake. *Exit.*
Bel. I feare 'twill be reueng'd:
Would (*Polidore*) thou had'ſt not done't: though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arui. Would I had done't:
So the Reuenge alone purſu'de me: *Polidore*
I loue thee brotherly, but enuy much
Thou haſt robb'd me of this deed: I would Reuenges
That poſſible ſtrength might meet, wold ſeek vs through
And put vs to our anſwer.
Bel. Well, 'tis done:
Wee'l hunt no more to day, nor ſeeke for danger
Where there's no profit. I prythee to our Rocke,
You and *Fidele* play the Cookes: Ile ſtay
Till haſty *Polidore* returne, and bring him
To dinner preſently.
Arui. Poore ſicke *Fidele*,
Ile willingly to him, to gaine his colour,
Il'd let a pariſh of ſuch *Clotens* blood,
And praiſe my ſelfe for charity. *Exit.*
Bel. Oh thou Goddeſſe,
Thou diuine Nature; thou thy ſelfe thou blazon'ſt
In theſe two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle
As Zephires blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his ſweet head; and yet, as rough
(Their Royall blood enchaf'd) as the rud'ſt winde,
That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine,
And make him ſtoope to th'Vale. 'Tis wonder
That an inuiſible inſtinct ſhould frame them
To Royalty vnlearn'd, Honor vntaught,
Ciuility not ſeene from other: valour
That wildely growes in them, but yeelds a crop
As if it had beene ſow'd: yet ſtill it's ſtrange
What *Clotens* being heere to vs portends,
Or what his death will bring vs.

Enter Guidereus.

Gui. Where's my Brother?

Drawn by J Thurston

Engraved by A Smith A.R.A

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I haue ſent *Clotens* Clot-pole downe the ſtreame,
In Embaſſie to his Mother; his Bodie's hoſtage
For his returne. *Solemn Muſick.*
Bel. My ingenuous Inſtrument,
(Hearke *Polidore*) it ſounds: but what occaſion
Hath *Cadwal* now to giue it motion? Hearke.
Gui. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence euen now.
Gui. What does he meane?
Since death of my deer'ſt Mother
It did not ſpeake before. All ſolemne things
Should anſwer ſolemne Accidents. The matter?
Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,
Is iollity for Apes, and greeſe for Boyes.
Is *Cadwall* mad?

Enter Aruiragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his Armes.

Bel. Looke, heere he comes,
And brings the dire occaſion in his Armes,
Of what we blame him for.
Arui. The Bird is dead
That we haue made ſo much on. I had rather
Haue skipt from ſixteene yeares of Age, to ſixty:
To haue turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Then haue ſeene this.
Gui. Oh ſweeteſt, fayreſt Lilly:
My Brother weares thee not the one halfe ſo well,
As when thou grew'ſt thy ſelfe.
Bel. Oh Melancholly,
Who euer yet could ſound thy bottome? Finde
The Ooze, to ſhew what Coaſt thy ſluggiſh care
Might'ſt eaſileſt harbour in. Thou bleſſed thing,
Ioue knowes what man thou might'ſt haue made: but I,
Thou dyed'ſt a moſt rare Boy, of Melancholly.
How found you him?
Arui. Starke, as you ſee:
Thus ſmiling, as ſome Fly had tickled ſlumber,
Not as deaths dart being laugh'd at: his right Cheeke
Repoſing on a Cuſhion.
Gui. Where?
Arui. O'th'floore:
His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he ſlept, and put
My clowted Brogues from off my feete, whoſe rudeneſſe
Anſwer'd my ſteps too lowd.
Gui. Why, he but ſleepes:
If he be gone, hee'l make his Graue, a Bed:
With female Fayries will his Tombe be haunted,
And Wormes will not come to thee.
Arui. With fayreſt Flowers
Whil'ſt Sommer laſts, and I liue heere, *Fidele*,
Ile ſweeten thy ſad graue: thou ſhalt not lacke
The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primroſe, nor
The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy Veines: no, nor
The leafe of Eglantine, whom not to ſlander,
Out-ſweetned not thy breath: the Raddocke would
With Charitable bill (Oh bill ſore ſhaming
Thoſe rich-left-heyres, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Moſſe beſides. When Flowres are none
To winter-ground thy Coarſe———
Gui. Prythee haue done,
And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is ſo ſerious. Let vs bury him,
And not protract with admiration, what
Is now due debt. To'th'graue.
Arui. Say, where ſhall's lay him?
Gui. By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.
Arui. Bee't ſo:
And let vs (*Polidore*) though now our voyces
Haue got the mannifh cracke, ſing him to'th'ground
As once to our Mother: vſe like note, and words, *omitte m.e.*
Saue that *Euriphile*, muſt be *Fidele*.
Gui. Cadwall,
I cannot ſing: Ile weepe, and word it with thee;
For Notes of ſorrow, out of tune, are worſe
Then Prieſts, and Phanes that lye.
Arui. Wee'l ſpeake it then.
Bel. Great greefes I ſee med'cine the leſſe: For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queenes Sonne, Boyes,
And though he came our Enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though meane, and mighty rotting
Together haue one duſt, yet Reuerence
(That Angell of the world) doth make diſtinction
Of place 'tweene high, and low. Our Foe was Princely, *twixt* 32
And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.
Gui. Pray you fetch him hither, *the* *m*
Therſites body is as good as *Aiax*,
When neyther are aliue.
Arui. If you'l go fetch him,
Wee'l ſay our Song the whil'ſt: Brother begin.
Gui. Nay *Cadwall*, we muſt lay his head to th'Eaſt,
My Father hath a reaſon for't.
Arui. 'Tis true.
Gui. Come on then, and remoue him.
Arui. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. *Feare no more the heate o'th'Sun,*
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy worldly task haſt don,
Home art gon, and tane thy wages.
Golden Lads, and Girles all muſt,
As Chimney-Sweepers come to duſt.
Arui. *Feare no more the frowne o'th'Great,*
Thou art paſt the Tirants ſtroake,
Care no more to cloath and eate,
To thee the Reede is as the Oake:
The Scepter, Learning, Phyſicke muſt,
All follow this and come to duſt.
Guid. *Feare no more the Lightning flaſh.*
Arui. *Nor th'all-dreaded Thunderſtone.*
Gui. *Feare not Slander, Cenſure raſh.*
Arui. *Thou haſt finiſh'd Ioy and mone.*
Both. *All Louers young, all Louers muſt,*
Conſigne to thee and come to duſt.
Guid. *No Exorciſor harme thee,*
Arui. *Nor no witch-craft charme thee.*
Guid. *Ghoſt vnlaid forbeare thee.*
Arui. *Nothing ill come neere thee.*
Both. *Quiet conſumation haue,*
And renowned be thy graue.

Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We haue done our obſequies:
Come lay him downe.
Bel. Heere's a few Flowres, but 'bout midnight more:
The hearbes that haue on them cold dew o'th'night
Are ſtrewings fit'ſt for Graues: vpon their Faces.
You were as Flowres, now wither'd: euen ſo
Theſe Herbelets ſhall, which we vpon you ſtrew.
Come on, away, apart vpon our knees:
The ground that gaue them firſt, ha's them againe:
Their pleaſures here are paſt, ſo are their paine. *Exeunt.*

Imogen awakes.

Yes Sir, to Milford-Hauen, which is the way?
I thanke you: by yond bufh? pray how farre thether?
'Ods pittikins can it be fixe mile yet?
I haue gone all night: 'Faith, Ile lye downe, and fleepe.
But ſoft; no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddeſſes!
Theſe Flowres are like the pleaſures of the World;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:
For ſo I thought I was a Caue-keeper,
And Cooke to honeſt Creatures. But 'tis not ſo:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, ſhot at nothing,
Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
Are ſometimes like our Iudgements, blinde. Good faith
I tremble ſtill with feare: but if there be
Yet left in Heauen, as ſmall a drop of pittie
As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it.
The Dreame's heere ſtill: euen when I wake it is
Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
A headleſſe man? The Garments of *Poſthumus*?
I know the ſhape of's Legge: this is his Hand:
His Foote Mercuriall: his martiall Thigh
The brawnes of *Hercules*: but his Iouiall face———
Murther in heauen? How? 'tis gone. *Piſanio*,
All Curſes madded *Hecuba* gaue the Greekes,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou
Conſpir'd with that Irregulous diuell *Cloten*,
Hath heere cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Piſanio*,
Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd *Piſanio*)
From this moſt braueſt veſſell of the world
Strooke the maine top! Oh *Poſthumus*, alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that?
Piſanio might haue kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How ſhould this be, *Piſanio*?
'Tis he, and *Cloten*: Malice, and Lucre in them
Haue laid this Woe heere. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The Drugge he gaue me, which hee ſaid was precious
And Cordiall to me, haue I not found it
Murd'rous to'th'Senſes? That confirmes it home:
This is *Piſanio*'s deede, and *Cloten*: Oh!
Giue colour to my pale cheeke with thy blood,
That we the horrider may ſeeme to thoſe
Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Captaines, and a Soothſayer.

Cap. To them, the Legions garriſon'd in Gallia
After your will, haue croſt the Sea, attending
You heere at Milford-Hauen, with your Shippes:
They are heere in readineſſe.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The Senate hath ſtirr'd vp the Confiners,
And Gentlemen of Italy, moſt willing Spirits,
That promiſe Noble Seruice: and they come
Vnder the Conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'th'winde.

Luc. This forwardneſſe
Makes our hopes faire. Command our preſent numbers
Be muſter'd: bid the Captaines looke too't. Now Sir,
What haue you dream'd of late of this warres purpoſe.

Sooth. Laſt night, the very Gods ſhew'd me a viſion
(I faſt, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:
I ſaw Ioues Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd
From the ſpungy South, to this part of the Weſt,
There vaniſh'd in the Sun-beames, which portends
(Vnleſſe my ſinnes abuſe my Diuination)
Succeſſe to th'Roman hoaſt.

Luc. Dreame often ſo,
And neuer falſe. Soft hoa, what truncke is heere?
Without his top? The ruine ſpeakes, that ſometime
It was a worthy building. How? a Page?
Or dead, or fleeping on him? But dead rather:
For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed
With the defunct, or ſlecpe vpon the dead.
Let's ſee the Boyes face.

Cap. Hee's aliue my Lord.

Luc. Hee'l then inſtruct vs of this body: Young one,
Informe vs of thy Fortunes, for it ſeemes
They craue to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'ſt thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
That (otherwiſe then noble Nature did)
Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy intereſt
In this ſad wracke? How came't? Who is't?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better: This was my Maſter,
A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
That heere by Mountaineers lyes ſlaine: Alas,
There is no more ſuch Maſters: I may wander
From Eaſt to Occident, cry out for Seruice,
Try many, all good: ſerue truly: neuer
Finde ſuch another Maſter.

Luc. 'Lacke, good youth:
Thou mou'ſt no leſſe with thy complaining, then
Thy Maiſter in bleeding: ſay his name, good Friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ: if I do lye, and do
No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope
They'l pardon it. Say you Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele Sir.

Luc. Thou doo'ſt approue thy ſelfe the very ſame:
Thy Name well fits thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not ſay
Thou ſhalt be ſo well maſter'd, but be ſure
No leſſe belou'd. The Romane Emperors Letters
Sent by a Conſull to me, ſhould not ſooner
Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.

Imo. Ile follow Sir. But firſt, and't pleaſe the Gods,
Ile hide my Maſter from the Flies, as deepe
As theſe poore Pickaxes can digge: and when
With wild wood-leaues & weeds, I ha' ſtrew'd his graue
And on it ſaid a Century of prayers
(Such as I can) twice o're, Ile weepe, and ſighe,
And leauing ſo his ſeruice, follow you,
So pleaſe you entertaine mee.

Luc. I good youth,
And rather Father thee, then Maſter thee: My Friends,
The Boy hath taught vs manly duties: Let vs
Finde out the prettieſt Dazied-Plot we can,
And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
A Graue: Come, Arme him: Boy hee's preferr'd
By thee, to vs, and he ſhall be interr'd
As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull; wipe thine eyes,
Some Falles are meanes the happier to ariſe. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Piſanio.

Cym. Againe: and bring me word how 'tis with her,
A Feauour with the abſence of her Sonne;

SHAKSPEARE
CYMBELINE
Act IV. Sc. 2.
Imo. The dream's here still: even when I wake it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!

Drawn by J. Thurston.

Engraved by Lavalle, R.A.

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CYMBELINE. Scene I.

Mr. Pope in POSTHUMUS.

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A madneſſe, of which her life's in danger: Heauens,
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen*,
The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queene
Vpon a deſperate bed, and in a time
When fearefull Warres point at me: Her Sonne gone,
So needfull for this preſent? It ſtrikes me, paſt
The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
Who needs muſt know of her departure, and
Doſt ſeeme ſo ignorant, wee'l enforce it from thee
By a ſharpe Torture.

Piſ. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly ſet it at your will: But for my Miſtris,
I nothing know where ſhe remaines: why gone,
Nor when ſhe purpoſes returne. Beſeech your Highnes,
Hold me your loyall Seruant.

Lord. Good my Liege,
The day that ſhe was miſſing, he was heere:
I dare be bound hee's true, and ſhall performe
All parts of his ſubiection loyally. For *Cloten*,
There wants no diligence in ſeeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troubleſome:
Wee'l ſlip you for a ſeaſon, but our iealouſie
Do's yet depend.

Lord. So pleaſe your Maieſty,
The Romaine Legions, all from Gallia drawne,
Are landed on your Coaſt, with a ſupply
Of Romaine Gentlemen, by the Senate ſent.

Cym. Now for the Counſaile of my Son and Queen,
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
Your preparation can affront no leſſe (ready:
Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're
The want is, but to put thoſe Powres in motion,
That long to moue.

Cym. I thanke you: let's withdraw
And meete the Time, as it ſeekes vs. We feare not
What can from Italy annoy vs, but
We greeue at chances heere. Away. *Exeunt*

Piſa. I heard no Letter from my Maſter, ſince
I wrote him *Imogen* was ſlaine. 'Tis ſtrange:
Nor heare I from my Miſtris, who did promiſe
To yeeld me often tydings. Neither know I
What is betide to *Cloten*, but remaine
Perplext in all. The Heauens ſtill muſt worke:
Wherein I am falſe, I am honeſt: not true, to be true.
Theſe preſent warres ſhall finde I loue my Country,
Euen to the note o'th'King, or Ile fall in them:
All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd,
Fortune brings in ſome Boats, that are not ſteer'd. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

Scena Quarta.

Before the Cave. m.c.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, & Aruiragus.

Gui. The noyſe is round about vs.

Bel. Let vs from it.

Arui. What pleaſure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it
From Action, and Aduenture.

Gui. Nay, what hope
Haue we in hiding vs? This way the Romaines
Muſt, or for Britaines ſlay vs or receiue vs
For barbarous and vnnaturall Reuolts
During their vſe, and ſlay vs after.

Bel. Sonnes,
Wee'l higher to the Mountaines, there ſecure v..
To the Kings party there's no going: newneſſe
Of *Clotens* death (we being not knowne, not muſter'd
Among the Bands) may driue vs to a render
Where we haue liu'd; and ſo extort from's that
Which we haue done, whoſe anſwer would be death
Drawne on with Torture.

Gui. This is (Sir) a doubt
In ſuch a time, nothing becomming you,
Nor ſatisfying vs.

Arui. It is not likely,
That when they heare their Roman horſes neigh,
Behold their quarter'd Fires; haue both their eyes
And eares ſo cloyd importantly as now,
That they will waſte their time vpon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am knowne
Of many in the Army: Many yeeres
(Though *Cloten* then but young) you ſee, not wore him
From my remembrance. And beſides, the King
Hath not deſeru'd my Seruice, nor your Loues,
Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding;
The certainty of this heard life, aye hopeleſſe
To haue the courteſie your Cradle promis'd,
But to be ſtill hot Summers Tanlings, and
The ſhrinking Slaues of Winter.

Gui. Then be ſo,
Better to ceaſe to be. Pray Sir, to'th'Army:
I, and my Brother are not knowne; your ſelfe
So out of thought, and thereto ſo ore-growne,
Cannot be queſtion'd.

Arui. By this Sunne that ſhines
Ile thither: What thing is't, that I neuer
Did ſee man dye, ſcarſe euer look'd on blood,
But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Veniſon?
Neuer beſtrid a Horſe ſaue one, that had
A Rider like my ſelfe, who ne're wore Rowell,
Nor Iron on his heele? I am aſham'd
To looke vpon the holy Sunne, to haue
The benefit of his bleſt Beames, remaining
So long a poore vnknowne.

Gui. By heauens Ile go,
If you will bleſſe me Sir, and giue me leaue,
Ile take the better care: but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romaines.

Arui. So ſay I, Amen.

Bel. No reaſon I (ſince of your liues you ſet
So ſlight a valewation) ſhould reſerue
My crack'd one to more care. Haue with you Boyes:
If in your Country warres you chance to dye,
That is my Bed too (Lads) and there Ile lye.
Lead, lead; the time ſeems long, their blood thinks ſcorn
Till it flye out, and ſhew them Princes borne. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

A Field between the British & Roman Camps m.c.

Enter Poſthumus alone.

Poſt. Yea bloody cloth, Ile keep thee: for I am wiſht
Thou ſhould'ſt be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you ſhould take this courſe, how many
Muſt murther Wiues much better then themſelues

For wrying but a little? Oh *Piſanio*,
Euery good Seruant do's not all Commands:
No Bond, but to do iuſt ones. Gods, if you
Should haue 'tane vengeance on my faults, I neuer
Had liu'd to put on this: ſo had you ſaued
The noble *Imogen*, to repent, and ſtrooke
Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,
You ſnatch ſome hence for little faults; that's loue
To haue them fall no more: you ſome permit
To ſecond illes with illes, each elder worſe,
And make them dread it, to the dooers thrift.
But *Imogen* is your owne, do your beſt willes,
And make me bleſt to obey. I am brought hither
Among th'Italian Gentry, and to fight
Againſt my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough
That (Britaine) I haue kill'd thy Miſtris: Peace,
Ile giue no wound to thee: therefore good Heauens,
Heare patiently my purpoſe. Ile diſrobe me
Of theſe Italian weedes, and ſuite my ſelfe
As do's a *Britaine* Pezant: ſo Ile fight
Againſt the part I come with: ſo Ile dye
For thee (O *Imogen*) euen for whom my life
Is euery breath, a death: and thus, vnknowne,
Pittied, nor hated, to the face of perill
My ſelfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, then my habits ſhow.
Gods, put the ſtrength o'th'*Leonati* in me:
To ſhame the guize o'th'world, I will begin,
The faſhion leſſe without, and more within. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Romane Army at one doore: and the Britaine Army at another: Leonatus Poſthumus following like a poore Souldier. They march ouer, and goe out. Then enter againe in Skirmiſh Iachimo and Poſthumus: he vanquiſheth and diſarmeth Iachimo, and then leaues him.

Iac. The heauineſſe and guilt within my boſome,
Takes off my manhood: I haue belyed a Lady,
The Princeſſe of this Country; and the ayre on't
Reuengingly enfeebles me, or could this Carle,
A very drudge of Natures, haue ſubdu'de me
In my profeſſion? Knighthoods, and Honors borne
As I weare mine) are titles but of ſcorne.
If that thy Gentry (Britaine) go before
This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the oddes
Is, that we ſcarſe are men, and you are Goddes. *Exit.*

The Battaile continues, the Britaines fly, Cymbeline is taken: Then enter to his reſcue, Bellarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus.

Bel. Stand, ſtand, we haue th'aduantage of the ground,
The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowts vs, but
The villany of our feares.
Gui. Arui. Stand, ſtand, and fight.

Enter Poſthumus, and ſeconds the Britaines. They Reſcue Cymbeline, and Exeunt.

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away boy from the Troopes, and ſaue thy ſelfe:
For friends kil friends, and the diſorder's ſuch
As warre were hood-wink'd.
Iac. 'Tis their freſh ſupplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd ſtrangely: or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Poſthumus, and a Britaine Lord.

Lor. Cam'ſt thou from where they made the ſtand?
Poſt. I did,
Though you it ſeemes come from the Fliers?
Lo, I did.
Poſt. No blame be to you Sir, for all was loſt,
But that the Heauens fought: the King himſelfe
Of his wings deſtitute, the Army broken,
And but the backes of Britaines ſeene; all flying
Through a ſtrait Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the Tongue with ſlaught'ring: hauing worke
More plentifull, then Tooles to doo't: ſtrooke downe
Some mortally, ſome ſlightly touch'd, ſome falling
Meerely through feare, that the ſtrait paſſe was damm'd
With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards liuing
To dye with length'ned ſhame.
Lo. Where was this Lane?
Poſt. Cloſe by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,
Which gaue aduantage to an ancient Soldiour
(An honeſt one I warrant) who deſeru'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
He, with two ſtriplings (Lads more like to run
The Country baſe, then to commit ſuch ſlaughter,
With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayrer
Then thoſe for preſeruation cas'd, or ſhame)
Made good the paſſage, cryed to thoſe that fled.
Our *Britaines* hearts dye flying, not our men,
To darkneſſe fleete ſoules that flye backwards; ſtand,
Or we are Romanes, and will giue you that
Like beaſts, which you ſhun beaſtly, and may ſaue
But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, ſtand. Theſe three,
Three thouſand confident, in acte as many:
For three performers are the File, when all
The reſt do nothing. With this word ſtand, ſtand,
Accomodated by the Place; more Charming
With their owne Nobleneſſe, which could haue turn'd
A Diſtaffe, to a Lance, guilded pale lookes;
Part ſhame, part ſpirit renew'd, that ſome turn'd coward
But by example (Oh a ſinne in Warre,
Damn'd in the firſt beginners) gan to looke
The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
Vpon the Pikes o'th'Hunters. Then beganne
A ſtop i'th'Chaſe; a Retyre: Anon
A Rowt, confuſion thicke: forthwith they flye
Chickens, the way which they ſtopt Eagles: Slaues
The ſtrides the Victors made: and now our Cowards
Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
The life o'th'need: hauing found the backe doore open
Of the vnguarded hearts: heauens, how they wound,
Some ſlaine before ſome dying; ſome their Friends
Ore-borne i'th'former waue, ten chac'd by one,
Are now each one the ſlaughter-man of twenty:
Thoſe that would dye, or ere reſiſt, are growne
The mortall bugs o'th'Field.

Lor.

Lord. This was ſtrange chance:
A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes.
Poſt. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you heare,
Then to worke any. Will you Rime vpon't,
And vent it for a Mock'rie? Heere is one:
" *Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,*
" *Preſeru'd the Britaines, was the Romanes bane.*
Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir.
Poſt. Lacke, to what end?
Who dares not ſtand his Foe, Ile be his Friend:
For if hee'l do, as hee is made to doo,
I know hee'l quickly flye my friendſhip too.
You haue put me into Rime.
Lord. Farewell, you're angry. *Exit.*
Poſt. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble miſery
To be i'th'Field, and aske what newes of me:
To day, how many would haue giuen their Honours
To haue ſau'd their Carkaſſes? Tooke heele to doo't,
And yet dyed too. I, in mine owne woe charm'd
Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane,
Nor feele him where he ſtrooke. Being an vgly Monſter,
'Tis ſtrange he hides him in freſh Cups, ſoft Beds,
Sweet words; or hath moe miniſters then we
That draw his kniues i'th'War. Well I will finde him:
For being now a Fauourer to the Britaine,
No more a Britaine, I haue reſum'd againe
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yeeld me to the veriеſt Hinde, that ſhall
Once touch my ſhoulder. Great the ſlaughter is
Heere made by'th'Romane; great the Anſwer be
Britaines muſt take. For me, my Ranſome's death,
On eyther ſide I come to ſpend my breath;
Which neyther heere Ile keepe, nor beare agen,
But end it by ſome meanes for *Imogen.*

Enter two Captaines, and Soldiers.

1 Great Iupiter be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken,
'Tis thought the old man, and his ſonnes, were Angels.
2 There was a fourth man, in a ſilly habit,
That gaue th'Affront with them.
1 So 'tis reported:
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?
Poſt. A Roman,
Who had not now beene drooping heere, if Seconds
Had anſwer'd him.
2 Lay hands on him: a Dogge,
A legge of Rome ſhall not returne to tell
What Crows haue peckt them here: he brags his ſeruice
As if he were of note: bring him to'th'King.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus Piſanio, and Romane Captiues. The Captaines preſent Poſthumus to Cymbeline, who deliuers him ouer to a Gaoler.

Scena Quarta.

A Priſon mic.

Enter Poſthumus, and Gaoler.

Gao. You ſhall not now be ſtolne,
You haue lockes vpon you:
So graze, as you finde Paſture.
2.*Gao.* I, or a ſtomacke.
Poſt. Moſt welcome bondage; for thou art a way
(I thinke) to liberty: yet am I better
Then one that's ſicke o'th'Gowt, ſince he had rather
Groane ſo in perpetuity, then be cur'd
By'th'ſure Phyſitian, Death; who is the key
T'vnbarre theſe Lockes. My Conſcience, thou art fetter'd
More then my ſhanks, & wriſts: you good Gods giue me
The penitent Inſtrument to picke that Bolt,
Then free for euer. Is't enough I am ſorry?
So Children temporall Fathers do appeaſe;
Gods are more full of mercy. Muſt I repent,
I cannot do it better then in Gyues,
Deſir'd, more then conſtrain'd, to ſatisfie
If of my Freedome 'tis the maine part, take
No ſtricter render of me, then my All.
I know you are more clement then vilde men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A ſixt, a tenth, letting them thriue againe
On their abatement; that's not my deſire.
For *Imogens* deere life, take mine, and though
'Tis not ſo deere, yet 'tis a life; you coyn'd it,
'Tweene man, and man, they waigh not euery ſtampe:
Though light, take Peeces for the figures ſake,
(You rather) mine being yours: and ſo great Powres,
If you will take this Audit, take this life,
And cancell theſe cold Bonds. Oh *Imogen,*
Ile ſpeake to thee in ſilence.

Solemne Muſicke. Enter (as in an Apparation) Sicillius Leonatus, Father to Poſthumus, an old man, attyred like a warriour, leading in his hand an ancient Matron (his wife, & Mother to Poſthumus) with Muſicke before them. Then after other Muſicke, follows the two young Leonati (Brothers to Poſthumus) with wounds as they died in the warrs. They circle Poſthumus round as he lies ſleeping.

Sicil. No more thou Thunder-Maſter
ſhew thy ſpight, on Mortall Flies:
With Mars fall out with *Iuno* chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Reuenges.
Hath my poore Boy done ought but well,
whoſe face I neuer ſaw:
I dy'de whil'ſt in the Wombe he ſtaide,
attending Natures Law.
Whoſe Father then (as men report,
thou Orphanes Father art)
Thou ſhould'ſt haue bin, and ſheelded him,
from this earth-vexing ſmart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her ayde,
but tooke me in my Throwes,
That from me was *Poſthumus* ript,
came crying 'mong'ſt his Foes.
A thing of pitty.
Sicil. Great Nature like his Anceſtrie,
moulded the ſtuffe ſo faire:
That he d ſeru'd the praiſe o'th'World,
as great *Sicilius* heyre.
1.*Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
in Britaine where was hee
That could ſtand vp his paralell?
Or fruitfull obiect bee?
In eye of *Imogen,* that beſt could deeme
his dignitie.
Mo. With Marriage wherefore was he mockt
to be exil'd, and throwne
From *Leonati* Seate, and caſt from her,
his deereſt one:
Sweete *Imogen?*
Sic. Why did you ſuffer *Iachimo,* ſlight thing of Italy,

To taint his Nobler hart & braine, with needleſſe ielouſy,
And to become the geeke and ſcorne o'th'others vilany?
2 *Bro.* For this, from ſtiller Seats we came,
our Parents, and vs twaine,
That ſtriking in our Countries cauſe,
fell brauely, and were ſlaine,
Our Fealty, & *Tenantius* right, with Honor to maintaine.
1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Poſthumus* hath
to *Cymbeline* perform'd:
Then Iupiter, ᵘy King of Gods, why haſt ᵘy thus adiourn'd
The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolors turn'd?
Sicil. Thy Chriſtall window ope; looke,
looke out, no longer exerciſe
Vpon a valiant Race, thy harſh, and potent iniuries:
Moth. Since (Iupiter) our Son is good,
take off his miſeries.
Sicil. Peepe through thy Marble Manſion, helpe,
or we poore Ghoſts will cry
To'th'ſhining Synod of the reſt, againſt thy Deity.
Brothers. Helpe (Iupiter) or we appeale,
and from thy iuſtice flye.
Iupiter deſcends in Thunder and Lightning, ſitting vppon an Eagle: hee throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghoſtes fall on their knees.
Iupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing: huſh. How dare you Ghoſtes
Accuſe the Thunderer, whoſe Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coaſts.
Poore ſhadowes of Elizium, hence, and reſt
Vpon your neuer-withering bankes of Flowres.
Be not with mortall accidents oppreſt,
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
Whom beſt I loue, I croſſe; to make my guift
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will vplift:
His Comforts thriue, his Trials well are ſpent:
Our Iouiall Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married: Riſe, and fade,
He ſhall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,
And happier much by his Affliction made.
This Tablet lay vpon his Breſt, wherein
Our pleaſure, his full Fortune, doth confine,
And ſo away: no farther with your dinne
Expreſſe Impatience, leaſt you ſtirre vp mine:
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Chriſtalline. *Aſcends*
Sicil. He came in Thunder, his Celeſtiall breath
Was ſulphurous to ſmell: the holy Eagle
Stoop'd, as to foote vs: his Aſcenſion is
More ſweet then our bleſt Fields: his Royall Bird
Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake,
As when his God is pleas'd.
All. Thankes Iupiter.
Sic. The Marble Pauement clozes, he is enter'd
His radiant Roofe: Away, and to bebleſt
Let vs with care performe his great beheſt. *Vaniſh*
Poſt. Sleepe, thou haſt bin a Grandſire, and begot
A Father to me: and thou haſt created
A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh ſcorne)
Gone, they went hence ſo ſoone as they were borne:
And ſo I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend
On Greatneſſe, Fauour; Dreame as I haue done,
Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I ſwerue:
Many Dreame not to finde, neither deſerue,
And yet are ſteep'd in Fauours; ſo am I
That haue this Golden chance, and know not why:
What Fayeries haunt this ground? A Book? Oh rare one,
Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment
Nobler then that it couers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be moſt vnlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promiſe.

Reades.

When as a Lyons whelpe, ſhall to himſelfe vnknown, without ſeeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender Ayre: And when from a ſtately Cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which being dead many yeares, ſhall after reuiue, bee ioynted to the old Stocke, and freſhly grow, then ſhall Poſthumus end his miſeries, Britaine be fortunate, and flouriſh in Peace and Plentie.

'Tis ſtill a Dreame: or elſe ſuch ſtuffe as Madmen
Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing,
Or ſenſeleſſe ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch
As ſenſe cannot vntye. Be what it is,
The Action of my life is like it, which Ile keepe
If but for ſimpathy.

Enter Gaoler.

Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?
Poſt. Ouer-roaſted rather: ready long ago.
Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you bee readie for that, you are well Cook'd.
Poſt. So if I proue a good repaſt to the Spectators, the diſh payes the ſhot.
Gao. A heauy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort is you ſhall be called to no more payments, fear no more Tauerne Bils, which are often the ſadneſſe of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meate, depart reeling with too much drinke: ſorrie that you haue payed too much, and ſorry that you are payed too much: Purſe and Braine, both empty: the Brain the heauier, for being too light; the Purſe too light, being drawne of heauineſſe. Oh, of this contradiction you ſhall now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it ſummes vp thouſands in a trice: you haue no true Debitor, and Creditor but it: of what's paſt, is, and to come, the diſcharge: your necke (Sis) is Pen, Booke, and Counters; ſo the Acquittance followes.
Poſt. I am merrier to dye, then thou art to liue.
Gao. Indeed Sir, he that ſleepes, feeles not the Tooth-Ache: but a man that were to ſleepe your ſleepe, and a Hangman to helpe him to bed, I think he would change places with his Officer: for, look you Sir, you know not which way you ſhall go.
Poſt. Yes indeed do I, fellow.
Gao. Your death has eyes in's head then: I haue not ſeene him ſo pictur'd: you muſt either bee directed by ſome that take vpon them to know, or to take vpon your ſelfe that which I am ſure you do not know: for iump the after-enquiry on your owne perill: and how you ſhall ſpeed in your iournies end, I thinke you'l neuer returne to tell one.
Poſt. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but ſuch as winke, and will not vſe them.
Gao. What an infinite mocke is this, that a man ſhold haue the beſt vſe of eyes, to ſee the way of blindneſſe: I am ſure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Priſoner to the King.
Poſt. Thou bring'ſt good newes, I am call'd to bee made free.
Gao. Ile be hang'd then.
Poſt. Thou ſhalt be then freer then a Gaoler; no bolts for

for the dead.

Gao. Vnleſſe a man would marry a Gallowes, & beget yong Gibbets, I neuer ſaw one ſo prone: yet on my Conſcience, there are verier Knaues deſire to liue, for all he be a Roman; and there be ſome of them too that dye againſt their willes; ſo ſhould I, if I were one. I would we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there were deſolation of Gaolers and Galowſes: I ſpeake againſt my preſent profit, but my wiſh hath a preferment in't. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta. Cymbelins Tent

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, Piſanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my ſide you, whom the Gods haue made
Preſeruers of my Throne: woe is my heart,
That the poore Souldier that ſo richly fought,
Whoſe ragges, ſham'd gilded Armes, whoſe naked breſt
Stept before Targes of proofe, cannot be found:
He ſhall be happy that can finde him, if
Our Grace can make him ſo.

Bel. I neuer ſaw
Such Noble fury in ſo poore a Thing;
Such precious deeds, in one that promiſt nought
But beggery, and poore lookes.

Cym. No tydings of him?

Piſa. He hath bin ſearch'd among the dead, & liuing;
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my greeſe, I am
The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde
To you (the Liuer, Heart, and Braine of Britaine)
By whom (I grant) ſhe liues. 'Tis now the time
To aske of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we borne, and Gentlemen:
Further to boaſt, were neyther true, nor modeſt,
Vnleſſe I adde, we are honeſt.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Ariſe my Knights o'th'Battell, I create you
Companions to our perſon, an will fit you
With Dignities becomming your eſtates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's buſineſſe in theſe faces: why ſo ſadly
Greet you our Victory? you looke like Romaines,
And not o'th'Court of Britaine.

Corn. Hayle great King,
To ſowre your happineſſe, I muſt report
The Queene is dead.

Cym. Who worſe then a Phyſitian
Would this report become? But I conſider,
By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will ſeize the Doctor too. How ended ſhe?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which (being cruell to the world) concluded
Moſt cruell to her ſelfe. What ſhe confeſt,
I will report, ſo pleaſe you. Theſe her Women
Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheekes
Were preſent when ſhe finiſh'd.

Cym. Prythee ſay.

Cor. Firſt, ſhe confeſt ſhe neuer lou'd you: onely
Affected Greatneſſe got by you: not you:
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:
Abhorr'd your perſon.

Cym. She alone knew this.
And but ſhe ſpoke it dying, I would not
Beleeue her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Corn. Your daughter, whom ſhe bore in hand to loue
With ſuch integrity, ſhe did confeſſe
Was as a Scorpion to her ſight, whoſe life
(But that her flight preuented it) ſhe had
Tane off by poyſon.

Cym. O moſt delicate Fiend!
Who is't can reade a Woman? Is there more?

Corn. More Sir, and worſe. She did confeſſe ſhe had
For you a mortall Mineral, which being tooke,
Should by the minute feede on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waſte you. In which time, ſhe purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kiſſing, to
Orecome you with her ſhew; and in time
(When ſhe had fitted you with her craft, to worke
Her Sonne into th'adoption of the Crowne:
But fayling of her end by his ſtrange abſence,
Grew ſhameleſſe deſperate, open'd (in deſpight
Of Heauen, and Men) her purpoſes: repented
The euils ſhe hatch'd, were not effected: ſo
Diſpayring, dyed.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

La. We did, ſo pleaſe your Highneſſe.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for ſhe was beautifull:
Mine eares that heare her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her ſeeming. It had beene vicious
To haue miſtruſted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was folly in me, thou mayſt ſay,
And proue it in thy feeling. Heauen mend all.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman priſoners, Leonatus behind, and Imogen.

Thou comm'ſt not *Caius* now for Tribute, that
The Britaines haue rac'd out, though with the loſſe
Of many a bold one: whoſe Kinſmen haue made ſuite
That their good ſoules may be appeas'd, with ſlaughter
Of you their Captiues, which our ſelfe haue granted,
So thinke of your eſtate.

Luc. Conſider Sir, the chance of Warre, the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with vs,
We ſhould not when the blood was cool, haue threatend
Our Priſoners with the Sword. But ſince the Gods
Will haue it thus, that nothing but our liues
May be call'd ranſome, let it come: Sufficeth,
A Roman, with a Romans heart can ſuffer:
Auguſtus liues to thinke on't: and ſo much
For my peculiar care. This one thing onely
I will entreate, my Boy (a Britaine borne)
Let him be ranſom'd: Neuer Maſter had
A Page ſo kinde, ſo duteous, diligent,
So tender ouer his occaſions, true,
So feate, ſo Nurſe-like: let his vertue ioyne
With my requeſt, which Ile make bold your Highneſſe
Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme,
Though he haue ſeru'd a Roman. Saue him (Sir)
And ſpare no blood beſide.

Cym. I haue ſurely ſeene him:
His fauour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou haſt look'd thy ſelfe into my grace,
And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,
To ſay, liue boy: ne're thanke thy Maſter, liue;
And aske of *Cymbeline* what Boone thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy ſtate, Ile giue it:

Yea,

Yea, though thou do demand a Priſoner
The Nobleſt tane.
Imo. I humbly thanke your Highneſſe.
Luc. I do not bid thee begge my life, good Lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.
Imo. No, no, alacke,
There's other worke in hand: I ſee a thing
Bitter to me, as death: your life, good Maſter,
Muſt ſhuffle for it ſelfe.
Luc. The Boy diſdaines me,
He leaues me, ſcornes me: briefely dye their ioyes,
That place them on the truth of Gyrles, and Boyes.
Why ſtands he ſo perplext?
Cym. What would'ſt thou Boy?
I loue thee more, and more: thinke more and more
What's beſt to aske. Know'ſt him thou look'ſt on? ſpeak
Wilt haue him liue? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?
Imo. He is a Romane, no more kin to me,
Then I to your Highneſſe, who being born your vaſſaile
Am ſomething neerer.
Cym. Wherefore ey'ſt him ſo?
Imo. Ile tell you (Sir) in priuate, if you pleaſe
To giue me hearing.
Cym. I, with all my heart,
And lend my beſt attention. What's thy name?
Imo. *Fidele* Sir.
Cym. Thou'rt my good youth: my Page
Ile be thy Maſter: walke with me: ſpeake freely.
Bel. Is not this Boy reuiu'd from death?
Arui. One Sand another
Not more reſembles that ſweet Roſie Lad:
Who dyed, and was *Fidele*: what thinke you?
Gui. The ſame dead thing aliue.
Bel. Peace, peace, ſee further: he eyes vs not, forbeare
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am ſure
He would haue ſpoke to vs.
Gui. But we ſee him dead.
Bel. Be ſilent: let's ſee further.
Piſa. It is my Miſtris:
Since ſhe is liuing, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.
Cym. Come, ſtand thou by our ſide,
Make thy demand alowd. Sir, ſtep you forth,
Giue anſwer to this Boy, and do it freely,
Or by our Greatneſſe, and the grace of it
(Which is our Honor) bitter torture ſhall
Winnow the truth from falſhood. One ſpeake to him.
Imo. My boone is, that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this Ring.
Poſt. What's that to him?
Cym. That Diamond vpon your Finger, ſay
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leaue vnſpoken, that
Which to be ſpoke, wou'd torture thee.
Cym. How? me?
Iach. I am glad to be conſtrain'd to vtter that
Which torments me to conceale. By Villany
I got this Ring: 'twas *Leonatus* Iewell,
Whom thou did'ſt baniſh: and which more may greeue
As it doth me: a Nobler Sir, ne're liu'd (thee,
'Twixt ſky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That Paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my falſe ſpirits
Quaile to remember. Giue me leaue, I faint.
Cym. My Daughter? what of hir? Renew thy ſtrength

I had rather thou ſhould'ſt liue, while Nature will,
Then dye ere I heare more: ſtriue man, and ſpeake.
Iach. Vpon a time, vnhappy was the clocke
That ſtrooke the houre: it was in Rome, accurſt
The Manſion where: 'twas at a Feaſt, oh would
Our Viands had bin poyſon'd (or at leaſt
Thoſe which I heau'd to head:) the good *Poſthumus*,
(What ſhould I ſay? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the beſt of all
Among'ſt the rar'ſt of good ones) ſitting ſadly,
Hearing vs praiſe our Loues of Italy
For Beauty, that made barren the ſwell'd boaſt
Of him that beſt could ſpeake: for Feature, laming
The Shrine of *Venus*, or ſtraight-pight *Minerua*,
Poſtures, beyond breefe Nature. For Condition,
A ſhop of all the qualities, that man
Loues woman for, beſides that hooke of Wiuing,
Fairneſſe, which ſtrikes the eye.
Cym. I ſtand on fire. Come to the matter.
Iach. All too ſoone I ſhall,
Vnleſſe thou would'ſt greeue quickly. This *Poſthumus*,
Moſt like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one
That had a Royall Louer, tooke his hint,
And (not diſpraiſing whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calme as vertue) he began
His Miſtris picture, which, by his tongue, being made,
And then a minde put in't, either our bragges
Were crak'd of Kitchin-Trulles, or his deſcription
Prou'd vs vnſpeaking ſottes.
Cym. Nay, nay, to'th'purpoſe.
Iach. Your daughters Chaſtity, (there it beginnes)
He ſpake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreames,
And ſhe alone, were cold: Whereat, I wretch
Made ſcruple of his praiſe, and wager'd with him
Peeces of Gold, 'gainſt this, which then he wore
Vpon his honour'd finger) to attaine
In ſuite the place of's bed, and winne this Ring
By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)
No leſſer of her Honour confident
Then I did truly finde her, ſtakes this Ring,
And would ſo, had it beene a Carbuncle
Of Phœbus Wheele; and might ſo ſafely, had it
Bin all the worth of's Carre. Away to Britaine
Poſte I in this deſigne: Well may you (Sir)
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of your chaſte Daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing; mine Italian braine,
Gan in your duller Britaine operare
Moſt vildely: for my vantage excellent.
And to be breefe, my practiſe ſo preuayl'd
That I return'd with ſimular proofe enough,
To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his beleefe in her Renowne,
With Tokens thus, and thus: auerring notes
Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got) nay ſome markes
Of ſecret on her perſon, that he could not
But thinke her bond of Chaſtity quite crack'd,
I hauing 'tane the forfeyt. Whereupon,
Me thinkes I ſee him now.
Poſt. I ſo thou do'ſt,
Italian Fiend. Aye me, moſt credulous Foole,
Egregious murtherer, Theefe, any thing
That's due to all the Villaines paſt, in being
To come. Oh giue me Cord, or knife, or poyſon,

Some vpright Iuſticer. Thou King, ſend out
For Torturors ingenious: it is I
That all th'abhorred things o'th'earth amend
By being worſe then they. I am *Poſthumus*,
That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lye,
That caus'd a leſſer villaine then my ſelfe,
A ſacrilegious Theefe to doo't. The Temple
Of Vertue was ſhe; yea, and ſhe her ſelfe.
Spit, and throw ſtones, caſt myre vpon me, ſet
The dogges o'th'ſtreet to bay me: euery villaine
Be called *Poſthumus Leonatus*, and
Be villany leſſe then 'twas. Oh *Imogen*!
My Queene, my life, my wife: oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, Imogen.

Imo. Peace my Lord, heare, heare.

Poſt. Shall's haue a play of this?
Thou ſcornfull Page, there lye thy part.

Piſ. Oh Gentlemen, helpe,
Mine and your Miſtris: Oh my Lord *Poſthumus*,
You ne're kill'd *Imogen* till now: helpe, helpe,
Mine honour'd Lady.

Cym. Does the world go round?

Poſth. How comes theſe ſtaggers on mee?

Piſa. Wake my Miſtris.

Cym. If this be ſo, the Gods do meane to ſtrike me
To death, with mortall ioy.

Piſa. How fares my Miſtris?

Imo. Oh get thee from my ſight,
Thou gau'ſt me poyſon: dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen.*

Piſæ. Lady, the Gods throw ſtones of ſulpher on me, if
That box I gaue you, was not thought by mee
A precious thing, I had it from the Queene.

Cym. New matter ſtill.

Imo. It poyſon'd me.

Corn. Oh Gods!
I left out one thing which the Queene confeſt,
Which muſt approue thee honeſt. If *Paſanio*
Haue (ſaid ſhe) giuen his Miſtris that Confection
Which I gaue him for Cordiall, ſhe is ſeru'd,
As I would ſerue a Rat.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius*?

Corn. The Queene (Sir) very oft importun'd me
To temper poyſons for her, ſtill pretending
The ſatisfaction of her knowledge, onely
In killing Creatures vilde, as Cats and Dogges
Of no eſteeme. I dreading, that her purpoſe
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certaine ſtuffe, which being tane, would ceaſe
The preſent powre of life, but in ſhort time,
All Offices of Nature, ſhould againe
Do their due Functions. Haue you tane of it?

Imo. Moſt like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My Boyes, there was our error.

Gui. This is ſure *Fidele.*

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro you?
Thinke that you are vpon a Rocke, and now
Throw me againe.

Poſt. Hang there like fruite, my ſoule,
Till the Tree dye.

Cym. How now, my Fleſh? my Childe?
What, mak'ſt thou me a dullard in this Act?
Wilt thou not ſpeake to me?

Imo. Your bleſſing, Sir.

Bel. Though you did loue this youth, I blame ye not,
You had a motiue for't.

Cym. My teares that fall
Proue holy-water on thee; *Imogen*,
Thy Mothers dead.

Imo. I am ſorry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, ſhe was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet heere ſo ſtrangely: but her Sonne
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Piſa. My Lord,
Now feare is from me, Ile ſpeake troth. Lord *Cloten*
Vpon my Ladies miſſing, came to me
With his Sword drawne, foam'd at the mouth, and ſwore
If I diſcouer'd not which way ſhe was gone,
It was my inſtant death. By accident,
I had a feigned Letter of my Maſters
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To ſeeke her on the Mountaines neere to Milford,
Where in a frenzie, in my Maſters Garments
(Which he inforc'd from me) away he poſtes
With vnchaſte purpoſe, and with oath to violate
My Ladies honor, what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the Story: I ſlew him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend.
I would not thy good deeds, ſhould from my lips
Plucke a hard ſentence: Prythee valiant youth
Deny't againe.

Gui. I haue ſpoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Gui. A moſt inciuill one. The wrongs he did mee
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did prouoke me
With Language that would make me ſpurne the Sea,
If it could ſo roare to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not ſtanding heere
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am ſorrow for thee:
By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and muſt
Endure our Law: Thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headleſſe man I thought had bin my Lord

Cym. Binde the Offender,
And take him from our preſence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King.
This man is better then the man he ſlew,
As well deſcended as thy ſelfe, and hath
More of thee merited, then a Band of *Clotens*
Had euer ſcarre for. Let his Armes alone,
They were not borne for bondage.

Cym. Why old Soldier:
Wilt thou vndoo the worth thou art vnpayd for
By taſting of our wrath? How of deſcent
As good as we?

Arui. In that he ſpake too farre.

Cym. And thou ſhalt dye for't.

Bel. We will dye all three,
But I will proue that two one's are as good
As I haue giuen out him. My Sonnes, I muſt
For mine owne part, vnfold a dangerous ſpeech,
Though haply well for you.

Arui. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Haue at it then, by leaue
Thou hadd'ſt (great King) a Subiect, who
Was call'd *Belarius.*

Cym. What of him? He is a baniſh'd Traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Aſſum'd this age: indeed a baniſh'd man,

I know not how, a Traitor.
Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world ſhall not ſaue him.
Bel. Not too hot;
Firſt pay me for the Nurſing of thy Sonnes,
And let it be confiſcate all, ſo ſoone
As I haue receyu'd it.
Cym. Nurſing of my Sonnes?
Bel. I am too blunt, and ſawcy: heere's my knee:
Ere I ariſe, I will preferre my Sonnes,
Then ſpare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
Theſe two young Gentlemen that call me Father,
And thinke they are my Sonnes, are none of mine,
They are the yſſue of your Loynes, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How? my Iſſue.
Bel. So ſure as you, your Fathers: I (old *Morgan*)
Am that *Belarius*, whom you ſometime baniſh'd:
Your pleaſure was my neere offence, my puniſhment
It ſelfe, and all my Treaſon that I ſuffer'd,
Was all the harme I did. Theſe gentle Princes
(For ſuch, and ſo they are) theſe twenty yeares
Haue I train'd vp; thoſe Arts they haue, as I
Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)
As your Highneſſe knowes: Their Nurſe *Euriphile*
(Whom for the Theft I wedded) ſtole theſe Children
Vpon my Baniſhment: I moou'd her too't,
Hauing receyu'd the puniſhment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyaltie,
Excited me to Treaſon. Their deere loſſe,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it ſhap'd
Vnto my end of ſtealing them. But gracious Sir,
Heere are your Sonnes againe, and I muſt looſe
Two of the ſweet'ſt Companions in the World.
The benediction of theſe couering Heauens
Fall on their heads liks dew, for they are worthie
To in-lay Heauen with Starres.
Cym. Thou weep'ſt, and ſpeak'ſt:
The Seruice that you three haue done, is more
Vnlike, then this thou tell'ſt. I loſt my Children,
If theſe be they, I know not how to wiſh
A payre of worthier Sonnes.
Bel. Be pleas'd awhile;
This Gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,
Moſt worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
This Gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Aruiragus*.
Your yonger Princely Son, he Sir, was lapt
In a moſt curious Mantle, wrought by th'hand
Of his Queene Mother, which for more probation
I can with eaſe produce.
Cym. *Guiderius* had
Vpon his necke a Mole, a ſanguine Starre,
It was a marke of wonder.
Bel. This is he,
Who hath vpon him ſtill that naturall ſtampe:
It was wiſe Natures end, in the donation
To be his euidence now.
Cym. Oh, what am I
A Mother to the byrth of three? Nere Mother
Reioyc'd deliuerance more: Bleſt, pray you be,
That after this ſtrange ſtarting from your Orbes,
You may reigne in them now: Oh *Imogen*,
Thou haſt loſt by this a Kingdome.
Imo. No, my Lord:
I haue got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Haue we thus met? Oh neuer ſay hereafter
But I am trueſt ſpeaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Siſter: I you Brothers,
When we were ſo indeed.
Cym. Did you ere meete?
Arui. I my good Lord.
Gui. And at firſt meeting lou'd,
Continew'd ſo, vntill we thought he dyed.
Corn. By the Queenes Dramme ſhe ſwallow'd.
Cym. O rare inſtinct!
When ſhall I heare all through? This fierce abridgment,
Hath to it Circumſtantiall branches, which
Diſtinction ſhould be rich in. Where? how liu'd you?
And when came you to ſerue our Romane Captiue?
How parted with your Brother? How firſt met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whether theſe?
And your three motiues to the Battaile? with
I know not how much more ſhould be demanded,
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place
Will ſerue our long Interrogatories. See,
Poſthumus Anchors vpon *Imogen*;
And ſhe (like harmleſſe Lightning) throwes her eye
On him: her Brothers, Me: her Maſter hitting
Each obiect with a Ioy: the Counter-change
Is ſeuerally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And ſmoake the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, ſo wee'l hold thee euer.
Imo. You are my Father too, and did releeue me:
To ſee this gracious ſeaſon.
Cym. All ore-ioy'd
Saue theſe in bonds, let them be ioyfull too,
For they ſhall taſte our Comfort.
Imo. My good Maſter, I will yet do you ſeruice.
Luc. Happy be you.
Cym. The forlorne Souldier, that no Nobly fought
He would haue well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.
Poſt. I am Sir
The Souldier that did company theſe three
In poore beſeeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpoſe I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speake *Iachimo*, I had you downe, and might
Haue made you finiſh.
Iach. I am downe againe:
But now my heauie Conſcience ſinkes my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beſeech you
Which I ſo often owe: but your Ring firſt,
And heere the Bracelet of the trueſt Princeſſe
That euer ſwore her Faith.
Poſt. Kneele not to me:
The powre that I haue on you, is to ſpare you:
The malice towards you, to forgiue you. Liue
And deale with others better.
Cym. Nobly doom'd:
Wee'l learne our Freeneſſe of a Sonne-in-Law:
Pardon's the word to all.
Arui. You holpe vs Sir,
As you did meane indeed to be our Brother,
Ioy'd are we, that you are.
Poſt. Your Seruant Princes. Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your Sooth-ſayer: As I ſlept, me thought
Great Iupiter vpon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other ſprightly ſhewes
Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This Labell on my boſome; whoſe containing
Is ſo from ſenſe in hardneſſe, that I can

Make

CYMBELINE.

Engraved by Isaac Taylor Junr. from a Drawing by Robert Smirke.

IACHIMO disarmed.

Posthumus. — Iachimo, had you done, and might
have made you finish.

London, Publish'd Jan.10.1786, by Isaac Taylor Junr. N°54 Red Lion Street, Holborn.

Make no Collection of it. Let him ſhew
His skill in the conſtruction.
Luc. Philarmonus.
Sooth. Heere, my good Lord.
Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reades.

WHen as a Lyons whelpe, ſhall to himſelfe vnknown, without ſeeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender Ayre: And when from a ſtately Cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which being dead many yeares, ſhall after reuiue, bee ioynted to the old Stocke, and freſhly grow, then ſhall Poſthumus end his miſeries, Britaine be fortunate, and flouriſh in Peace and Plentie.

Thou *Leonatus* art the Lyons Whelpe,
The fit and apt Conſtruction of thy name
Being *Leonatus*, doth import ſo much:
The peece of tender Ayre, thy vertuous Daughter,
Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*
We terme it *Mulier*; which *Mulier* I diuine
Is this moſt conſtant Wife, who euen now
Anſwering the Letter of the Oracle,
Vnknowne to you vnſought, were clipt about
With this moſt tender Aire.
Cym. This hath ſome ſeeming.
Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royall *Cymbeline*
Perſonates thee: And thy lopt Branches, point
Thy two Sonnes forth: who by *Belarius* ſtolne
For many yeares thought dead, are now reuiu'd
To the Maieſticke Cedar ioyn'd; whoſe Iſſue
Promiſes Britaine, Peace and Plenty.
Cym. Well,
My Peace we will begin: And *Caius Lucius*,
Although the Victor, we ſubmit to *Cæſar*,
And to the Romane Empire; promiſing
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were diſſwaded by our wicked Queene,
Whom heauens in Iuſtice both on her, and hers,
Haue laid moſt heauy hand.
Sooth. The fingers of the Powres aboue, do tune
The harmony of this Peace: the Viſion
Which I made knowne to *Lucius* ere the ſtroke
Of yet this ſcarſe-cold-Battaile, at this inſtant
Is full accompliſh'd. For the Romaine Eagle
From South to Weſt, on wing ſoaring aloft
Leſſen'd her ſelfe, and in the Beames o'th'Sun
So vaniſh'd; which fore-ſhew'd our Princely Eagle
Th'Imperiall *Cæſar*, ſhould againe vnite
His Fauour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which ſhines heere in the Weſt.
Cym. Laud we the Gods,
And let our crooked Smoakes climbe to their Noſtrils
From our bleſt Altars. Publiſh we this Peace
To all our Subiects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman, and a Brittiſh Enſigne waue
Friendly together: ſo through *Luds-Towne* march,
And in the Temple of great Iupiter
Our Peace wee'l ratifie: Seale it with Feaſts.
Set on there: Neuer was a Warre did ceaſe
(Ere bloodie hands were waſh'd) with ſuch a Peace.
Exeunt.

FINIS.

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